

Hash Trash (2007-2012)

9 /5 /2020 877

Official End of Summer Trail

Hares: Sniffher Fistham & Cookie

Stoney Creek Inn, 150 Erie St, Dauphin, PA 17018, USA

The list for this has was taken from the photos on Facebook. There were many out of town hashers at this hash whose names are not included here.

3 /14 /2020 247

H5 Hash: TMI #247 - PI DAY 3.14***

Hares: Lick Stick & Just Ali

121 N 2nd St, Wormleysburg, PA 17043, USA

This list was put together based on photos from facebook.

2 /22 /2020 867

Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator & Orangubang

2929 Paxton St, Harrisburg, PA 17111, USA

This list was put together based on photos from Facebook.

6 /22 /2019 844

TJ Rockwell's Hash

Hares: Douche Bagalow, Male Fagalo & Jack the Prick T.J. Rockwell's American Grill & Tavern, 896 W Grantham Rd, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055, USA

What an amazing trail! Surprisingly only 14 hounds made it out, including some non-runners.

There were 10 stops on this trail, including: BN - beer near, SN - shots near, JSN - jello shots near, WN - wine near, and MN - margaritas near.

I have to echo Upper's sentiment, "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. One of the booziest H5 trails I've ever done!"

And Congrats on the nuptials to the happy Bagalow Couple!

On On!
Sister

8 /11 /2018 807

Triple Dead Dog Hash

Hares: Hollow Beaver and Fart Connor (Pounder too) Bum Fuck Lancaster/York County

Howdy!

I'm using all my computer skill to scan and send the sign in sheet.

Another thought... Only 7 wankers came out yesterday so I have a shit load of circle beer left. The pack missed 2 beer checks so there's half a hash already in the woods, with a case and a half at each beer check! I plan to forward the circle beer that I have at the next H5 hash I go to. I'm going to Ithaca so I'll miss the next hash. My thoughts are to hare another hash in the same area, keeping hunting season in mind. After that I plan to turn in my receipts minus the \$49 that I got yesterday.

I know how the beer checks got missed. Delia's check got missed because the trail made a point with Delia's check at the tip of the point. I knew this while scouting so I had the trail as far apart as I could. All that time while scouting trail I never ran into any fucking bees. Yesterday I got nailed about 5 times and I look back at Pounder and she's just sitting there biting the bees. Me n Pounder got out of there and I thought the pack might appreciate it if they didn't have to r'n through a bee nest, even if they didn't know it. I circled back and laid a true trail arrow that made the trail go back near itself to miss the bee nest. A free ranger, I think it was 4F-U, found that true trail arrow and the whole pack, all 7 of them, missed the point.

The other check that got missed was the first one on the Eagle trail. Keep in mind that this was Hollow Beaver's first ever LIVE hare trail. Beaver missed the beer check by less than a hundred feet and took the pack up another nasty hill. At least the pack found the next beer check on the Eagle trail.

On On
Fart ConnOr

3 /24 /2018 H5#787

AGM Analversary

Hares: Free2Lay, Upper Cunt & Sharin' Peter

450 Station Rd, Grantville, PA 17028, USA

On a cloudy, cold, windy Saturday, a heard of wankers and bimbos and hares (oh my!) took a bus ride to the wilds of Pennsylvania. As we unloaded at the trailhead (Who said "Head?") we circled up and were told that whatever travails we were up against that day could not be avoided! That there was no other way around and that we must follow trail!

Well off we went across the road and almost immediately hit the yellow brick road (AKA the Appalachian Trail.) On-up the mountain we went! After a short climb we reached the first BN and, thanks to Glinda the good witch, snowball shenanigans ensued! Then it was off and over the crest of the hill and back down to the road. Trail turned right along the Swatara Creek toward Route 81. At this point there was a creek crossing. Can you say "snowmelt?" Brrrrrr! While some hashers braved the frigid water, most crossed at either a walking bridge or climbed to the highway to cross. The trail then led to Route 81 itself (after crossing a rather troublesome fence.) A BN was placed in a picturesque area between the northbound and southbound lanes. We enjoyed our libations while listening to the subtle hum of eighteen wheelers whisking up and down the highway.

After this brief interlude, we went downhill to a drainage pipe to avoid crossing the highway. While in the darkness of the tunnel, we

Hares: Free2Lay, Upper Cunt & Sharin' Peter

450 Station Rd, Grantville, PA 17028, USA

heard the chant of the Wicked Witch of the East's Winkie guards!

"Ho-we-oh! Yeoooo-um!"

We exited on Bear Hole Trail and went into an old section of the Union Canal and saw a dilapidated lock! (We passed four of them, if you were counting.) Then came the next crossing of the Swatara. This time many more hashers braved the frigid waters – with predictable results. No CPR was needed this day, but not through lack of trying! Several hashers wished they had seen the walking bridge less than a quarter mile away!

Then we ventured into the evil haunted forest! While there were no apple throwing trees, there was enough shaggy to shred pants into remnants only acceptable for dressing a scarecrow! And smack dab in the center of this briar patch was a witches potion SN. On-on we went up Moonshine trail and another water crossing at Trout Run and finally to the gates of the Emerald City where waited, not the yellow brick road, but our wonderful yellow school bus! We were back! And while we all had to make our own sandwiches, (YES! Even the men!) we were treated to great food and drink to celebrate our survival of this wonderful shaggy trail!

Webelo Scout.

1 /31/2018 TMI#221

PennDOT Hash

Hares: Upper Cunt & M'Orally Challenged

2150 Herr Street, Harrisburg, PA

On after is at Sturgess

1 /27/2018 H5#778

Bushrat Hash

Hares: Bushrat & Just Scott

2310 Patton Rd, Harrisburg, PA 17112

20180127 Bushrat Hash in Linglestown - Nice sunny and warm day for a Hash. About 18 hounds showed up. We named Just Scott "Hillary Fucking Clinton" Happy Birthday Tour! 51 Years young. Did around 5 miles. Thanks Bushrat for a Good Time! On-On

1 /22/2018 H5#777

Short Straw Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: ??

26 W Main St Mechanicsburg, PA,

Tu-Tu Trail turned into a rumson Trail.

1 /13/2018 H5#776

It's a Hash

Hares: Blazing Straddles & Unhitched Cock

228 St. Charles Way, York, PA

20180113 H5 Hash 776 York - Another cold and windy day for a hash. Many thanks to the hares Blazing Straddles and Unhitched Cock for stepping up and throwing a great hash. Did about 4.5 miles. On-On

12/30/2017 H5#775

Mostly Easy Trail

Hares: Pork Your Parents & Ernest Hemingay

3315 Derry St, Harrisburg, PA

20171230 Freeze You Ass Off Hash - Six hounds showed up to brave the snow and the cold to enjoy a delightful hash. Thanks to the hares Ernest and Pork for stepping up to hare and thanks to Anal Nicole for letting us have circle in her basement so we didn't freeze any more.

Thanks Pork and Earnest for a great impromptu trail in the snow today!

12/22/2017 H5#774

The 12 Beers of Christmas

Hares: Free 2 Lay & phWedgie

1310 Crooked Hill Rd, Harrisburg, PA 17110

Hashers were at the On On to ready themselves for the #774th H5trail and the last 22 hash of the year. phWedgie and Free 2 Lay were the hares. Chalk talk was explained and the Hares were off. Luna was on her way so Anal decided to wait for her along with a few others. Anal was telling us how she was going to plunge herself in the icy river at City Island on New Years Day.

With flashlights ready Walkers off. So Ruffy, Sharon and I began our journey through parking lots and then a cliff of shiggy. We ended up heading for State Hospital grounds. As we were walking Ruffy pointed to a building and said "I had sex in that building." So we continued through a serene path and walked among some Bee Hives. Evidently they ship the Bees to Florida in the Winter just like Geese. We came to some steps. Up and up we climbed to a BN. We sat down to taste each of the Holiday Beers with dixie cups. Ruffy told us all that this is where State Hospital patients had sex. We continued through the Hospital grounds and came upon some Egyptian writing. We all came to the conclusion that Bushrat found a better way and scribbled it out. Just then Sharon Peter yelped and kept saying OMG OMG. It sounded like she was pretending to have an orgasm. At that moment after Ruffy's stories and now this orgasm thing I thought this was going to be an X rated trail. Then I thought of Key Stone H3 and said humbug to that notion. What happened Sharon explained, a raccoon/posum (not sure it was dark) was hanging on the tree and scared the shit out of her.

Down the hill we went. Sister Maria was yelling "trail is here, right here, right here and there is tp right here right here." Later he yelled False!! F U Sister!!! After finding trail we saw a car stop and a bunch of elves came pouring out and running towards us. It was the Luna gang left behind at the beginning of trail. Anal explained the Hare told them they were out too long and needed to get the hell moving. Finally we made it back to the On In where Squeeze and Bushrat (FRB's) were waiting. 2 hours was bullshit.

Sueeze Me told us the best trail story and it is so good to end this hash trash with. You see the mighty Bushrat sneaks up and finds hare's on trail. He is one smart cookie and wise on trail. This trail was no different, So Bushrat can see a hare in front of him on the wooded path. He moves step by step, yard by yard and then jumped up yelling hare caught and shined the flashlight in a..... tall black man's eyes. Well this dude was pissed and said "what the hell is wrong with you?" Bushrat horrified at this mistake he had made. What about his reputation? Will it ever be the same? Will Keystone be ashamed of him? Time will tell.

12/22/2017 H5#774

The 12 Beers of Christmas

Hares: Free 2 Lay & phWedgie

1310 Crooked Hill Rd, Harrisburg, PA 17110

Thank you Fritta and Wedgie. This was an awesome trail in deed. It will be remembered. Fritta told us in circle that she was ready to pass the torch to the next GM. Bushrat announced planning a Rat Hash in Punxsutawney on Ground Hogs Day.

Merry Christmas and remember that the Bushrat story will be in the H5 memory book FOREVER and EVER!!!!!!

12/3 /2017 TMI#219

Michael J Fox Parkinson's Foundation

Hares: M'Orally Challenged & Lockjaw

1500 Caughy Drive, Harrisburg, PA 17109

Wow what a Super Moon for H5 TMI!!! While putting out our checks, Lock Jaw and I had a run in with the Comcast Security Chick. Most action she has seen in her Security Guard life. She asked "what is in the bag?" Lock Jaw said "a refreshment" and she replied it could not stay there. So to Cracker Barrel we went for shot location plan B. It was in fact Moon Shine. Lock Jaw kinda waived at her while running past her while haring our trail.

Chief was at the On On when we got back from putting out the checks. Anal Nicole, Luna, I.D., Gulliver's Tranny, Pork, Scissor Me Timbers and Bailey soon followed. Grizz showed up and said she was supposed to be at work but wanted to stop by.

Fun was had by all. We were warm and comfortable standing under the moon light. Then we began to feel the cold creeping in to our Moon Shine diluted bodies.

Thank you Lock Jaw for haring with me. Also thanks to the Wankers and Bimbos that came to enjoy The Super Moon.

20171203 Super Moon Hash - Beautiful evening for a hash. Plenty of fresh air and moonlight. Thanks M'Orally and Lock Jaw for yet another great hash, On-On

12/2 /2017 H5#771

Prawnukkah Hash

Hares: Upper Cunt, Tour de Puke and Knickers Please 12 Hunter Lane, Camp Hill, PA

20171202 Prawukkah Hash - Thanks to the hares Tour, Upper, and Knickers for a wonderful hash. Big turnout. Lots of delicious shrimp and other food at Knickers place. Nice on-after at tours. Did about 5 or 6 miles. H5 Rocks!

11/25/2017 H5#770

Bushrat's Potluck Family Hash

Hares: Bushrat & Just Ed

400 S Union St, Middletown, PA 17057

20171125 Bushrat Family Hash - Many thanks to the hares Bushrat and Just Ed for a fine hash and thanks to Chappy for a great on-after at her house. Plenty of food and beer. Did about 5 miles. Good Times. On-On

Thanks to Bushrat, Just Ed, and Chappy for today's shenanigans. Of course Bushrat threw down 7 miles on the eagle trail during the Family Hash.

11/22/2017 H5#769

NARF Hash

Hares: M'orally Challenged

5000 Jonestown Rd, Harrisburg, PA 17112

Hash Trash!!!!!!



Fun was had by all last night at my Ass Wednesday 22 hash. We had so many surprises of friends that came to visit. Fuki Suki was the first to show. Fuki came to visit before pack off. Lock Jaw showed up to say hi and then left to drink with family members and Dancing Fool brought extra booze with him to add to our libations. Thank God a Key Stone H3 Hasher Endo even showed up to do my H5 trail <3. Wine & Spirits was having a tasting of booze. So the hashers went for it. OMG we had not 3 but 5 SN's on trail.

While I laid the 3 H's down at the end of trail a car stopped and asked me to come to their vehicle. Well Well Well KY, Rubber Dickie and Nickie were here to stop by to pay a visit too. I was wondering where the pack went. KY, myself and her gang went up to W & S to see Wankers and Bimbos on trail. They were in the store drinking booze offered by the store. KY had to leave her very large Gin and Tonic outside prior to entering W & S. Does that surprise you at all?

When I was looking for a place to have my trail months ago for Thanksgiving Eve all it took was to find a hole in a fence for me to decide "this is it."

Thank you to Gulliver's Tranny, Fire, Tour, Endo, Weblo, I.D., Frita, Ruffy, Dancing Fool, Sniff Her Fist Him and his virgin Just Trish. They came out into the wind and cold and we had so much fun. It was very cold and windy. While waiting till hare off we listened to the church chime every half hour. That, whip cream for my hot chocolate check and the hole in the fence made this trail extra special.

Thank you Tour for doing your KY imitation while she was in circle for non-runner. I have missed that and it made my evening even better. The good old days!!!!

On After was at Gilligan's. I went to say so long to KY, Rubber Dickie and Nickie. I was tired and decided to bail on the On After. Before I left I hugged Dancing for showing up and bringing the booze. He was combing through the dumpster while 2 workers from Gilligan's looked on very oddly. I told them he loves trash.

Happy Thanksgiving to all!!!! My next trail is a TMI Sunday December 3rd with co-hare Lock Jaw. For Details check the fucking website. I highly recommend trying a M'Orally trail. You never know where I will find the next hole.

11/8 /2017 H5#767

Breast Cancer Charity Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged & Pork York Parents

4425 N Front St, Harrisburg, PA 17110

20171108 Ass Wednesday Hash - It was a pretty good turnout for a weekday hash. About 15 hounds showed up. There was a SC at Hu Phlug Pu's and a good time at the Boro for the on-after. Thanks Morally and Pork for a nice trail. On-On

11/4 /2017 H5#766 Veteran's Day Hash

Hares: Dancing Fool & Cliff Diver

3838 N Progress Ave, Harrisburg, PA 17110,

20171104 Veterans Day Hash at Cliffy's - About 30 hounds showed up for a 3.5 mile trail. It was a little chilly at first but we warmed up once we got on. Many thanks to Cliffy, Mounds, and Dancing Fool for a great time, good food, and awesome H5 friends. On-On

Cliffy's veterans hash. 3.7miles on a fantastic autumn day. Good food provided by Mounds. Bonfire curtesy of Sister.

11/1 /2017 H5#765 Downtown Dancing Fool

Hares: Dancing Fool

17 N 2nd St, Harrisburg, PA 17101, USA

H5#764 A little after Halloween fun. Thanks Dancing with Fools for a great trail. Cake, mushrooms, shiggy, beers and normal shenanigans! On on my friends and another in the books.

9 /13/2017 H5#759 Irma Sucks Trail

Hares: M'Orally Challenged & Flaming Earl Gay

360 W Main St, Middletown, PA 17057

The sky was cloudy with Irma but she did not rain on us. First to arrive was Hare Today Gone Tomorrow. He had a huge smile, hug and complaint of something about his knee. A visiting hasher from New Orleans H3 came. No Time for Pussy and it was a few years since H5 has seen him.

Upper Cunt and Fire was soon to follow. Yes I had Miller Lite for Fire like I always promise. Wild Cherry, Tour and Head First but Sunny was not there due to Not Dog Friendly. Woops I gave myself a down down for that. Sorry Sunny!!

Trail was in Middletown Pa. The trail had a Shot Near at the very beginning. While scouting we noticed the vacant house right at the beginning of trail. The pack had pineapple coconut rum jello shots and cherry vanilla rum jello shots. As a added bonus shot I soaked cherry's and pineapple in coconut rum for an added extra. 2nd shot check was on the edge of 3 graveyards, corn field and Penn State. I always put at least 1 water in each shot check. The strawberry lemonade/coconut rum shot was sitting all by itself when I went to pick it up after trail. The milky way bars and bottle of water were unnoticed in the bag. I guess the pack sucked it out of the jug instead of using the sanitary shot cups in the bag next to the milky way bars and bottle of water.

Around the student housing and church trail went and then entered Penn State Athletic fields. At first I did not want to lay flour or chalk on the well maintained fields. The pack did not except that so chalk and flour was used like it always should be.

Flaming Earl Gay had a beer check of his own. He chose a special craft beer. He packed a backpack full of cups and growler full of the craft brew and on live we laid trail. He had the last check. Earl shared his beer knowledge with the pack. Him and I found this awesome creek crossing. Penn State was going to fix the bridge that crossed that little creek. So Earl sat on the other side of the creek so the pack could get wet. How sweet it was that they did not finish that little bridge for the cross country team so the pack could get wet. So a dry bag was needed on trail. Earl and I were also blessed with a corn field that was not harvested yet. Woopy that all made trail better.

After crossing the h's, Cherry looked at me and asked where was the water? I said it was in the bag next to the milky way bars and sanitary shot cups. You all didn't look in that bag.

I want to thank Earl for haring with me. I also want to thank those that came out for the hurricane hash's. This morning I sent the hash cash too the Houston Food Bank. HAPPY BIRTHDAY ANAL and thank you for help guide the hash cash to it's destination.

On On,
M'Orally

9 /6 /2017 TMI#217 M'Orally's Mid-Week Trail

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

402 W Crestwood Dr, Camp Hill, PA 17011

So there we were on the second of Morally's marathon Wednesday haring trails. Gotta say she kicked a lot of ass for a 2 miler. The shots and mini beers were a plenty. We were invaded by giant construction toys. Lots of lovely shiggy!

8 /23/2017 H5#755 Rupley Memorial Park Trail

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

402 W Crestwood Dr, Camp Hill, PA 17011, USA

Say what you will about a M'Orally Challenged trail, but for those few of us who showed up last night WE ARE SOLD!

This girl put her heart and soul into an amazing, thoughtful trail. We didn't get lost AND we got a special view of Harrisburg. Trail included picnic tables, shiggy, two shot checks, the highest point in Enola, poison ivy, creek crossings, an overpass, a freaky underpass, a great view of The Burg, a pub stop, ticks, a playground, stairs in the woods, stairs in a park, a creekside trail, neighborhoods, a baseball game, and a little bit of crazy from the hare herself.

I LOVE YOU M'ORALLY! Here's to fourteen years of hashing!

Thank you!

SC

7 /19/2017 H5#749 5th Anal Beer Mile

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

1101 N 2nd St, Harrisburg, PA 17102

Actual hasher beer mile results:

AA - 7:05.99

Tour - somewhere between AA and Bang

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7 /19/2017 H5#749

5th Anal Beer Mile

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

1101 N 2nd St, Harrisburg, PA 17102

Bang - 9:50.01

Upper - 9:55.99

Squeeze - 10:54.66

She Camel - 12:35.28

Lumpy - 12:37.94

Byte My Wood - 13:55.64

Thanks to all who participated and special thanks to Ruffy, Broke, Holes, and Fire for manning the beer stops in the wind and rain.

ONON

Bang

Place In Age GroupOverall PlaceNameTotal Time

22240JASON RIMMER07:06.0

39483ELIZA GROSS09:50.0

27490KYLE WILDER-SLAUGHTER09:56.0

29527ED HIDDEN10:54.7

23548ANN KEISER12:35.3

24549DEBORAH MOYER12:37.9

30554ED GOLLA13:55.6

2 /8 /2017 H5#728

Handicap Beer Mile

Hares: Squeeze Me & Free 2 Lay

250 Reily St, Harrisburg, PA 17102, USA

Thanks for everyone that came out last night. Sadly, the hbg beer runners were not at Zeroday, but not matter, we still had a good time. Least that's what I heard and hashers are usually quick to tell you when \$h!t goes wrong.

We gathered at Zeroday and tried to grasp the concept, which was a little complex, but thanks to a spreadsheet it helped clarify a little bit (well, there was still a few misunderstandings, but that's a hash for you).

In short, we predicted our finish time and then ran a beer mile and tried to hit that mark without running faster the prediction. We staggered the start times so that faster chased the slower (shame Bushrat was unavailable.. he'd have loved that part). I thought this added a little bit especially since we were on a .25 mi loop. Some were either a lap ahead, but essentially we were all chasing to cross the line at the same time. Didn't quite end up that way. We were all much closer than we expected. Now we have some baselines if we decide to try it again.

Many people learned what their mile time truly is with some people overshooting their guess by 6:46. Most were within a min of their prediction. Bang was closest to her guess within 8sec.

Handicap Finish Placing

1st – Bang

2nd – Frita

3rd – UpperCunt

4th – Tour

Everyone else busted out

Actual Finish Times attached in the graph.

I had (cheesy) medals for first male and female finisher... I will get an additional prize to Frita and Tour for placing as well.

We concluded with a circle and a visit back to Zeroday and then HMAK for Karaoke. All in all it was a good night just before the storm.

Cheers and On On

SqueezeMe and Frita.

Inline image 1

1 /14/2017 H5#725

Lancaster Hash

Hares: Mary, Mary Cunt So Hairy & Fart Connor

313 W Liberty St, Lancaster, PA 17603, USA

Arrrrrr Wankers!

Just wanted to say thanks to all those who ventured to Lancaster today! Not sure that the wankers would say thanks to the hares

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1 /14/2017 H5#725

Lancaster Hash

Hares: Mary, Mary Cunt So Hairy & Fart Connor

313 W Liberty St, Lancaster, PA 17603, USA

though?

I think today represented how hashers can come together, regroup, and have circle where we didn't have plans on circling at before we didn't have circle there. Maybe you had to be there? Fart Connor really had fun helping haring this hash and I hope I can speak for Mary Mary in that she had fun too. 'Specially that finding the start place for this trail was Mary Mary's find. Lancaster City area is a tough place to find a trail start for.

On On

Fart Connor

1 /12/2017 TMI#209

Vo-Tech Hash

Hares: Analholics Anonymous & Bushrat

6001 Locust Ln, Harrisburg, PA 17109, USA

TMI, well you're about to get too much info. I know he goes by Analholics Anonymous or AA, but who's writing this thing? A cadre of the 20 or so of the usual suspects braved 60 degree temps in January and the warm rain that became a downpour. We met on school grounds back in the maintenance area and ran across Locust Lane into the big field only to come loping back down the hill and back across Locust Lane. Same with the little runs in the gullies, over, 'I'll bet we'll be crossing right back over.' and yeah, we did. The hares did not spare us the wet shoes in the creek tributaries even in January. They found every last crape of leafless bramble for us to wade thru, with a square or two of wettened TP here and there, instantly biodegraded from the wet ground and subsequent rain.

So some of the quotes of Thursday's Bushrat and Analholics Trail. When All Holes Matter asked me to hold her flashlight while she made an adjustment to her 'equipment,' I said that's one of the unpaid jobs of the men in the world, to hold the women's things while they get oriented, so that they have the right to hold the woman's other things later.

I talked of chivalry and complimented the lithe bod of Frida's beau Phwedgie, how his thin musculature is earned through running and enough to aspire to, and oh yes, he looks good in short shorts too, but not tonight, he was just horny with his horn. Deathwish, upon coming to an area marked SHH in a neighborhood, quietly yelled ON ON/OOOON OOOOON...

We were a bit lost at this one pavement big hill intersection and I had seen a nice crease between the buildings, but ignored it as the FRBs ran ahead called checkback whatever, we ran up and down, Stiff On and Bang saying, I don't want to run that hill again, and I said to both of them that probably would love it. It was Stiff On who found the flour on the curb and invisible in the dark, true trail leading to the gap I thought about going thru, but saw no mark at. "He must've got permission," yelled Lockjaw. We ran through what looked like private ground and we ended up running through a downslope into a developing housing areas with pristine landscaping that we began mucking with our sopped sneaker prints all over the perfectly manicured if saturated dirt. We ran through a baseball diamond, me running the outside grass to avoid damaging the surface of the field.

At some point when we were thrashing through some thick shiggy looking for trail, I heard She Came say, 'Trail cannot go this way.' We were at a beer check near a creek crossing and some of the FRBs left early, nary a sip of beer, and She Came said, 'Sure leave, we don't want you here. It's only a beer near.' I finish my Busch, but our group was divided into the people who went ahead and the people who stayed and drank their beer. Finally I leaped the water-filled run after talk of double ankle injury upon failed attempt, and trail was found again in a vast dark field of winter stubble, so we were in two separate packs before venturing forth. It's all good. We got lost, but then found our way.

There was an inevitable corrugated steel underpass rapidly filling with runoff, making it impossible to keep the not quite entirely wet feet stay dry thru.

Pork said, "I really enjoyed that hash even though it was raining. 3.62 miles." and texted me the attached.

Respectfully submitted, Ernest H. Gay

9 /4 /2016 H5#707

Rogue Hash at Pisgah Alter

Hares: Dragnet

670 Mount Pisgah Altar Rd, Beaver Springs, PA 17812, USA

A special shout out to ID for grilling for us and Dancing Fool for retrieving our beer and shot checks. These two tired hares greatly appreciated both of your help!!!

Hot Crotchet

Thanks for a great hash yesterday! It's not every hash we get a Dancing Fool impromptu Fireball shot check, followed by a St Croix Cruzan Rum shot check, followed by a Vodka Martini - shaken no stirred - complete with martini glasses. The YB Creek made it all the more comfortable on a warm day. Excellent selection of ice cold beverages, including the popular house sangria. And you could have fed half of Stinko with all the food you served up. Tray after tray of food kept coming out, more than we could possibly eat. Somehow a tray found its way to my fridge today and Ruffy is still toting around 1.5 gallons of slaw. Hashy Birthday Muffy!

Sista

This was an awesome trail and worth the trip. If you went you learned why Daddy's Little Screamer was named, because there were a lot of screams to be had wading neck deep through mountain laurel over uneven terrain going into rock fields, climbing over trailrocks, going down legit blazed trails, back up the other side of the divot, finally there was beer and water and the Hare was there. He had pre-laid, but this was rogue, and who cares, he laid most of it with his dogs.

Hares: Dragnet

670 Mount Pisgah Altar Rd, Beaver Springs, PA 17812, USA

The one problem though with laying marks down in the middle of the woods: when you don't use a lot of flour, and 5 people come across it, it's pretty much gone by the time the end of the pack gets there? Long day but home by much awesome. I missed the vista on the map, wish I ran to that, it was not on sale but might have been a good voluntary false to run to.

Dragnet, he's sort of a Nittany hash, so ok to prelay? Dragnet lives half hour from Nittany and this was even less from Selinsgrove, but ill attended due to poor PR. 8 H5ers, Anal Nicole and M'Orally had to turn back, too mountainous and dangerous and 1 of the 4 Nittany, my hero

Last minute and 12 hashers an hour from home with only GPS coordinates on top of a mountain isn't bad though for a holiday weekend.

I thank Hermes the God of medicine and the Nittany hasher who was there downtrail to get bit by the bees ahead of me and warn me before I got into them because I didn't have my meds with me.

Stupid I know but safety 3rd.

My favorite part was talking and walking and running with In Your Endo who came first on his motorcycle (and who wouldn't) and I was running and gone with him way behind the four Nittany runners when two motorcycles went flying by.

We are running downhill on this great Motocross course up and Bald Eagle State Forest toward the end, the long on in and we both went behind a tree so they can pass safely, thanks for the Endo for the warning to a senior pastor of advanced years motorcycle trailers all tore up and sandy. I stupidly brought my phone on trail risking its new life after bricking my other phone - to get pics - no life proof acquired yet. Backordered.

I missed the chance to get a video of that Motocross which would have been awesome as well as Screamer singing shitty hare's different verses than we sing in H5. We joined her in the chorus when she had to sing for being a visitor.

On to Ass Wednesday shenanigans on.

8 /31/2016 H5#706

Bringing the Pain Hash

Hares: Bushrat & Analholics Anonymous

1116 Gettysburg Pike, Dillsburg, PA 17019, USA

EHG's attempt at being Hash Scribe – Bushrat-AA trail from Ass Wednesday, Aug. 31. They got us home by dusk with well-placed true trails!

First off, the directions to get to the gathering area...it was somewhere off of US Route 15/Lisburn, turn up some farm road, pass a barn to a tower, hairpin turn then down the hill and around and we still managed to get 12-15 hashers. I don't remember all of the particulars. But here are some quotes pulled out of context.

Most of these are pre-trail circle quotes:

"If you just pee when you run downhill, no one will notice."

A whole conversation about balls..."Balls swing low, if your balls are hitting the wall..."

My Holes Matter was digging in the ground with her sneaker toe (better than a camel toe, but not better than a She Camel) for what she thought was a worm, and it was really a stick. "If you're digging around for it, it's not a big stick."

Analholics Anonymous: I tried so hard to get a couple virgins, but they wouldn't come. One wants to come out, but him I couldn't get.

AA to My Holes Matter: That is a pasty ass. MHM: It's only seen sun a couple times.

She Came: I'm kind of stiff. I'm not sure it's going to work.

SC: It was you dinging.

Sharin' Peters gave a long and detailed explanation about the sex toy industry. Pork: 50% off used vibrators, all returns go back to the factory: "She's a sexpert."

Squeeze. "Hug. OK, I'm done." "That was quick."

About the movie Holes (not the hasher), this exchange: Shia LeBeouf. HeminGay: When he was a puppy. Weblo Scout: When he was a calf...(his last name means the beef en Francais)

Also Weblo was very proud of the fact that he was able to acquire a free flashlight when he stopped at a store to get one, they had none, so a patron gave him one from his car, to WS' when one was not in the store.

Upper C: When you get older, you pee a little...I love my dick. I think he was talking about after you're DONE pissing, not sure.

UC: You put it all in my can.

Quarter Stick to GQ, who arrived very GQ then transformed into a hasher: "He's got dribble marks." This was not on his GC clothes.

8 /31/2016 H5#706

Bringing the Pain Hash

Hares: Bushrat & Analholics Anonymous

1116 Gettysburg Pike, Dillsburg, PA 17019, USA

About the stagnant water we were about to go into..."That is not a good smell. It's way worse than a hobo's urine."

Purple Cooter to Bushrat, after a 5-minute conversation about whether or not she was coming tonight: And , yeah, I told you I was coming.

EHG: Bushrat trails are always the best. But don't tell him I said that. Bushrat: This was a total AA trail, I just offered some suggestions. It was terrain I had never hashed before. Good trail, good suggestions.

Sounds like we may need to add an award for best trail quote at next year's AGM!!!

7 /20/2016 H5#697

4th Anal Ass Wed H5 Beer Mile (aka Harrisburg Mile)

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck, HummerDumb, Sharin' Peter, 1101 N 2nd St, Harrisburg, PA 17102, USA

I'm sure you're all dying to know how the 4th Anal Ass Wednesday Beer Mile went down. Results are in order from fastest r@cist bastards to DFL.

AA - 7:32.04

Tour - 9:33.04

Deathwish - 8:45.07

Upper - 9:47.25

Bang - 10:49.54

Lumpy - 12:02.68

She Camel - 13:02.78

Byte My Wood - 17:50.95

And nobody threw up!

Special thanks to Hummerdumb, Sharin Peter, Chief, and Just Hailey for manning the beer stops and making sure our beers weren't too foamy.

ONON

Bang

4 /22/2016 TMI#202

Full Moon Trail

Hares: Wild Cherry, Ernest Hemingay & Cock-a-Doodle 1320 Linglestown Rd, Harrisburg, PA 17110, USA

It you don't like long missives. Beer and shots were put out. Trail was run. Everyone returned safe. A hare was caught. The End. Stop here.

Or: Cock a Doodle Don'ts Full Moon trail was joined by hare raiser Wild Cherry who owned the terrain and gave the two co-hares a 75-minute once-over tour (not that Tour, and not the 3-hour kind of tour, more on that later) of the ground. With that knowledge, here we go.

Rumors of rain abated as time will sometimes tell. The weather forecaster be damned. H5 hashes in T-storms, blizzards and hurricanes, ye fair weather hashers.

So hares were off at about 6:45 to beat the alleged storms that did not arrive at 8, and wouldn't acc. to Doodleaccurateweather. The three hares basically stayed together the whole way, with HeminGay the false runner, literally. If you have him as your runner, you might be in trouble (more on that later). Apparently no one went down the cement chute off L-Town Rd. and thru the low tunnel under Rte 39 and to that nice creek on the other side and then back across under the tall tunnel. If you did so, let me know, because I got my feet wet there early for nada.

Ernest finally caught up with Dood and Cherry downhill on another nice cut of marshy run where cut-leaf toothworts and trout lilies were abloom. This was between high-end townhouses and rich folks homes. One such rich folk likes to yell Hey! At people running with bags of flour in their hands, and unnecessary dial 911 to get Susq. Twp. PD rolling, good use of our tax \$ A-hole.

HeminGay ignored him as he laid a false and Cherry looked back asking wha!? So EHG laid some chalk arrow falses so as not to have anthrax response teams dispatched. Everyone was laying falses everywhere. What the pack does not know is that Cherry was unsure where to lay one of the beer nears, thus the three hares fanned out, maybe leading to one getting caught.. Add in that HeminGay doesn't routinely put down boob checks, and should have as Brown "Bagger Vance" Noser, looking like Payne Stewart in a tam or taxi cap or some shit, and knickers, looking all civilian, appear in the gloaming, thru running a false to another false, and proceeded to close 150 yards of distance to EHG like it was nothing. Tag, caught, he says yelling, you should have laid a boob check. Why did you try to run to the backcheck, HeminGay!?

So 3 hares, a problematic beer near placement and a noninstinctive boob check led to Gay getting caught. BN waited at the too-late-laid boob check and delayed the pack until the next BN down a nice hill that EHG ran at a clip, nearly actually breakneck. We lost Doodle for a while in a woody section that lead to the first actual boob check on top of a hill in a field where apparently Gilligan and the Skipper Too lost her key doing a boob check. She was FRB, realized her error -- it was already dark -- and figured out where the key might have dropped. Amazingly, she found it and was both FRB and DFL. She's a damn fine hasher. To the last shot check. And on in up L-Town Rd.

For those of you that don't hare much, one joy of trail is circle trash removal and beverage pick up. This sometimes involves leaky plastic bags fouling your car truck with yeasty smells. Thanks to the pack for bringing the last 2 back. No thanks to the pack for leaving the nipple open on the mudslide and not placing it in the shade. A tequila shot check with a crooked lid lent by Scissor Me Timbers

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Hares: Wild Cherry, Ernest Hemingay & Cock-a-Doodle 1320 Linglestown Rd, Harrisburg, PA 17110, USA

spilled en route and Doodle had to fumigate her year-old car hatch. Ernest's car also caught some liquid picking up two of the checks the next day. He also Dancing Fooled the environment on the way in to the mostly undrunk mudslide. More for me. Still Lukecold.

Much drinking in circle for being ginger, which meant about two beers each for the co-hares as RA Upper C ran a tight ship until Swing Low was interrupted by two Susq. Twp. Coppers 'raiding' the area. Parked ass-in, I sped off with half a Black and Tan in the center panel. They were cool though. At the Irate Civilian's lair, they apparently asked, "Are you hashers," and when that was confirmed, said, "It's ok then," and split. Better things to do on a Friday than harASS people walking on public streets.

So that's what one hare saw from his vantage. Thanks to Cherry for scouting this, and he and Doodle for the beverages. I was just along to be Wild Cherry's legs on falsies and ran down to place the first BN. Sorry for getting caught, WC. Actually who cares!? The penalty is drinking? Hello!

Respectfully Submitted in 850 words or less,

EHG

3 /30/2016 H5#680

Bushrat's 60th Birthday Hash

Hares: Deathwish, Stiff-On Toe-Poke-Her, J. Edgar Bo 299 Millers Gap Rd, Enola, PA 17025, USA

FYI, anyone can write a hash trash....it's a fun way to keep a history of the group...

H5 Trail #680

Start: 299 Millers Gap Rd.

Hares: Deathwish, Stiff On Toe Poke Her, and J. Edgar Boozer (Analholics had to bow out due to back surgery-what a wanker!)

You know trail is going to either be super shitty or the birthday guy is really liked when you get not 1 (Dancing Fool), not 2 (Panic Button), but 3 special visitors (that's right, Quarterstick was out!!!). We also welcomed the visitor/transplant Creature, 1, 4. We also had a nice, large pack for a school night.

The question of the evening as we found a checkback 60 less than 500 feet from the start, can the hare not count (since their marks went over an actual check) or did the hounds just give up counting-guess we will never know, but at least we found trail). A quick beer neer to slow down the plethora of FRBs and we moved off into a Turkey Eagle Split (correctly marked this time). The Turkeys wound their way up to the ridge while the Eagles dropped below in order to enjoy a steep hill climb to the trail merge at a shelter where dancing fool was burning trash (is that why the shot was a fireball?) Trail quickly split once more so the Eagle's could enjoy another DW special beer neer at the overlook which most of the Eagle's missed.

The hares were very courteous in ensuring we started on time so that we had enough light for most of trail but when the sun finally fell, it definitely made it interesting. Trail merged once more to go back on the same trail the Turkey's took out which made things a bit easier and the pack came in pretty close together. The birthday boy, who decided to show us all up by biking 60 miles before trail, did his darndest to be the FRB but was just edged out by Webelo Scout. That's what you get for biking 60 miles...., Fire brought up the rear, and gave Quarterstick his 150 patch (which she had been carrying around for 4 years). The RA thought he was in a revival of the Sound of Music but quickly found his groove and did a great circle. Thanks to the Hares for bringing out sammich fixins and for the great mix of beers. A great first Trail to start the 20th year of H5.

Next Trail...Check the F'n Website.

On On

Free 2 Lay

GM

3 /12/2016 H5#675

Saturday Hash

Hares: Sister Maria, Is Is and Just Pat

133 Needlewood Dr, West Hanover Township, PA 17112

Thanks to the Hares Sister Maria, Is-Is, and Just Pat for a wonderful hash.

Just Pat was named "Three Whores for Sister Sara".

Rubber Pain was adopted into H5 from Eat Me Hash in Texas.

3.77 miles in 1 hour and 31 minutes.

See pics on HashSpace.

Arrrrr Yall!

These thoughts are composted from trail and stuff I heard about trail in no particular order. This is only Fart ConnOr's recollection and some brain cells might have been abused in the process.

I'm not sure how this happened but I was slow on the Eagle trail and found trial through the shiggy to be FRB on the Eagle trail for once! Imagine my surprise of the Turkey trailers cumming toward me on the same trail. It had to be about half an hour later that I was DFL and caught up with the virgins about a hundred yards from where I first went into the shiggy a half hour before. The virgins on the Turkey trail stumbled on the Eagle trial that was about 100 feet from the Turkey trail and found the beer check for the Eagle trail. Sister Maria came to pick up the beer check thinking the pack was well past. Maybe you had to be there. About this time Screw caught up

3 /12/2016 H5#675

Saturday Hash

Hares: Sister Maria, Is Is and Just Pat

133 Needlewood Dr, West Hanover Township, PA 17112

with us late for trail. One of the virgins threw him a beer and all was well.

So about this time I figure maybe I should stick with the virgins. Now in reflection, one of the hares "Just Pat", was the recruiter of the virgins so what could he do? In this case the virgins proly weren't lost because they were in their home territory, but how was I to know that? I know we have the you should be responsible for your virgin/s. I know that Pounder and I don't want to be a Sweeper for all the hashes but we would do it on occasion. We had fun today. I think we should do what we can to have a volunteer Sweeper on every trail. I don't think we should have a Mismanagement position of Sweeper because who would be dumb enough to come to every trail to be a Sweeper?

Screw, me, and the virgins persevered forward, never straight, paralleling I 81 and turned right to a hotel where we met wrestling mothers and fathers who were preluding for their children's wrestling matches. We had an impromptu booze check from civilians who were entertained by the pack that passed by. At least we didn't see two men wrestling in the woods. By this time I think most of the pack was back to the On In but we had miles to go. Sister Maria did catch up to us as we were trying to follow trail through a large open area with marks not quite within seeing distance of the last mark and gave us beer. SPECIAL NOTE TO HARES: When in a large open area don't put marks 200 yards apart! Thank Gisbert for some pack arrows into the shiggy back to the On On.

The virgins, Screw, Fart and Pounder stumbled through the woods and heard calls of "On In". We finally arrived back at point A. I had to take a shrubbery and circle soon infused. About now I have to squint one eye shut to see what I'm scribbling. Just Pat got named, I hope I can quote it right. "Three Whores For Sister Sara". From "Just Pat"s before being married expedition in life with three sisters.

Oh yeah, one of our former virgins drinks Old Milwaukee!

On On

Fart ConnOr

3 /9 /2016 H5#674

Ass Wednesday by Bushrat

Hares: Bushrat & Gilligan, and Skipper Too

5401 Locust Ln, Harrisburg, PA 17109, USA

Thanks to Bushrat and Just Crissy for a nice warm March Hash.

Just Crissy was named "Gilligan and the Skipper Too". You have to sing it...

3.66 Miles in 1 hour and 24 minutes.

See pics on HashSpace...

2 /27/2016 H5#672

Redemption Trail

Hares: Anal Nicole, Lunachic, Scissor Me Timbers & N 3183 Pinch Rd, Manheim, PA 17545, USA

Finally am able to upload to HashSpace again...

Thanks to the Hares Anal Nicole, Lunachic, Not Quite Airtight, and Scissor Me Timbers for a great hash.

See pics on HashSpace...

2 /6 /2016 H5#668

Chinese New Year Hash 2016
The Year of The Monkey (Chinese year 4713)

Hares: Anal Nicole, Orangubang and M'Orally Challen 560 S 29th Street Harrisburg, Pa 17104

Thanks to the hares M'Orally, Anal Nicole, and OrangUbang for a wonderful hash.

3.26 miles in 1 hour and 57 minutes.

1 /30/2016 H5#667

Over the River Selinsgrove & H5 Combination Hash!

Hares: Moist Lipz, Skinderella and Big 10 Inch

225 4th St. Northumberland

Thanks to Big 10 Inch, Moist Lipz, and Skinderella for a beautiful Hash.

6.27 miles in 1 hour and 47 minutes.

1 /23/2016 TMI#199

TMI Full Moon Trail

Hares: Free 2 Lay & Sharin' Peter

525 South Front Street, Harrisburg, PA

Cold, short, and full of drunks, pizza, sledding, and (of course) lumberjack shots.

Have fun at BDS.

On On

Frita

1 /22/2016 H5#666

The Evil Tu-Tu 666 Hash

Hares: Free 2 Lay, Fire in My Hole and Suki Fuki

6791 Linglestown Road, Harrisburg, PA

I want to thank the hares, Our GM Free to Lay, Fire, which we can all use and resident terrain navigator Bushrat.

Thanks to Free 2 Lay, Fire, and Fuki Suki for a great time on the eve of a record snow.

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1 /22/2016 H5#666

The Evil Tu-Tu 666 Hash

Hares: Free 2 Lay, Fire in My Hole and Suki Fuki

6791 Linglestown Road, Harrisburg, PA

3.22 miles in 1 hour and 43 minutes.

To get the Manvitational visitors, dear Rochester who traveled south just to get in a blizzard which they already know about. And Washington for coming north to get less of it.

We closed the place. Blue Moose, which incidentally is a place I have been bounced from. Arooga's stayed open for us. We closed the doors for circle. Enclosed us in a hasher-filled room of robes and gala and patches and necklaces and glorious noise of songs sung. This hash the hare got caught, we had snow angel on-in symbology and snow exes. TP worked for a while, but Bushrat knows the terrain and with fire and beer delayed dare I cliché good times were had by all.

We crossed what was a three-step steam - I related it like it was walking on water. There was no going back. The shig was slinging around my hat and the gray scarf my momma knit me. Great run. Great out-of-towners and beautiful turnout, maxing out the patch giveaway. 35 souls running under stormy dark skies. The craziest assholes on earth.

We had a rough moment finding the way into the woods despite instructions, but that was going to be the way of the night. Fuki guided us up the hill and to the left. Hardly used my flashlight. Awesome 3.25 mile run in under 2 hrs. Nice Hop Devil beer check for FRBs and everyone under the culvert.

We are awesome. Just saying.

EHG.

1 /16/2016 H5#665

Down the Rabbit Hole Hash

Hares: Deathwish and SheWeeWee

901 E Winding Hill Rd, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055, USA

Thanks to DeathWish and She Wee Wee.

3.66 miles in 1 hour and 28 minutes.

1 /2 /2016 H5#664

Hogmanay Hash - 1st hash in 2016!!!!

Hares: Scissor Me Timbers, Hairy Part Her and Just Jil 1010 Orange Street, Harrisburg, PA

Thanks to the Hares (Hairy Part Her, Scissors Me Timbers, and Dil Don't) for another great time at SMT's Place.

Hare Today Cum Tomorrow retains his name.

Just Julie was named Not Air Tight.

Just Jillian was named Dil Don't.

6.01 miles in 2 hours and 11 minutes.

12/5 /2015 H5#660

Hannukah Hash

Hares: Tour dePuke, 4-F You, Just Anna

3982 Hartzdale Drive, Camp Hill, PA 17011

and...I would like to personally thank Tour and co-hare for re-acquainting me to the local PA poison ivy which found it's way between my legs (pretty certain while straddling the fence near the highway, yup)...

So I get to enjoy the holiday spirit even MORE now with red stripes around my thighs. But on the bright side of things, I match my Ugly Sweater and won't need tights (which I should have worn on trail)...

See you all at the Ugly Bar Golf event...OnOn to ointment and itching -- Spitz.cum

11/21/2015 H5#656

Highspire Hash

Hares: Hare Today, Cum Tomorrow, Fire in My Hole, a 300 2nd Street, Highspire, pa

An epic hash on a gorgeous November day.

A special thanks to Hare Today Cums Tomorrow for organizing the hash and to the co-hares Fire and Pork.

An incredible leap over the water hazard by Brown Noser. Must have been 10 feet off a slippery log.

Thanks to the Old Frederick Maryland HHH hashers for cumming.

4.91 miles in 2 hours and 53 minutes.

11/4 /2015 H5#654

3rd Annual Veteran's Day Camo Dress Hash

Hares: Cliff Diver & Dancing Fool

3838 N Progress Avenue, Harrisburg, PA 17110

It was all in their heads from the assorted shots, beers, and tokes. Thanks for an awesome hash Cliffy and Fool!

Hares: Cliff Diver & Dancing Fool

3838 N Progress Avenue, Harrisburg, PA 17110

And now, for the rest of the story. After the 2nd BN, trail followed a series of true trail arrows across the street and up a big hill. At the top of the hill, another arrow pointed in a different direction down the other side of the hill. I was following AA and UpperCunt down the hill, when they emerged from the woods at the bottom of the hill saying don't go this way. Upper said a landowner told him it was private property and to go back the way they came. Upper took a couple of hashers to the right of the property and they proceeded up the road. AA ran back down the road to warn hashers leaving the 2nd BN. I ran back to the top of the hill and intercepted Tour who was not that far behind and told him what happened. We assessed the situation and decided going to the left of the property would put us back on trail on the other side. We tried yelling back to the pack from the top of the hill, but they were too far away and AA had already turned them around and going in the opposite direction.

Sure enough, on the other side of the property we found the trail coming out and proceeded to follow a very well laid trail for about a half mile until it came out on a road and a bridge where we've had many BN's before. Then trail curved around to the left and across a field from where we could see where the 1st BN was in the distance and the pack coming around the hill over there. We yelled true trail to them and those who could hear started running in our direction. Then we came upon Endo, Self Service on his bicycle, and a true trail arrow pointing across a field to a barn. Next to the barn was a big hay pile with a huge blob of flour on it. We couldn't find any more marks in the vicinity and proceeded forward to the road, where we saw Upper and a few other hashers running to the left back to Cliffy's house. Later, Cliffy asked, did you find the 2nd shot check? Apparently it was in a hollow in the same field going directly left from the hay pile. And so it was.

Incidentally, the first shot check also had a bottle of Baja Rosa in the box that no one found and Fool brought it to the 1st BN for us to enjoy. And, later in the night we learned from Fool that the 2nd shot check that we missed, had exactly the same items as the 1st shot check.

Excellent food and bonfire at the end, not to mention the beers and spiked cider. Thanks again to Cliffy and Mounds for hosting us. Let's do it again next year.

~Sister

Good write up Sister. Thanks to Cliffy and Mounds for another spectacular hash. Hell yeah lets do it again next year !!!!
Anal Nicole

Thanks to all who came to this year's edition of the Veteran's Day Hash. It was a blast to set trail again for H5, arguably the most discerning kennel in Hashdom.

Events got a little wild again toward the end of this year's trail, but I'm glad that most everyone experienced some pretty nice terrain and views of our great countryside.

Thanks to all who supported the Vet Hash, particularly Chef M.O.U.N.D.S., co-hare / sweeper Dancing Fool and set designer M'Orally Challenged. Sister Maria presided over the fire-pit, keeping the hashers from overloading it with more wood. Fart Connor performed another masterful R.A. stint, pulling songs from the bowels of the Hash Hymnal.

And special thanks go out to all of the Veterans who ran trail Saturday and provided service to our country in the past.

We'll try to make the Vet Hash better every year.

Cliffy

Thanks to Cliff Diver for Haring the 3rd Anal Veterans Hash and Dancing Fool for his assistance.

What a great hash location and a good turn out.

3.25 miles in 1 hour and 45 minutes

10/7 /2015 H5#647

Ass Wednesday Hash Hared by Frita & Upper

Hares: Free 2 Lay & Upper Cunt

3315 Derry Street, Harrisburg, PA

A six O'Clock gathering.

Two Hares who don't like the dark

Sixteen Hounds.

Hares Away. Pack away.

Skateboarders, Firemen and children in the distance.

Pavement. Water. Beer. DARKNESS. More Water.

Climbing. Fence.

Civilization. Subdivision.

Technology on trail

Animals. Darkness. Screams

A caught hare.

A garden

True Trail

Three H's

My Girls' a Vegetable

New RA. Great Job.

Two Virgins

Down Down's

10/7 /2015 H5#647

Ass Wednesday Hash Hared by Frita & Upper

Hares: Free 2 Lay & Upper Cunt

3315 Derry Street, Harrisburg, PA

Options
Lot's of laughter
Swing Low
ON ON

9 /27/2015 TMI#195

Hared by Free 2 Lay

Hares: Free 2 Lay & Webelo Scout

415 S. Main Street, Marysville, PA 17053

I don't usually do my own trail write-ups but I got asked last night about our trail since someone had said good things about it so....

Hares: Free 2 Lay and Webelo Scout

Hounds: Fuzzbuster, Wishboner, Tour De Puke, Morally Challenged, Just Becky, Just Jeff, Trashed, Squeeze Me, Sharin' Peters, She Came, Fire in My Hole, UpperCunt, Head First & Sunny, Analholics Anonymous, and Non Running Bastard RaidR. (I think that was everyone...)

So there we were,at the Riverside West Pub in Marysville. The hares, Free 2 Lay and Webelo Scout, had a vision to provide an opportunity to enjoy the lunar eclipse throughout the hash. However, thoughts of safety for the hashers and fate intervened and there was not a sliver of light to be found during the hash damnit...So let's get to it..A quick drink or two at the bar and it was off for the first half mile of trail down the straight away (and it's Analholics on the inside..). The back of the pack entertained themselves and the small children with some interesting hash songs (at least one kid is going to the principal's office this week). The hounds were rewarded for their patience with the first BN on a small rock pile in the middle of the river. Then it was through the big tunnel and then over and up and over and up to the Turkey/Eagle Split. Our resident FRB and apparent genius, Analholics Anonymous, got to the top first and came back to the pack "it's checkback 14 to get to the SN"...hmmmm. Let's think about this. The checkback brings you right back to the church parking lot and it's still light out and people are around.....well, She Came got him back on track and the Eagle's got their reward in a Tequila Rose shot.

Back to the church parking lot and across the cemetery and they quickly met back with the Turkeys and enjoyed the second beer stop with a fine selection of Lager, Yuengling Black and Tan, and Fat Tire IPA. Another long stretch in the by now pitch black night brought them behind the locust senior center, where half the pack got through and the rest were yelling that they needed someone to lead them through the shiggy because they could not find the marks...ahhh hashers, gotta love them....Finally all were rejoined at the next BN...wait a minute, that's a really shitty beer...ok, so it was a SN (Sailor Jerry and MT Dew) and yes the hares drank for that. The pack quickly departed and wandered the streets of Marysville down the hidden path to the park where those brave enough were quickly dumped into the creek for a ¼ mile jaunt under the railroad overpasses to the final BN and thankfully a very close On In back at the bar where the clouds finally broke and gave us a quick view of the moon and we enjoyed the variety of songs (our poor songmeister Tour felt left out) that our visiting RA, Wishboner, provided for our down down pleasure. Thanks to everyone who came out and a special shout out to Webelo for volunteering to co-hare, I definitely could not have pulled it off without you!

so that's my story and I'm stickin to it.

On On
Frita

9 /26/2015 H5#645

4 Aces Hash

Hares: Deathwish

1105 Herr Street, Harrisburg, PA

Shout out to Deathwish for a fun trail. Who knew he was such an awesome fry cook. Thanks again Deathwish.

On On,
Hare Today Cum Tomorrow (Just Jack)

Old bay fries and mozzarella sticks!!!!

Thanks DW!!!!

Doodle

Thank you to all the wankers who came out to enjoy another shitty trail and apre hated by myself. Old Bay fries do rock. Speaking of rock, I was not at Bubba, however let's thank Tour for his hashpitality. Thanks to those who helped me cook and clean up. Thanks again to Frita for watching the fryer and cars. H5 does not suck????

Thanks to Deathwish for a great trail and great to see many non-returns out, including ID & so many others. Too bad we missed the 1stBN, which was thought to be in the cemetery in a spot we've had many other BN's/SN's before. The Slide of Death at the 2nd BN was attempted by about half the pack, while others chose a less deadly route up the hill. True trail into the tunnel made sure everyone got their feet wet, and yet hashers came in with dry shoes, eh Scooby? That could have been the subject of a down-down. So could have been that so many hashers did not cross the HHH's, too many to name. Again, thanks to Deathwish for his generosity in cooking up so much food to feed the entire 'hood!

And great pics from our new Hash Flash, Pork!

On On!
~Sister

Hares: Deathwish

1105 Herr Street, Harrisburg, PA

Thank you to Deathwish for a job well done. We had some long time no see Hashers. In not any special order, Sticky Buns, Cogo, Kodick, Jello Slut & Dick on a Stick. It was really cool to see our long time friends. Self Service was on a bike to stop by and chat. DOAS not so long time no see but still we want to see him more often.

Tour and Bubba put on a fine show. Lots of booby prizes. Blow & Tell, Pro Boner and Wishboner showed up for that. Tonight is another exciting hash. Hope we can see the Moon. See you on trail.

On On,
M'Orally

8 /1 /2015 H5#638

Bushrat's Mystery Hash

Hares: Bushrat & Analholics Anonymous

Down the road from 2270 Mockingbird Rd, Harrisburg

So what was the mystery? Where were we, when you were someplace else? Centralia, PA on Aug. 1.

So yeah, there was this traffic jam on I-81 after we went thru Fort Indiantown Gap. But our 4-vehicle caravan had some beer. Ok, this was NOT at an oasis and the traffic could have been avoided by paralleling (I did not run my nav app until we were in the jam), but we had air conditioning and other entertainments. Look at the positives: We got to see Deathwish jump out of his truck (when we were at a dead standstill) and do at least 20 push ups on the side of the road.

And, from our van full'o Virgins and Justs, Just Matt jumped out of the slowly moving vehicle, run ahead 100 yds. in his Superman longsocks, leap over the guardrail to take an emergency piss break. This after we discovered a possible name for him: Shirt Cocker. On Urban Dictionary (I was looking up the meaning and spelling of bukkake, since Beantown had only that on his necklace, not pearls) and Shirt cocking is the practice of walking around sans pants, but wearing a shirt, a partial commitment to nudity, or as I like to call it, Pantsless Tuesday. Ex: "Quit shirt cocking at dinner, Phil, I don't want your meatballs in my spaghetti." So after he was done exposing himself to the line of cars, and the van had passed him by a couple hundred yards, he sprinted back to the sliding van door...WITH BEER he had obtained from the other van...kudos and hashers sure are strange folk.

We tried to get some songs going in the back, Beantown and Hu Phlung were in a mood to sing, but they were half measures. Beantown Bukkake was tripping in the back wishing he was still in Chicago at the Walking and Still Grateful Dead concert.

Just Rob was using his phone map and figured we were going to Centralia at about the 15-miles left mark as Bushrat drove us. This 6-person town was listed by the Patriot-News as a PA bucket list destination. Several virgins - Just Jenny, Lisa and John, and it was Just Amber's b-day. For a dead town there was an incredible number of people on the streets. and finally we were there, with Anal Hole Licks (sic) Anonymous making Anthracite Amulets while he waited.

The trail soon commenced after virgins were saluted. We ended up at a stinky pond where M'Orally and the two canine hasher decided to swim, but DW demurred. "There's nothing dangerously fun here." paraphrase...We ran for a while after that, ended up in this tall-grass field where we lost trail. Fan out...Bushrat later said if he wanted us to find it quickly, he would have marked it more obviously...well...that led DW, We Blow (sic) and me to hash harder not smarter and we ran to the top of the slag mountain (where there seemed to be some hot spots) searching for trail up there). Well, there was none and trail was a loop in the field...

After getting loopy, Fart got all horny and told us that the False of Check was really a True Trail, so he high tailed it thru tall shig and up a slate slide with some rock juts, and were rewarded with a super hot whiskey shot that was and stillis sitting there, warm as the devil's gonads...And though I had left Weblo in the coal dust, miracle of miracle there he was at that check right with the pack, Luna was there and amazed she was still mid pack (that was soon to change) but this accordion effect is actually the sign of a good hare, whether it was AA or BR...this led us to the next loop, a beer check atop a promontory where we could see the shimmering church, one of the only remaining structures in town.

From there, trail went past the cemetery full of crispy critters to the graffiti road. Anal Nicole won for best spray (aside from the H5 foot logo) as cans were deployed, but I could see the E/T split at the bottom of the hill and ran to investigate, missing this loop along with some others, which Sister Maria heartily announce upon his arrival after us. You missed it, you missed it. We went eagle, just not to that road. The hare could have hidden the E/T split mark so it could not be seen from the hill. Damn those awesome hares.

So from then it was road to more slopes, where I lost trail going to the right on the hill as Stiff On Toe Poke Her and Fuck It I'll Do it Myself, loped up to the left and looped back to road, and then found trail again with another group including Purple Cooter, the belle of one of the hares. Another beer check was found as Stiff On looped looking for trail, when it went up a hunting road cut. I had been carrying a beer from the last beer check and finally finished it. At some point before we crossed the road, there was a second DW check, a deadly slate hill down to a creek, full of trees, which Gulliver's Tranny said he considered, as did I, but without gloves and long pants, it looked like an flint knife hill and ambulance ride in the making.

The on in was found and looked familiar, it was the on out...but this time marked with true trails, one a nifty left curve. So we were not the first back, some Turkeys were there, and in the end, no one admitted to being the eagle FRB, when it was probably Sister, who as he said, actually did the whole trail...incl. Graffiti Road - aka Route 61 (DAMAGED).

And on the ride home, we went down 325 past the vast Diehart Dam, listening to Just Rob telling us about the massive fish that must be unfished in that homeland security site, the reservoir for Harrisburg and Dauphin County is a restricted area...

So, go back, if it has not rained, and find the marks that led to that hot shot check at the top of one of the many the slate slides and down down it and then accuse Bushrat of lost property.

On to the next mysterious hash - as they all are - on.

Hares: Bushrat & Analholics Anonymous

Down the road from 2270 Mockingbird Rd, Harrisburg

Respectfully Submitted, Earnest (sic) the Verbose HeminGay

PS, Bushrat called me out in an email for NOT signing up (spelling both parts of my name wrong), but I had texted him a month ago saying I am in - apparently he ignores my texts. Most people probably hit delete when they see my novella-length emails coming.

Yarrrr Y'all, so ya prolly had to be there!

The H5 Hash couldn't go hashing because their bus was stuck in construction traffic on route 81, even though there wasn't any construction activity. The hare's carefully laid plans were fucked by an hour delay on on to trail in the rented vans that needed to returned the same day. We finally got to Centrailia, PA and didn't see anything burning, sort of like going to Hawaii and not seeing any live lava, but that's another story. A much needed piss break was taken. Apparently the fires are still burning just like in the Billy Joel song. On the way there Pounder r*n a trail in the van on my quadriceps .

It's cool that we had a pack of about 25 to take off, including 3 virgins, because many regulars were at the Nittany Valley hash weekend. We had some non-returned in the likes of Chockolate Starfish and his wife Piss Off because they couldn't come because they were having family related stuff.

The pack followed a well laid trail to the first beer check by a nice scummy pond that Deathwish had no desire to dive in even though M'Orally Challenged slogged through as Pounder took a shit in the pond. Sort of like the upcumming Olympdicks from South America, only the South Americans started removing the dead bodies from the water a couple of years ago. From here the trail went to a check with a well laid easy trail to follow. Now, I don't like to toot my own horn, but for some reason I went the opposite way for about a hundred yards and found a True Trail Arrow pointing the other opposite way most of the pack is going. A few come back and r*n the way of the True Trail and come back saying it's a False Trail. Me and Pounder, after towing me here, are standing here and contemplating why Bushrat and our newly acquired sort of expert hare, Analholics Anonymous, would do this if it wasn't true? Me and Pounder go back and all we could find was a triangle of flour dots indicating a check, not a false. So me and Pounder find the way through, a well stomped down trail by the hares because that was the only way they could get through putting toilety paper to mark the way.

See how sort of putting paragraph breaks makes stuff easier to read even if you flunked English writing shit in 1976?

In a rare moment Fart ConnOr and Pounder are blasting on the bugle as possible FRB's? Apparently this was good as the pack had gotten themselves lost on trail. It's neat that some said that they heard the bugle and got themselves back to trail. At this point Fart ConnOr is too drunk to write any more shit and hopes "Earnest the Verbose" can fill in other details such as the heavily graffiti-ed former route 61 beer check. Or was it route 81?

On, Pounders Tired, On
Fart ConnOr

And here's the rest of the story...

The highlight of the trail was: after meandering down a hillside, the trail came upon a beer check in the woods. Next to the cooler was a sealed white bag. I ripped it open to find four spray cans. Not knowing what this was about, I grabbed a beer and ventured forward to noises beyond the trees. Some 5 yards beyond the BN was a four-lane highway, all split & buckled up and covered in graffiti. There were people walking up and down like it was some kind of promenade. Then a group of ATV's and dirt bikes came ripping by, jumping the folds in the highway. Those that were there, we grabbed the spray cans and proceeded to write our hash names, H5, boob checks, etc. After a while we realized only about 10 people made it to the BN, so we blew whistles and yelled ON ON and BEER NEAR to try to guide the lost pack, but to no avail. Couldn't understand what happened, they weren't that far behind us, and the trail wasn't that hard to follow. Then Bushrat showed up and told us we were only half way, so we proceeded on. This was the big reason the hares did not want to have the Turkey/Eagle split till after this part.

We later found out there had been a check-back 8 that the pack ended up on and were too lazy to go back and find the real trail and shortcuted to the end, where they had to wait for everyone else to finish.

According to this article, what we were doing was illegal and we could have been charged with criminal mischief:

<http://standardspeaker.com/news/graffiti-highway-among-centralia-s-claims-to-fame-1.1914807>

I can't believe the cops would be bothered with something like that.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dm5qQN8BYqg>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gAzpM0kCogE>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uy90EmDipPM>

On - we didn't see any Sh'mokin - On!
Sister

See, DW: at least Fart, Sister and I give you your money's worth with our emails. We don't get paid by the word, though I do take the

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cake in terms of sheer verbosity...last night at Brewhouse, Bushrat was facetiously saying he'd been checking his phone ever ten minutes for my write up. Apparently, he ignores his phone when I text him an RSVP, which I hear was not following the rules, but there are not rules in hashing...

Thanks for all the Hash Trashes and links. I found a few myself. Centralia is def a kewl locale. Hail the glories of YouTube and H5!

EHG

6 /20/2015 H5#631

Saturday Hash

Hares: Uniporn & Stiff-On Toe-Poke-Her

286 Old York Road, New Cumberland, PA

881 words of HeminGay verbosity

H5 Run #631 – Happy F(l)ag Day Weekend Hash hared by Stiff On Toe Poke Her and Uniporn

What we must look like to civilians. So there we were 15 or 20 vehicles parked along a main drag curve. Odd enough. But then we disappear into the woods past a chain-gated mountain access road. Hardly wide enough for an ATV. To coolers filled with ice and beer. Circles of people. Snippets of conversation. Greeting hugs. People wearing necklaces with strange groupings of letters. Phrases that most people wouldn't say in public let alone wear as a billboard, but we don't give a shit.

Drove in with Pork Ur 'Rents and parked in front of Bang for Ur Buck and Brown Noser's safety 3rd SUV, behind a virgin. We had 6 virgins in circle, a record for my recollection. None were sacrificed. All returned, if a little muddier and wetter. About 30 people, signed and including the hares.

Trail started after the marks were explained to the new boots. We ran back down the rain-slicked entrance hill to some pavement for a time and downhill over the guardrail back into the woods. We paralleled the road up and down the sides of a streambed zigging and zagging on deerpaths, timber roads, what could have been Indian footpaths.

We came to what would have been and under-highway crawl on knees and rusty corrugated pipe, but after some brave hashers incl. Squeeze Me looked for true trail within, it was found up on the road. The underpass trek did come later and I was fortunate enuf to be following She Came who was following Bang. I think this was under I-76. Tall enuf to walk almost upright in. To keep out of the water, I walked like the DaVinci Vitruvian Man, trying to avoid what looked like stalactites.

So then there was quite a delay at this awesome beer stop with a triumvirate or oldheads drinking cocktails by a boob check. Some of the harriettes were happy to oblige. Two coolers of Molson Canadian beer. It didn't take long until most of us had our muddy shoes and socks off and were dipping in a pool. Some sans clothes. There was a floating cooler. Some of the pack did not want to leave. Most of the front half of the pack, the FRB group, had dipped and were dripping for quite some time, then the second group arrived from the woods into the neighborhood. Bushrat claims he was there. But he was off after a pause.

You know when you're on a Stiff On trail, there will be challenging climbs and descents, lots of running in the woods, rocky terrain. This one featured Marsh Run and its tributaries. Running through the woods like a madman is a forte of some harriers like me, and thus I was able to keep up with the FRBs most of trail. Well marked. I was running with Bushrat in a gully off the 83 exit until we came upon the deerblind beer check, where Glorious Victorious was sung.

A huge black apparently left-handed three-finger one thumb bowling ball was found in the hollow before the deer blind beer check which had possibly some of the coolest dried wood sitting logs that an East Coast forest could have. Came to a check that I was supposed to follow left, but I ran to the toad, which I supposed was SR 114, and look a left and ran the road the rest of the way back. This made me FRB save for M'Orally and Doodle, who had hurt her knee jumping in the shallow end of the pool. They autohashed with a hare, but were not accused.

The rains had started. Was talking with Uniporn for a while. He admitted getting a bit lost from the beer check...turns out Bushrat got to the place he was going to lay trail to before he did. Bushrat was the first of the FRB pack that followed true trail and found the Fireball shot check to get back. I said to him, what took you so long? You went by the road, he said. That I did, a long shortcut, as the rains started heavier. Bushrat had said there was no marks on his way back, but we all found the way home. Screw came in next. Flaming Earl was DFL.

Got into a conversation with Screw after the run and he was telling me his million-dollar idea. Vaginal Shirk Cream®. By Screw Industries. Market it to men of a certain age for their women of a certain age. Late night infomercials. Sloganeering: For the vagina of a 20-year old™.

Having traveled down Normandy Memorial Dr. by the New Cumberland Army Depot to get to our starting point on SR 114 - somehow the woods having an address – Screw's 'quote of the day' candidate was, "I stormed the beaches of Vasectomy."

Songs were sung, the virgins saluted, the god Thor discussed as Zeus threw lightning bolts. No virgin was sacrificed to the gods of hashing, or to the downed trunk on the electrical wire where Muffalotta's car was parked. We all parted, some to B[oomer]angs the formerly place called Doc Hollidays. A great storm ensued through the evening.

On to the 22 run on. Ernest out.

12/6 /2014 TMI#185

M'Orally's Full Moon Birthday Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged, Big 10 Inch, Nippleodeon 1000 Linglestown Road, Harrisburg, PA 17110

THANK YOU FIRE ,

Hares: M'Orally Challenged, Big 10 Inch, Nippleodeon 1000 Linglestown Road, Harrisburg, PA 17110

Thank you to all 30 that came out in the rain and those that stopped by. It was fun for sure.

The only people that made it to Wildwood and got out of a car were the hares. The fat old guy with the paper had a big problem with anything thrown or moved in the park. Such as flour and chalk etc. The beer checks were going to be set out near HACC and the other side of 22 with the exception of 1 jello shot check. So the pack never got there because we sent them to Mr. G's. Not sure what group of drunks they were talking about. I went into the office to give my nerd name, phone number and address. I bought a stuffed fox and black bear for my Grandson and then went outside to meet up with Nip and Ten Inch.

Other than sawdust, we can't throw anything down at Wildwood. Heavy rain he said would wash it away but that was not the point. HE NEVER KICKED US OUT. HE SAID YOU DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE BUT YOU CAN'T USE FLOUR. WITHOUT THE FLOUR (and beer) WE NEEDED TO MOVE ON TO THE ON AFTER LOCATION!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Ten Inch laid a nice trail around the bar neighborhood. Perhaps someone that is familiar with hashing helped them with that conversation.

When exactly are you moving? Can't remember I thought January. It must be a thrill to live with your Daughter and Grandson. I know first hand the joy of being a Grandparent.

On Mon, Dec 8, 2014 at 1:49 PM, Monica Hoffman monicaahoffman@yahoo.com [h5hash] <h5hash-noreply@yahoogroups.com> wrote:

I heard people chattering this morning at work about a "group of drunks" that were kicked out of Wildwood on Saturday. You guys have major press throughout the environmental community! Of all the kerbitching and such that I overheard, the one thing that was positive is that the manager of Wildwood said that if groups contact him BEFORE they use the pavilion and the rest of Wildwood facilities he has no problem letting groups use their facilities.

11/15/2014 H5#592

Better Late Than Never Salute to Veteran's Day Hash

Hares: Cliff Diver & Mystery Hare

3838 N. Progress Avenue, Harrisburg, PA

Thanks to all who came out on a blustery day to take part in the Better Late Than Never Veteran's Day Hash on Nov. 15. We had 33 troops, 2 hares and 2 kitchen ladies, and several dogs on hand, plus one ornery rifleman and a kid with a pop gun. The trail started out the back of Camp CliffyMounds after the troops got chalk talk near the fire pit. Thanks to Sister Maria for starting the fire and burning all the brush that was nearby. The first beer / jello shot check was 50 yards into the woods after the start. The course wound through the first set of woods, with Mystery Co-Hare Cums with the Turf sitting in a deer stand taking pictures 20 feet above the hashers.

The hoard came through woods #1 into the Cherrington townhouse complex for the first check. Marks were found coming out of Cherrington and into a farm field, down a hill through a driveway for a shack, then onto Ianoff Road. McMansions on hilly back roads kept the pack entertained before the real estate began to wind back down into public housing near Progress Ave. Across Progress and up a hill covered with the first real shiggy on trail tested the wankers and bimbos. From there it was across the Paxton Creek and up a ravine to another townhome complex by Commerce Road. By now, the hashers are looking for the next beer near. R'nning along through the empty parking lots of law firms, government offices and engineering labs, the Hash made its way into another set of woods and a hill covered in thorniest shiggy.

The beer's gotta be getting close by now, so motivated by visions of hoppy goodness the thirsty made their way down another ravine to the now more robust flow of the Paxton Creek. True trail lie along the creek bed, but many made their way along Doehne Road which flanked the stream to the right.

Then the fun began. The trail made a right turn off of Doehne Road to follow the big cement power lines, normally thought of as public property. The following is a reported account from several hashers and the sweeper, Cums with the Turf, as I was busy laying trail ahead. The hare set trail through this stretch a half hour earlier without incident. Last April, H5 r'n through here to the cheers of a backyard party. This time, not so much. The FRBs made it up the hill past a large white house on the left of the ribbon of land that the power lines cut through. From there, the front of the pack continued uphill past a few more houses, down a dirtbike path and up another rise to a large patch of bamboo. Beer Near! finally was heard and the FRBs slaked their thirsts with Terrapin IPA, Yuengling and Miller Light.

As more and more hashers ascended the hill off of Doehne Road toward the power lines, out comes a huge redneck straight from the pages of Cabela's catalog. Righteously indignant, Johnny Camo proceeds to rant and rave about how everyone was trespassing on his land. Belligerent and intimidating, this beast confronted a number of the hashers as they tried to pass on through on trail. Not one to see his friends threatened, Cums with the Turf tried to explain that the Nature Runners were just following a trail and that it was understood that the power line area was public. Rambo continued to bluster and got in Cumby's face, and some ugly words were exchanged. Cumby continued up the hill anyway, which really pissed off the redneck.

Meanwhile, many of the hashers opted to not follow true trail and followed Doehne Road out to Progress Avenue again. Cumby got to the beer check and was enjoying a well earned brew. He said he then felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. Seems that Rambo had now circled around through the woods above his property and is standing on the top of the dirtbike trail with an encased rifle. This was seen by more than a few hashers as well as a 10 year-old kid who was hunting squirrels. The kid was interested in what was going on with the hash and wasn't going anywhere. Opie (the kid) told everyone that Rambo was always causing trouble in the area and that nobody liked him. With courage beyond his years, Opie goes over and talks to the redneck to calm him down. Rambo never takes his rifle out of the case, but allows people to pass while he is frothing at the mouth. Crisis averted, the hash moves on to the rest of the trail through the Vartan office complexes, behind the radio station towers and ON IN to Camp CliffyMounds.

Fire pit blazing with the temperature dropping, the hash was glad to have hot chicken goulash, beef soup, ham and cheese and egg salad sandwiches, BEER, brownies, banana pudding, and other goodies made up by M.O.U.N.D.S. This was served in the 3 season room at Camp CM by M'Orally and M.O.U.N.D.S. Most hashers brought their plates back to the fire where RA Fart Conner MC'd a fine circle. Ruffy won a hotly contested best uniform prize for her Navy petty officer outfit (Yeoman 3rd Class). She was given a six pack of assorted Victory beers and a Victory pint glass. As a lot of the 'good' beer had been consumed, Ruffy was immediately plagued by requests for her winnings. Hashers hung out for a good bit, warmed by the fire. Someone broke out a life-sized cardboard cutout of Cumby sitting in an inner tube with his thumb up in the air. Hu Phlung Pu seized the photo op and dropped throw over the extended thumb, causing a huge groan to be thrown up from the crowd. Some of the dogs vomited.

The next morning, after Cumby had gone home to Rumson, Rambo shows up at Camp Cliffy. I answered the door in my bathrobe and slippers and knew that this must have been the wack job that harassed the hash. Ol' Rambo starts asking a bunch of questions about all the marks on the road leading up to my house. I said yes, I had hosted a trail run of the Nature Runners and that the course ended here. A bunch of blather about how would you like it if I had thirty people running through your back yard, etc. ensued. I could tell this was going nowhere, while M.O.U.N.D.S. stood behind me. This guy was pretty large and still pretty pissed off. He finally says "You got two choices. Give me the name of that big tall feller who walked past me after I told him (Cumby) to get off my property, or I'll call the cops and they'll get me his name." I told the redneck that I would not divulge the name. I said "Do what you gotta do." With that he stormed off and got in his 2 ton RAM Hemi Canyonero, parked on the side of the road.

M.O.U.N.D.S. and I quickly got dressed and started picking up all of the leftover beer cans and stuff from the night before. In ten minutes, there was a Susquehanna police officer at my door. The young cop asked me what happened when Rambo came to my door. I explained that the guy wanted the name of one of my guests. I said that he was irate over the idea that people would cross over his property. The officer said that the police have had problems with this man (Rambo) before and that he is believed to be unstable. The officer said that I should call 911 if the man ever returns to my property. The cop said that he knew of the Nature Runners and that we were entitled to gather, run on public land and enjoy the community. He warned me not to go back near the man's property and that I was right to not give any info. As far as the cop was concerned, we were under the impression that the power lines were public property. In reality, the land around the power lines does belong to the local landowner, but the utility company maintains the actual structure. The cop explained to the man that most people believe

that power lines are public property and that he could have handled the situation a lot more civilly. The cop said that Rambo was ranting and raving with him and wanted the name of his supervisor. That's when the cop made up his mind that this guy was a wack-job. I am sorry for anyone that was intimidated by this bastard, as I understand that he actually followed people in his truck after the trail left the power lines. Anyway, nobody got hurt or arrested and we have another legend to talk about.

ON ON,

Cliff Diver

30 or so NOT dressed in red dresses, but mainly in orange to deter being arrowed by errant deer hunters overran the Ft. Hunter parking lot for a brief walk to a creekside chalet frontally adorned with a pot-metal carousel horse and a fine fryer and canopy tent out back. The smell of grease heating.

But first, trail. We Fibonacci'd our way first to the Susqy River bank, where we were rewarded with liquid sustenance, then back thru Ft. Hunter, to a rail trail and to a road where the Turkeys climbed asphalt and the Eagles ascended a muddy slippery slope to shot check, and then a cut road in the mountainside. This Bushrat-style access road leading to the power line right-of-way. Turkeys climbed power line too.

Eagles were, according to Squeeze Me's palate, dubiously awarded a Red Hot Whiskey shot. It was refreshing - just to pause clinging to the hillside, but I, HeminGay, had my third leg, a self-made cherry Shillelagh (made of blackthorn (sloe or "African-American wood as Tour would say) wood or oak. Synonyms abound - see cudgel, nightstick, clava, bludgeon, katana, truncheon, knobkierrie, billy club, rungu, baton, sap, cosh - every culture seems to have a term for a stick to beat another human with in non-metallic swordplay. Going down the synonym rabbit hole of terms for club led me to what it is used for - buffaloing (using a handgun for pistol whipping, not to be confused with butt-stroking - getting hit with a rifle butt).

Anyway, I digress - NOT a cane, dear hashers, but a walking stick. I represented with a stick for Head First who could not be there due to the non-dog-friendly warning. On that muddy slope, I actually encountered Gulliver, Sweaty and Turtle on my ascent, and Tour's uphill zenning deTour had him behind me after the 2nd metal road-blocking access gate. Where Tour went was where I found the downed No Trespassing sign I left at the mountaintop beer check. The eagles were also rewarded with the vista of the grand Susquehanna, Squeeze, as well as being out of breath, dinged and donged. And with a road of a lesser incline to get to the power lines.

No matter, the twain packs were reunited at a beer check near the summit. From there, we all enjoyed the view of the valley. Tween mounts, descending with the some DFLs and my stick, Anal Nicole, Luna and Cliffy and I had a cool convo featuring crooning by Cliff

Hares: Deathwish & She Wee Wee

120 Fort Hunter Road, Harrisburg, PA 17110

Diver. Anal, it turns out, had swooned backstage at a Johnny Mathis concert (later that evening Johnny was featured in an Ed Sullivan infomercial I flipped past, funny how things wrap around and attain significance where there would have been none). Chances Are...he was gay, Anal and CliffD said (who knew?), and stories were told to HeminGay who confessed to confusing him with Charlie Pride and being 'unable to pick him out of a lineup' though not being all that much younger than the assembled foursome.

There was also a cider shot check in the woods when the pack was spread way apart. We all made our way back to Fishing Creek, where again the shillelagh again came in handy probing the creek depth and slippery rocks. Hashing smarter, not harder. The beer check under the ancient bridge (which Cherry was doing his engineering assessment of) was fern-covered and beautiful to behold.

No one gets to see the views we see. Humorous exchanges ensued and echoed: Names and phrases bandied about included: Look me in the dick, Fuck me with your nose, Fucked in the ass by a rock (all possible hash names, the last could be after a river fall - or Rock Butt Plug) and later, the excruciating prospect of deep-fried dong, which might be less painful if covered in funnelcake batter, opined Lockjaw, going with it as hare Deathwish listened on and you would never say this ever to anyone except at a hash. The fryer went unsullied by battered cock...next time, a challenge for the Legion of Dumb or rather Legion of Dumberer and Gelded?

Lo and behold, several hundred meters of creek later, we were back on the road where delicious and copious amounts of fried foods awaited. DFLs trickled in, Flaming Earl Gay, came in with a berry-covered visage, like a Susquehannock Indian's warpaint. I found a hawk feather which I wore in my ballcap, and Fuck it I'll Do It Myself found a pheasant feather for her hair...I also found a hunter's camo shitpot, which, acc. to Lockjaw, I stole from a hunter who would have no pot to poop in while out stalking, so I used it as a stool later in circle, asking several hashers if I had a ring around my ass. Shut the fuck up already Ernest.

Tour RA'ed, asked to borrow my cherry stick to gesticulate while trying to quiet and control the din as if Zeus with his lightning bolt to light the gloaming evening. He called me out for blathering on to whoever would listen, and yes I drank for the offense or discourtesy as Lockjaw moved away from me so as not to be rolled into the verbosity accusation. Tour admitted, he'd seen much noisier circles, and that you can steal something willingly given, but seeing him with the stick and in fine form was worth a couple down downs.

Did I say the food was great. Thank you DW and She Wee Wee. Poppers and Fingers and Wings and Fries and Sauces and...Beer. Oh my. On On

Respectfully Submitted, "The Importance of Being E(a)rnest" HeminGay.

8/16/2014 H5#577

Deathwish Trail

Hares: Deathwish and Pork Your Parents

Newberry Pkwy, Goldsboro, PA 17319, USA

OK dearest wankers!

It's been a while since I had life to piss away writing shit. Due to global warming some of our usual writers have been taken out by the environment. Our hares "Deathwish" and "Pork My Parents" picked a lovely August day to park us in the Park and Ride parking lot near the first Stinko camp where it was OK to drink beer in public as long the beer was in a red solo cup as the pack gathered for trail. We had one virgin, "Just Dan", who was brought by "Just Jeremy" who hadn't been out for a year since his virgin hash. The hares confused the virgin and some of the Justs with trail marks and took off right on hash time.

Pegasus kept honest pack time and after giving the LIVE HARES 12 minutes he signaled the pack to ON ON! From there the trail went immediately down down hill. The pack was anticipating like Heinz ketchup getting our feet wet as a crafty check back 7 led us back to dive into Shiggy. <http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=shiggy> This led the pack to a beer check, which in turn led to an adjacent private property owner asking us if there was anything he could do for us. Squeeze Me pleasantly replied with equal bullshit about asking the private property owner what we could do for him or his country and how the hares had asked to be here on the other side of the El Dorado. Private property owner said he didn't want Walmart Trash <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YvxNgdFeWqM> (sorry about the advertizement) cummin on his land and to get the hell out of there like an INS investigator on a pot farm! Fuck Him! The trail didn't go through his yard anyhow. So there, the trail went past some bees where I believe "Ernest Heming-gay" was stung by bees instead being deported back to his house.

Ernest Heming-gay was left in the care of "Anal Nicole", "Monet Moaner", and "M'Orally Challenged" and the trail circle jerked back to the start for a beer check. The pack was stupid enough to leave and the trail went sort of the same way from the start only not and went to a beer check in a stream under a bridge where we scared all the trolls away, except maybe one. We found the bones of some of the children the trolls ate for breakfast. I don't know what trolls eat for lunch or dinner. Maybe they just drink Perrywinkle Mead made in Purry Cunt? So anyhow, no shit, there I was, at a beer check where the Eagle trail that wasn't announced by the hares that took off to the Neitheregions, that's sort of where you end up at if you look up "Big 10 Inch"s kilt only on a smaller scale and the Turkey trail ended. I had a mental debate and lost and took off on the Eagle trail. Luckily I waited long enough because just as I took off in a blinding flash of speed I saw Eagle trailers cummin' back running in a funny way. Turns out that the Eagle Trailers ran into more than just a bee nest, it was a BIG bee nest. Bushrat braved the bee nest and saved the Firefly shots for the pack. Many others abandoned trail and still got stung on the way back.

So those of you who go to the trouble of writing shit, thank you, but note here..... Put some big spaces between paragraphs like "Dude, Where's My Mullet" taught me.

"Panic Button" got to be RA because he abandoned his pregnant wife, "Siren Cums Loudly", who's due in about 2 weeks because he won't get to go hashing for about a week. Circle was long, as were some of the songs. Somewhere about now, in the past fourth dimensional sense, "Anal Nicole" cums stumbling into circle followed by not too closely that "M'Orally Challenged" had her nose up her butt but they had a story to tell. It was true too, or I couldn't write it here. Turns out that Ernest had some Benadryl to get him by till he got to the Rite Aid that was nearby and accompanied by his nurses, and now it's time for the rest of the story because Ernest left his epi-pen at home.... <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/EpiPen> The folks at Rite Aid stepped up to the emergency plate! They stabbed Ernest with an EpiPen and soon he came around as the ambulances were coming. Ernest had the presents of mind to refuse the ambulance

8 /16/2014 H5#577

Deathwish Trail

Hares: Deathwish and Pork Your Parents
and got a ride home from "Monet Moaner".

Newberry Pkwy, Goldsboro, PA 17319, USA

I think somebody should commend Rite Aid in a public forum.

Meanwhile back to circle, it's too long as scribbled out here. We see a DFL but he looks too clean. Turns out that this guy is a neighbor who lives there and forgot that the hares had asked his landlord to park in his lot so circle could be held at A Prime. The hares "forgot" to mention that at the start of trail too. So "Just Will" was welcomed to circle with a beer and wasn't quite sure what to do when offered a "motorboat" <http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=motorboat> by "Thank You, I'll Take "Hot n Wet" for \$500 Alex". I'm close enough for hashing on that name. Swing Low was sung and a couple of versus were sung as the hash left to get a piece, of meat, at the Field House. That's all I know for now. Pictures are on Hashspace... <http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/deathwish-and-pork-my-parents-piss-off-bees>

On On
Fart ConnOr

7 /30/2014 TIUTA#164

Jinkies! Zoinks! Sweet Velma's Tittyballs Hash

Hares: Douche Bagalo Male Fagalo & Just Tara

896 Grantham Road, Mechanicsburg, PA

Douche always writes such amazing hash trash, I thought his trail deserved a write up, even if it won't be as epic as his are.

Last night's was definitely one of my favorites. Pre-lube started at TJ Rockwells where Just Tara bought everyone flights for hash beer. Rape & Spillage's hash necklace broke which I'm pretty sure is like 7 years of bad hash luck. Also- it bears mentioning that Big 10 Inch's mohawk is gone. I feel like I lost a friend.

Anyways, chalk talk was the shortest I've ever been too, and there was a new mark - Ice Cream Check! That's right wankers - you missed ice cream sandwiches on trail.

We had a little trouble finding the beginning of trail, but then we were off and running. The pack passed a true trail mark that the FRBs said was just a loop, even though Just Tiffany insisted we take the arrow, us DFLs eventually caved to peer pressure and followed the pack. FRBs caught the hares and were told we missed a beer check, some back tracking and low and behold, we're back to the true trail mark that was blown off. Steep ass climb up into an awesome cave, and I felt that a technology-on-trail down down was totally worth the photo op. Back out on trail through some gorgeous woods for another beer check under a bridge where Inde Anus Jones "helped" Big 10 Inch lick a dead crayfish and another group photo. Squeeze invented a new game of "Marco Lumpy" in an effort to help Lumpy find her way back to the group, as she'd some how ended up on the wrong shore.... Ready to head off again and a stray hasher show's up - it's phWedgie (who left his broken wife in the car, without even cracking the windows, as she's suffered an ankle injury earlier in the day). Up on some train tracks, through a crazy corn field for a Absolute Grapefruit shot check. On our way through a big grassy field, I discovered the hares has used excessively large handfuls of flour which quickly caused a flour-throwing war, with I'm pretty sure Big 10 Inch and Rape & Spillage lost, although Just Tiffany, My Precious and I suffered casualties as well. Some more train tracks with old trains on them - which were just begging to be climbed. Of course, my fat ass walked on the rotten flat bed and fell through. Lucky for you all, Flaming Earl Gay caught the precise moment on my camera. From the train pain, we headed to a creepy-ass abandoned amusement park. Naughty checks in the old carousel and a photo op in the old roller coaster car. (I saw a full moon!) Right about the same time we found the ice cream, Absinthe came running back to tell us that the cops had been called, so we abandoned the park and headed across the water to make our get-away. We caught up with Lumpy and Brokeback who had lost their way after some fruitless searching and some advice from a troll, we decided to let the local (Just Tiffany) lead us back to TJ Rockwells. Circle commenced, Frita taught us some new songs, Tour showed up as DFL 45 minutes later and Just Tara, our virgin hare was named. There was some speculation over her Scooby-doo ghost costume looking more like the uniform for a certain organization who aren't real fond of dark skin, but she ended up with the name "Jack the Pricker".

Most of the pack headed back to TJ Rockwells for some drinks. On a personal note, I changed my pants in the parking lot and as I struggled to pull my pants up over my wet ass, I watched a guy from the restaurant walk from the door to the car directly next to me. As I panicked as he got closer, we made eye contact right about the same moment my pant legs got tangled and I fell on my ass. He did not offer to help. Also - found my soaking wet panties in my apartment complex parking lot this morning on the way to work.. must have fallen out of my pants on the way in last night.

Anyways - Douche & Jack - AWESOME TRAIL, I'm glad I didn't miss it.

On ice-cream-fuckin-sandwiches On

~Hot & Wet

p.s. Deathwish - did you get this e-mail??

Photos will be up on hash space this afternoon, I'll upload them on my lunch break.

7 /16/2014 TIUTA#163

H5 2nd Anal Ass Wednesday H5 Beer Mile

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck, Fire In My Hole, Chief of Queef 1101 North 2nd Street, Harrisburg, PA 17102

A great Beer Mile. Great job by all of our racists tonight (Analholics Anonymous, Stiff On Toe Poke Her, Tour De Puke, Douche Bagalow Male Fagalow, Bang For Your Buck, She Came, Lumpy, and Fuki Suki) They all finished before the next wave came through.

Shout outs to the rest of the pack that came out to support and especially the athletic support crew of SheWeeWee, Just Tara, Fire in MY Hole and Chief of Queef.

We circled up at Midtown Tavern (thanks for the great welcome as stunt RA and for making it a nice challenging circle). Our Front Running Bastard and Bitch were Analholics Anonymous and Bang for Your Buck. Other than the usual splashes we had a few mentionable down downs: Chief of Queef drank with our "visitor" Mr. Jackson for being a fellow old guy, and again for too much foam in the beer mile cups (Stiff-on joined him for whining about getting a little head...) and of course our two hash crashes-Lumpy who ran into a fire hydrant walking to the start and as she was telling people about it she tripped and gave herself a nice gash in her knee, and during circle Douche Bagalow lost control of his faculties and dropped a glass on the floor (at least there was no alcohol abuse).

7 /16/2014 TIUTA#163

H5 2nd Anal Ass Wednesday H5 Beer Mile

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck, Fire In My Hole, Chief of Queef 1101 North 2nd Street, Harrisburg, PA 17102

After a nice bar patron threw a pool ball at the group we decided it might be time to move our groove over to the beer area of the race....all I can about that is SHIT SHOW and BUTT CHUGS.

On On
Free 2 Lay

7 /9 /2014 TIUTA#162

Tractor Trail Her/Deliverance from Carlisle Hash

Hares: Douche Bagalo Male Fagalo

1245 Harrisburg Pike, Carlisle PA 17013

7/9/14 Ass Wednesday – Tractor Trail Her Hash – or - Deliverance From Carlisle.

Seventeen wankers and bimbos gathered in an out-of-the-way, seemingly abandoned parking lot to pursue a fine evening of Adventure Running. The usual greetings were exchanged and we were joined by some residents of Boiling Springs who had been hiding under a rock there – Rapunzel and Insecticle. They also brought two virgins, Just Sharon and Just Mike. Additionally, a fine fellow in a red van pulled into this seemingly abandoned parking lot, said "Hello dere!" and left. Circle was held, and the hare was off! After 12 minutes, the pack followed.

When most of the pack was gone, the red van reappeared. The "Hello dere!" fellow had returned. This time with muscle. He told me that this was his parking lot and that since we didn't have permission to park there, we would have to move our cars. I politely told him that his timing was impeccable, as everyone had just run off. A better time to say this would have been when he was there 20 minutes earlier. He became irate and said we needed to move ASAP. I told him I would chase everyone down and let them know, and I promptly lit off on trail.

Trail was often difficult to follow this night, but we muddled through. We ran in a large circle until we came upon our first water crossing in LeTort Springs Run. Brrrrrr! The trail proceeded under the highway to the first BN. It was then noticed that the virgins had already bailed on us, never to be seen again. Trail followed this chilly creek for quite a while and then headed towards the waste treatment plant, where Tour noted a delightful smell was in the air. We went down a steep hill and into the Conodoguinet Creek to an island with the next BN. We were joined by campers from the other side of the creek who, when seeing two hashers, thought he "could take 'em" but rethought that when eight more showed up.

Downstream we went – across a field, into the woods, across a soybean field and back into the Conodoguinet where we found an SN – Yo Ho Ho, it's a bottle of rum. Back downstream, across another field, and down the road. We hashed past the confluence of the Conodoguinet and the LeTort to another BN, where Just Tara shouted to us from across the creek that we should bring her an IPA. Instead, we drank the IPA. Then Wild Cherry saw me fall and couldn't understand why. I had run headlong into an invisible tree branch tearing open my forehead. Ouch.

Across the creek and across Route 11 (with blood dripping into my eyes) to the parking lot where our cars remained untowed. We then proceeded with circle where we were told that we were on the private property of the Waffle House. So we moved seven feet to the left and finished circle.

A good time was had by all (except maybe the virgins.)

Webelo Scout.

6 /7 /2014 H5#569

Arrowheads Hash

Hares: Sister Maria, Fuzzbuster & Pork Your Parents Clement Avenue & Harrison School Road, Ft Indiantown Gap, PA

The following is highly inaccurate.

It may have been coincidence, a Snowden leak, or some NSA supercomputer combing through terabytes of metadata but the Nation Guard found our hash Saturday before anyone else could. Once the new starting point was located I wondered what an audible like that would do inside of Sisters head, some things are best left undiscovered. It was \$7 for a blue solo cup at 'a Kid and Play's House Party, everyone also received some sort of hashing shank tied to a string, it can't be the worst way to die. At chalk talk Sister used an old box, some ribbons, and shit paper to confuse everybody. The hares are off and are probably named on the fucking website, there were like 5 I think? After a hundred yard dash we hit our first BN of the day, it should be noted there were 17 BN & SN's in total so I will not be mentioning them all. It always amazes me how picky people can be with beer they find in garbage bags lying around the woods. No, Bud/Coors Beer-a-Rita's are not my 1st choice but it's not my last either and they're cold. Parallel to this I think Brown Noser & Bang stole a dog and got it drunk. If I had a soul I might care about its wellbeing but watching a 40lbs animal down 4 beers makes me almost like dogs. Trail was some kind of arts & crafts experiment gone wrong with ribbon, paper, and flour being used interchangeably with recognizable trail marks. We stumbled upon a T/E split by the spillway; I took E for easy and did not regret it. BN after SN after BN through lakeside trails, pastoral field, and shiggyless woods; it was like running through a postcard for Pennsylvania Dutch Country. All good things come to an end, usually with a Fart. At circle we sang bawdy songs and people were made to drink, it was a wonderful change of pace for us. There is some confusion as to the on-after but there was an Arrowhead Bar group, a Federal Taphouse contingent, and possibly several people guilty of breaking & entering at Sad Dicks house.

Douche Bagalow Male Fagalo

4 /2 /2014 TIUTA#159

Deathwish's Burpday Hash

Hares: Deathwish

148 Sheraton Dr, New Cumberland, PA 17070

Thanks to all you wankers that showed up to hash a truly shitty trail. Thanks to all those who took part in writing on my car with flour. I took it to the car wash this morning and they could not get it all off. I was laughing inside as they high pressure hosed it and were not making much progress. I told them this is how my friends let me know they love me. Thanks to COGO and Kodick, Sticky and Fuzz for cuming after the run part. Thanks to our bartender. I am so grateful to have spent a wonderful night of hashing with so many good

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4 /2 /2014 TIUTA#159

Deathwish's Burpday Hash

Hares: Deathwish

148 Sheraton Dr, New Cumberland, PA 17070

people. PMG are you ok after your fall?
Deathwish

3 /26/2014 TIUTA#157

3rd Anal Insanity Hash

Hares: Ernest Hemingay, Money Moaner, Hop in Vagin 1500 Elmerton Avenue, Harrisburg, PA

Hemmingay and associates treated us to a celebration of his birthday last night.

I love that instructions to start trail included, "just next to the state police HQ"... perfect. This just saves them the hassle of taking us across town to lock us up, they can just conveniently drag us a few hundred yards to do so.

Arriving precisely on Fuzz-time was a great idea as the open field provided little warmth to start the trail. Good pre-trail beverage choices... and we were off with hares splitting directions. Down the trail, we found a few falses and shortly arrived at our first beverage stop.

We had quickly cum up with a fun game to entertain our bored minds... someone weave a song lyric into conversation and pause and then its the other person's turn to pick up where you left off... they fail, they drink. This game should be called "any day hanging with Tour" but that's not very catchy. But you get the idea.

Down through the shiggy that was probably a relief to all your saturday hashers that looked like you are "cutters". It was fairly mild, easily passed through yet entertaining and somehow I managed to collect a few thorns that I'm still picking out today.

Trail dumped out onto a paved path where we made up some ground and then over the edge to a shot stop. Since we were on hospital grounds... a few short verses of My girls a vegetable and Yogi which was less related, but still entertaining.

Then off into the valley of the trail, which provided the much wished for wind protection at the beginning of trail. Now that I was warmed up, I didn't need it quite as much. Next beer stop was at a scenic stone circle I'd seen in many local photographers photo shoots with models and I'd always been tempted to go find it, but was just too lazy. Now I know where it is. Maybe when it's "green" I'll venture back.

Up the hill and at our break neck pace.... we made our way back to the start had a SHORT circle... much shorter then this write up. Noted the sign on the pavillion that read "Take Trash Home". We made the obvious joke and made our way to Big Woody's to finish the evening.

Kudos to EHG, Chief, HIV and mystery hare Moner for a perfect length trail for what I hope to be the last of shitty weather hashes... well, at least cold hashes. On Spring On!

SqueezeMe

3 /1 /2014 H5 Run #556

Saturday Hash

Hares: Squeeze Me & Fire In My Hole

3523 Union Deposit Road, Harrisburg, PA

Perpetual IPA in a can is one of life's finer small treats, like a kiss on the mouth from a stripper, it puts a little more pep in your step...err. There was Perpetual IPA in a can on Saturday and about 50 hashers to help drink them, what more do you want on a freezing day in March? Tour organized a photo-op on a stage coach that was actually used on set during the filming of Back to the Future III. Employees of the bar whose parking lot had turned into a pre lube looked confused at all the visibly worn alcoholics and wondered aloud if this was a "motivational" run, no doubt to inspire hope in the face of our shared disease (probably hand, foot, & mouth or chlamydia.) Caulk talk by Squeeze Me was well-planned, informative, concise, and made me question whether hashing was really for me. At some point Squeeze and Fire were off and 50 couple hashers seemed eager to get on trail, or urinate in the woods, whatever.

It's a little blurry, the way I remember poor choices and your mom, but there was flour and various marks leading to a SN. The concoction, which could only be hooker perfume and store brand Robitussin, was enjoyed by all. My tears at this point had more to do with sweet childhood memories of abusing OTC cough medicine than the 28 grams of pink sugar coursing through my veins. Hashers, stumbling away, caroused through both neighborhood and shiggy until reaching a BN in a magical glen complete with stream, virgin snow, and a defensible high ground. The gladiator Deathwish forded the stream and stood tall opposite the masses like Christ the Redeemer in Rio. Taunting as an unprotected target only allowing his rage to build, many snowballs missed and few hit. After recruiting a small contingent of rebels an aerial assault from the high bank commenced not unlike the firebombing of Dresden, except with snow. There were many casualties that day as we left with far fewer luses than when we started... mourn the fallen. At some point in these unconnected dots we caught the hares exactly 23 times; the tit, dick, and naughty checks thrown as ineffectual stall tactics are too numerous to mention, it's all a vague memory of titties and ass slapping, just like summers on the cape. Shiggy, shiggy, shiggy. Next BN found, drank, and warfare erupts for the second time in this young century. Burrs the size of my very cold balls are thrown, slapped and tenderly placed on all manner of body part, it's a shiggy fight. More running....

At circle we all eat. I'm not sure how, scientifically, someone can contract AIDS by sharing food but that definitely happened as we all licked our collectively pie covered hands, fuck forks. There were undoubtedly FRB's and DFL's (several of them), a virgin barred her better half for us and I think we can all learn a lesson from that. May the hash get a piece....at the bar or a really sketchy strip club.

— Just Adrian.

2 /22/2014 H5 Run #555

Welcome Back Orangubang Birthday Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday, Big 10 Inch, Just Bonnie, 975 East Main Street, Palmyra, PA

It was a beautiful day for a tu-tu in Palmyra. About 20 hashers found their way to said Legion, after driving back and forth trying to see it from the road. Oh there it is, behind the car wash. Once the pack was all assembled, instructions were told and the hares were off. 12 minutes and the pack was in hot pursuit of said hares. Threw the snow we went behind the hotel. On to some street pounding.

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Hares: Two Finger Tuesday, Big 10 Inch, Just Bonnie, 975 East Main Street, Palmyra, PA

Down main street, in some alleys to our first BN. It was at Gary's bar. A small dive that was probably never that full ever. It was wall to wall hashers. Beer was consumed and out the door we went. The next leg of trail, once we picked up on the check, lead us around the middle school, past the cop shop, down some more streets to another BN. Inside Dancing Fools car. Beer and Doritos were enjoyed. ONON, yet down some more roads, and alleys to one of the newest establishments in town. Babe's. Classy place with dining upstairs. Of course were were only there for the beer. After spending some quality time with the locals, wondering who we were, and the tu-tu's and all, we were out the door, down yet another alley in the snow. Behind the bowling alley into a nice development. True trail lead us threw somebodies yard, down a small hill, where we slide on our arses to enjoy the mini slop. Up the hill into the wooded area to our last check, SN. It was national margarita day, so we enjoyed that as well. Once back at the HHH's, circle was started, the Legion members had decided to come out and tell us we were not aloud to hold circle out side, because they would loose their lisencc, even though the manager previously told two fingers that would be ok. So the pack sucked it up buttercup, and pick up said circle and took it over behind the CAR WASH, and continued with accusations. Circle was closed in the usual manner. Most of the hashers returned into the Legion for what ever they do best. Myself and Girth decided to go have Chinese instead of the sausage and chips the Legion had on their menu. Thanks to all the hares, for a Shitty trail in Palmyra. Somebody will have to share if they pulled off a naming or two. ONON to our next grand adventure!

Luna

ON

Hares: M'Orally Challenged, Sister Maria, Just Mike 114 Lynmar Avenue, Campbelltown, PA 17010

It was another great day of hashing in h5 history. 25 said hashers came to celebrate the year of the horse. At first the trail seemed to resemble the birthday hash that was started in Campbelltown last december, but much to my amaze, it was not. Infact, this trail was the other half of the trail that we did not experience in December. It was just a short distance to the first beer check, located in a tiny woods not far from the start. Beverages were consumed, and we were off. Off to the towns oldest cemetary. Where we found M'Orally standing with a strawberry tasting shot check. Did she really back into the cemetary stone beside the shot check? Only the dead will know. Off we went behind homes, threw a development, yet into another small wooded area. Here we found a shot check, with 3 pleasures to choose from. I liked the sherbert vodka myself. Off we go again, to find the Horse Shoe Trail. Once we were on the trail the last BN was located in the picnic grove of the church. Next we went slipping and sliding in the moody field, making our way back to the end. Not quite A to A. Circle was run by Panic Button. It's been awhile since he was RA. After closing of the circle, we headed across the field to our cars. Check the f&8cn web site for the Chinese Resturant we were instructed. Looks like we all made it for a fabulous BYOB buffet. 24 hungry hashers consumed the entire buffet. No naming was done, due to piging out. Maybe next time. Thanks to the hares for a fun day of hashing. It seemed to go quick, because we had so much fun.

ONON

Luna

Hares: Hares Fuki Suki

2240 Millennium Way, Enola, PA 17025

Thanks to all that came out to the full moon last night. 16 or so came to enjoy the light of the moon without actually seeing the moon, due to the haze in the sky. Circle was drawn, we all caught the hare during circle so that task was done. After 5 minutes of the hae leaving the pack was off on the trail. Some of the hashers went back into the brewery because they missed the 5 minute lead. Shortly after the pack found the first beer check, the other running hashers that stayed behind, quickly caught up. After consuming the home brew and the other bottles that needed a bottle opener, the pack was off again. In this lovely development. A few falses to keep the pack together, we did a large loop which took us back to the first beer check. This is were we were warned to not stray, and follow trail. So most of us did. finding trail going down hill, and away from said crossing. Another developement. This one however was not completely built. In there we found the beer check, with beers that needed bottle openers. Good thing the hare gave us some to take with. Jesus tried to open a few, but failed, thanks Fuzz. In this area of not yet developed, the pack ran into wet lands. Go figure, since we had snow, and then rain in the past. On ON till the end, where we found ourselves back at the brewery for circle. Inside we had pizza, ummmmmmmmmmm good. We ran into the dilemma of getting circle beer. They would only serve 2 beers at a time, so we had to file in and carry the beer into our room. Once in there we were instructed, that we could not have all the beers on one table. Wankers grab a beer, or they were going to take them from us. One beer per person at a time. So we all had a full beer, poured them into red solo cups when we had to do our down downs. Bang was the grand master. Down downs and accusations were done, and the circle was closed with swing low, scooby doo style. May the hash get a piece! Happy Birthday Capricorns.

Luna

ONON to free beer.!

Thanks for the write up Luna! The pizza was great but the staff sucked. When I starting buying our down-down bier they told me that it

Hares: Hares Fuki Suki

2240 Millennium Way, Enola, PA 17025

was a state law that people were permitted only one bier at a time. They lied. And after circle they cut everyone off, saying the group had reached their limit. I don't care how good the pizza is, their staff lies. I personally will never go there again, not even for a business lunch. On On to free bier!!!

12/11/2013 TIUTALAWH3 #153

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Deathwish

50 North Cameron Street, Harrisburg, PA

The crew gathered at Appalachian Brewing Company on Cameron Street to hazard another Deathwish trail. About 20 wankers and bimbos took their lives in their hands even after hearing the hare tell us that we should stick together for safety (which, of course, we failed to do.) The hare was then off and 12 minutes later, so was the pack.

We started by being lemmings and going about two blocks in the totally wrong direction without marks. Then we turned around and headed off in the correct direction. We found trail in a parking lot and headed up the hill toward State Street. Trail disappeared quite frequently after that, first sending the majority of the pack back over the bridge leaving me, Tour and AA alone in the burg. We decided to stick together and continued to look for the elusive marks which zigged and zagged up alleys and across parking lots, past crack smoking residents hiding in their garages and night stalking street walkers, and finally to Reservoir Park. Here, trail again disappeared allowing the rest of the pack to catch up.

Eventually, after discovering a true trail arrow that led to trail diverging at an acute angle AWAY from the direction the arrow was pointing, we went up the hill and found our first BN. Then the pack descended through the shaggy and down to Market street. After a few blocks our hare (now an auto hare) pulled over at about 16th and Market for an improvised BN. Serendipity provided us a sidewalk flippy-cup table and the group quickly set up a sidewalk game then-and-there! It was thought that the downhill side of the table had an advantage, but the uphill side prevailed. We switched sides and realized that it was not the table, but the skill of the players which had made the difference.

It was at this point that Panic Button, who had been attending a meeting in the "hood" (which was, no doubt, FAR more exciting than hashing) decided to stop by and say hello.

Trail then proceeded almost directly back to ABC. Circle was commenced with Christmas carols and frivolity which did not manage to get us thrown out, but not for our lack of trying. After much debate, HIV let a pertinent fact slip, and Just Jerika was named "Black Cock Down." A good time was had by all.

Faithfully submitted,

Webelo Scout

11/17/2013 TMINMFMH3 Run #172

Full Beaver Moon Hash

Hares: Stiff-On Toe-Poke-Her and Just Randy

397 Whiskey Springs Road, Dillsburg, PA

When the directions mention hashers are gonna be starting near the AT, you know the trail will have a mountain and blazes. We saw what may have been the halfway point of the Appalachian Trail, a boulder painted with arrows pointing to ME and GA. "Hey, look Me [and Ga] were here." HeminGay says...Hot Crotch replies, "That's Maine and Georgia." Yep. Knew that, but me was there, many mes.

Some of us including FRBing Sister Maria followed true trail as it meandered on and off the AT, but rock climber HeminGay hashed harder not smarter, scrabbling across lichen- and moss-covered primordial stone, and heard Weblow Scout saying more than once, "Ernest takes the hard way," which is not to be confused with Ed Varney's posthumously unreleased gay porn classic "Ernest Takes (It Up the Ass) the Hard Way (Like a Man).

We had a black FRB canine (or as Tour would say, African-American – BTW he showed up at ¾ past Tour Thirty, missing circle) named Bear that some hashers nicknamed Little Dude (HeminGay's dog was absent from this rocky hash) who was well ahead of his pack leader Just Jerika and with the leaders of the pack, who escorted him across the road safely. He became a frothy pooch by trail end -like all of us - in need of a bath. Speaking of Dogs, it was nice to see Zip-a-dee-do-Dogs on trail after a hiatus, finally a non-work day for him. Always a great smile on him.

Hare Stiff On was concerned he hadn't bought enuf (good) beer - only 5 cases of Oskar Blues and Sierra Nevada Pale Ale e.g.), about \$200 of beer, since about 30 hashers carpooled in 20 vehicles, but when you stage Oskar Blues Old Chubb etc. on a slippery slope, hashers will responsibly share the potency, with plenty left for the DFLs. Or you could drink an agua. A vessel or two (like the one HeminGay drank for losing at the outset from his hoodie pouch) would have been great, but we hashers share well (sometimes TOO

Hares: Stiff-On Toe-Poke-Her and Just Randy

397 Whiskey Springs Road, Dillsburg, PA

much), such as the Cutty Sark fifth, which was swigged straight (as we got bent) on this awesome rocky crag trail that started on Whiskey Springs Road near a skeet shooting practice area. The alternative tunes at the Cold Creek Inn were fueled by Toe Poker (and the old country by Hop in Vagina) and were as awesome a mix as the fine trail beer. 50 cent pool was played by numerous cummers - HIV, Crotch and Monet Moaner - but none beating HeminGay, who then teamed with J. Edgar Boozer, who was playing hot in a boys vs. girls partnership, carrying the men to a 2-1 split as cig smoke soaked into clothes.

Two namings happened at the on after. Co-hare Just Randy (already a good hash name) became Uniporn for wearing a shirt that depicted two mythical horny beasts fornicating. Just Cody was named Cougar Whisperer for dirt discovered about him landing a 52-year old hottie.

On 400-word HeminGay Hash Trash On.

11/9 /2013 H5 Run #541

Saturday Hash

Hares: Cliff Diver, Flaming Earl Gay and Dancing Fool 415 South Main Street, Marysville, PA

What a beautiful day for a hash. 45 or so hashers assembled along the river to celebrate our freedom of hashing. 5 vets were honored, and allowed to partake in this days events for free. Yea vets.

One virgin was introduces to this madness. The hares were off, while we waited for our 12 minutes.

Walkers away, with the pack following close behind. We walked to the end of the lane and into the woods to find a bottle of Rosa, that only half the pack was lucky to enjoy. I guess the hares weren't expecting such a good turn out.

Off we went, some following trail, that went threw a few tunnels with water levels up to our waists. Others choose to go up the hill, cross the highway, go under the parked train, and back down the other side. On ON along the trail to what looked like an island, which was just a U-shaped lake or our first BN. After enjoying some football toss and beers, the pack was back on trail.

Road. . .here we go. Before heading up the side of the side of the mountain, a few hashers recognized the house of Leaves her scent, and her man. . .Jack Strap. Im promptude beer and shot and chicken check. After much visiting a few hashers decided to leave and try to catch up with the rest of the pack that missed the special check. While the other 10 or so, said F*& trail, we are staying here.

Up the mountain, down the mountain, searching for trail, no pack arrows to guide us the way. We realized (fuzz, dancing fool, the Bitch, Cause, and myself) decided we only had a hour of daylight left to get the hell off of this mountain. So down we went. We even managed to get our pictures taken by the hidden deer camera in the woods behind the houses we found in the dark. I guess the photographer was surprised to see what he captured.

Which way now? Down! Every turn on the road, we decided to go down. Oh look, a sign, Marysville. Great. we were getting closer. Hey look. ONON, we found trail again. We even managed to enjoy a beer check up in that mountain of lost.

The GPS was alerted, and a phone call or 2 or 3 was sent to the hashers, who were already eating all the grub, and drinking all the beer.

Tour came to the rescue, and picked up 2 autohashers, who just wanted to get the hell back to the bar. Fuzz and myself wanted to toke in the tunnel, so we traveled on.

We passed the bar where the others had a beer check, bee lining it to the end. Where we could hear the hashers, inside the bar singing all there songs. We could hear the shrill of Why are we waiting, buy those female singers, missed DFL accusations. Dry shoes on our feet, we were able to join in on the fun of circle. . .RA lost control. There was a pool table covered with munchies, meatballs, and beer. The natives in the bar were exposed to our on after. I think they didn't mind, because they left us stay.

Fun was had by all. Thanks to the hares for a fabulous day out in the fall air.

Thanks to those who keep us free.

Hares: Cliff Diver, Flaming Earl Gay and Dancing Fool 415 South Main Street, Marysville, PA

Your DFL

Luna, sporting No Dimples Left Behinds red sweats.

Dipsomania – an insatiable craving for alcoholic beverages/a compulsive desire for alcohol/chronic drunkenness. See potomania which can lead to tromomania (delirium tremens). Dipso means thirst from the Greek. Mania, is well, you get it.

A temperate November day. 40 hashers in a bar parking lot in Marysville. The mighty Susquehanna to the east and an Appalachian to the west. We were warned we were going to get wet. We were warned we would simultaneously love and hate the hare(s). We were encouraged by the fact that there would be food at the on after. It would be dark by the time we returned.

We were sent immediately into a tunnel full of stream. It was rock-strewn and deep, crotch deep. There was no avoiding it, though some of us tried by taking the overland route up the rockslide face of the Norfolk Southern railroad tracks. Dude the dog and I crawled under the stopped train, which Hot Crotchet later warned me never to do again. Rail police not in evidence would certainly have agreed to the point of arresting those hashers who did. There was no avoiding getting wet unless we were to run across the busy 11/15 corridor up yet another cliff. So we descended into the second underpass and stream. Dude the hashing dog had to swim nearly the whole way. I skipped from rock to rock until the gaps between rocks were too great for safety and I took the plunge into the depths. Regrouping on the other side, the pack got thinned out and found a one-bottle shot check that was quickly consumed to the dismay of those behind those who arrived first.

Moving on, some hashers found an impromptu beer stop at some hasher's house on the hill named Jack Something (the hasher not the hill). Trail was uphill and continued uphill until another beer check was found. Over hill and dale (Dale really got trampled, Dude got temporarily lost - word came to me to call my dog.) We ended up in a valley where a Blair Witch-like wood X had been floured as a check. Brown Noser went uphill left, I went uphill straight, both on two marks. Nothing else. I had checked right and saw nothing evident, so I let others investigate. That was where trail went of course.

Neither BN or I wanted to give up the high ground not having resolution as to trail direction. I looked over at him and he raised his arms in a surrendering arms-up V. Nothing, I mirrored that V. We worked our way across the spine of the mountain heading east. I found the high rock outcrop and climbed on that. Pegasus was up in there exploring too. He flew away to find trail. I never saw another dog hasher or master. Dude the hashing dog does the whole trail and then some. Patiently waiting in the bar parking lot, then near the door where a civilian fed him steak from a Styrofoam . Yow!

We heard on ons from the valley below which meant we had to slip slide down the 70 degree slope to find marks to follow. The dog was not amused. The easy way was to Indiana Jones it first from tree to tree then taking dirt In De Anus (Jones and Digging for Dick with there with Dog), intentionally hash crashing, sliding down to the cut that was marked with flour. A descent to a watery run then a run thru a densely populated upscale trailer park. The road on in from there was hypermarked on both sides. This was Flaming Earl Gay's section. This led to the Marysville subway where I encountered Interior Defecator. We ran to a BN near the other Marysville bar and invaded. Pitchers of YingYang and Molson awaited. Crotchet had a Bell's Two-hearted. I guessed it by smell and spying the only relevant tap handle.

We met lead hare Cliff Diver there, who said that several other shot checks were in the creekbed, and most of us missed them, and we needed to drink all the pitchers because the other hashers were at the other bar. The dog was tied out front to a steel rod. Word came that most of the hashers were back at the other bar eating all the promised food. Some other hashers joined those of us consuming pitchers, incl. Monet Moaner, who had crossed the mountain's spine and was way off trail in the middle of the woods by herself, for a time with Hu Phlung Pu. We walked back to get more beer and food, where a loud and chaotic circle was held around a pool table covered with a nice spread. Beantown BooCockInMe (sp.Bukakinme) programmed jam music on the TouchTunes

Well past dusk, hashers dribbled drunkenly out of the smoky tavern oasis in various stages of dipsomaniacal satisfaction.

Ernest

Ernest,

Thanks for the etymological account of the word 'dipsomania'. It is a fitting word to illustrate the activities of the November 9th Veteran's Day Hash. Along with the free flowing beer to make the hashers dippy, we also had some nice cold water to dip into through the Fishing Creek tunnels. We had bean, salsa and hummus dip at the pre and post circles to give you a maniacal thirst in which to slake.

Thanks for the entertaining story of your experience with this particular hash. I felt like I was there with you. Of course I was there with you, only a half hour earlier. I had the same reaction to the cross in the woods that evoked The Blair Witch Project comment. That X was just begging to be used as a check. It would have looked better with red flour. Too bad that the hounds did not find the shot checks down in the creek bed. The first one was a 2 liter bottle of Mudslides hidden in a steel pipe. The other was a 1.5 liter bottle of Mango Margaritas. Some woodsman is gonna get dipsomanified on those cocktails.

Thanks to all that came to this hash. Earl, Fool, Mounds and I hope that it was as fun to navigate as it was to scout and lay, but then it's always fun to scout and lay. We were blown away by the number of people that showed up. Glad no one got hurt

Hares: Cliff Diver, Flaming Earl Gay and Dancing Fool 415 South Main Street, Marysville, PA

or arrested, but I heard that many a butt cheek got muddy going down hills.

As Earnest Hemingway once said, "Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut." What would Ernest do if he got dipsomanified? No comment.

Cliffy

Hares: Gulliver's Tranney & Scissor Me Timbers 1010 Orange Street, Harrisburg, PA 17113

It was a cool and breezy day as about 22 hashers gathered to hash. Circle was commenced with three virgins (bad day to wear new shoes!) and a visitor (Eye Full Tower) from Chatanooga Choo Choo H3, the hares were off, followed closely by the pack. Tour de Puke and Bushrat went their own ways – eventually to find parts of trail and catch a hare or two. For the rest of us, after a short jaunt on a trail, the Turkey Eagle split was upon us. Woe to the Eagles!

The trail went through several parking lots including Bass Pro, across Paxton Street and into a ditch next to Route 83. I think there may have been a BN in there somewhere. From there we took a slightly wet tunnel and up the creek to Derry Street, down to the underpass and to the old park where we found SN and a lot of candy – sour patch kids and Scooby Snacks! Then back into the creek.

It is called Spring Creek for a reason – the creek is spring fed and was cold! And it was cold for about 2.5 miles!!! There were some opportunities to exit the cold water, like intruding into some wedding photos in the Five Senses Garden. Then another SN (this time red instead of green.) At one point I ended up on the grounds of the Dauphin County Jail, but surprisingly, nobody came out to question me. It may have helped that I was FRB at this point. The rest of the group remained in the creek. Somewhere along the greenbelt I met the Turkeys going the opposite way, who were on the other side of the creek and doing a No-No. They were complaining that they had not yet found a BN. I let them go on their way and about ¼ mile along, directed by an arrow drawn by Tour on his "independent" travels, found a BN the Turkeys had just passed.

After waiting for the rest of the Eagles, we proceeded further from our start. It was about this time I began hoping for an A to B trail. Alas... it was not to be.

Some trail running eventually brought us to Steelton. We progressed down Front Street and up and down some neighborhood streets and up the Locust Street Steps.

http://www.pennlive.com/midstate/index.ssf/2009/01/the_new_steelton_sees_small_ga.html

Then it was another BN on a local patio. At this point the crew with me was down to about 6 people. We rested a short time and continued the death march. After some errant directions from the hare (past the school? Which school?!) and bad advice from a hippie fence painter who had burned out his brain cells in the 1960's, we found a road with a familiar name and slogged past Steelton Highspire High School (where my nephew was playing baseball at the time. Had I known, I would have stopped to see the game!) and, eventually, back to the start.

Circle was commenced, new sneakers were christened, birthdays were celebrated and a good time was had by all!

WS

Hares: Wild Cherry 310 North 2nd Street, Harrisburg, PA

With the full moon still high in the sky this early a.m., thanks to our bar crawl host and hare Wild Cherry who put together a nice trail on a tight schedule on kickball night. The trail was later lit by a glorious rising orange full moon, a harvest moon (the moon closest to the autumnal equinox, to settle a debate Lockjaw and I were having with another hasher.)

Trail started at the 3rd floor Ceolta's thatch bar. Yuenglings and Miller Lites for \$1. I had 2 Captain 'n Cokes on promo for \$5 each. They came in a red plastic 'sippy cup' with a black lid and straw. Though full of ice and in my case ginger ale (don't like Pepsi), PMG said if you drink 2, you get a free tee shirt. So I liquored up and layered up with my new shirt.

Trail proceeded across the street to the Brickhaus where (beer) or Lumberjack shots were served up in a neat row of 15-20 glasses with bacon and French toasty tasting Bailey's and Yukon. Absinthe Minded and Gulliver I think asked how to drink these and what they were made with. Found this advice on the Internet: Foodgasm blog - Bacon Shot (aka Lumberjack) Warning: If you got to a bar and ask you for a Lumberjack you will not get bacon with it. The bacon lumberjack is made only at a bar in Harrisburg PA. Ingredients: 1 part Yukon Jack, 1 part Bailey's Irish Cream, 2 parts Butterscotch Schnapps, optional- a few drops of maple syrup, [not optional] 1 piece of crispy bacon. Mix the Yukon Jack, Bailey's and Butterscotch Schnapps together. Alternate eating the bacon and taking the shot. Tastes like pancakes! I first had this shot on a snowy Bang 4 Ur Buck 22 in Jan 2012 that started at Peach Tree. I think we BOOB (Brought Our Own Bacon).

When hashers enter a bar, the decibel level is here, spikes to here, and decrescendos back down to here to the thrill of all those barflies remaining. This was the upper level of the Brickhaus, after being debaconed.

Trail then ran up the steps & across & down the steps of one of our favorite downtown parking garages & then back across the street to Molly Brannigans where shaken not poured Irish car bombs were served up. IMHO, Irish car bombs should be made as follows: Jamieson is poured into the bottom of the shot glass & Bailey's is poured on top. Many dumb ass bartenders shake the shot mix & then you can't taste the Irish whiskey. This was the Molly's way. Ruins the effect iveness of the whiskey taste when you drop the shot glass in the Guinness.

Hares: Wild Cherry

310 North 2nd Street, Harrisburg, PA

A local bum managed to walk out with a free car bomb. Fucking smelly schemer must've read the fucking website or more likely took advantage or organized chaos. Some had beer instead of shots. Orang ordered another beer after the hare was off & I had a snakebite (you can never have enuf Yukon Jack) while we waited 8 minutes for the hare to go or hair to grow...I had a nice conversation about hair care products, the need for gobs of conditioner and difficulty managing a long mane with OrangUBang, who is about to cut his long hair to donate. He said it took about 3 years to get to a decent cutable length (and still leave length when cut). Even if you think your hair grows fast, it doesn't grow that fast, he said. Look for him to be shorn the next time you see him.

Trail then meandered confusingly across Second St. & into alleys & down toward the inevitable bridge to City Island. Some hashers took Market St. Bridge & some shortcut across Walnut St. Bridge to end at the dodgeball fields. Near the sand volleyball courts and beer truck, a quick circle fastforwarded to kickoff time. Most of the hashers stuck around to watch the organized chaos of what is H5 dodgeball. The game inevitably ended and Tour started a chant of "We only lost by 12. We only lost by 12."

The on after found numerous hashers at Mulligans, which is in the hotel. Without an extensive beer menu, I joined Cherry in a Boddington's (3.5 ABV) & glommed onto a hasher pool game in progress. I played bad initially with partner Monet Moaner, who seemed enthusiastic there were pool tables at the bar, but didn't make a shot, other than the ball-less clump break and the previous bacon lumberjack. She was being a gamer playing Absinthe Minded and Just Kelly in a 3-way until I asked to join her 1-person team, telling Squeeze Me I was some sort of pool shark. I disproved this theory by missing my first 5 shots (except the bacon lumberjack), until I realized I was using an 18-ounce cue. With a heavier stick, Moaner and I proceeded to chase striped balls for an incredibly long time. Fortunately Absinthe and Kelly were only making a ball of two at a time, clearing solids off the red felt leaving only the 8. Then I made a 6-ball run to narrow the lead, only to have Just Kelly sink a nice shot on the 8 to end it.

The pool players, 7 at the Golden Shovel (name the poet) departed for better food at Arooga's, but no indoor tables were available during on an Eagles football Thursday, so we 'settled' for a nice table on the sidewalk & good service (a complaint of mine at this bar, which was temporarily removed from my banned list). Here I had the beer of the night, an AleSmith Speedway Stout, an American Imperial Double Stout with a whopping 12% ABV, which was known to Type Anus, who stopped by with Hot Crotch to chat on the way out. Also Trashed came by had a taste of this manna from heaven (actually brew from San Diego, CA, which is almost heaven). Thus ended a moonlit night of barhopping.

Ernesto Hemingayo

Ernest,
That was fantastic.

Thank you for documenting what I couldn't remember.

With all you were drinking, I'm surprised YOU remembered this much detail!

Also, thanks for the Lumberjack shot recipe. I think they would be a tasty addition to weekend breakfasts.

On-on,
Trashed

Effin' Pulitzer material!

BTW, it's Kickball. Not Dodgeball. Or perhaps you couldn't tell?
Sc

Numerous H5ers and support staff made their way to the end of Wild Cherry's Harvest Moon trail at the kickball venue for the Coalition of Strippers and Stardust next scheduled match against a more intense (Read Uptight) group. A stunning defeat by 12 runs kept the tradition of being undefeated in tact. (We haven't defeated anyone)

This expected defeat came about after a come from behind victory for the H5 Rock's trivia team at Coakley's on Wednesday evening. The H5ers overcame a two point deficit going into the final round. The team pooled their extensive knowledge of all things trivial and squeaked out a one point victory. H5 ROCKS.

The On-After for Kickball was at Mulligans where a fairly large group drank, ate, played pool, got forced to watch the Eagles-Chief's football on all of the bar's flat screens and got charged for items that were not delivered.

That is all.
CoQ

8 /31/2013 H5 Run #533

Lunatics and Lovers and Let's Play With Each Other Hash

Hares: Gulliver's Tranny, Fuki Suki, My Bloody Valenti 100 Winding Creek Boulevard, Mechanicsburg

More than 40 sweaty, ballsy hashers congregated on a cul de sac made esp. for hashers. An abandoned industrial park project. The rest is for those who seek its trails, woods, shig, wildflowers and it's a river of many bends. Plenty of room for parking.

Analholics Anonymous said he had a connection to the previous owners of this land, and also to owners of a parcel on the other side of the conveniently located I-81. This dead end road has access to a favorite local creek - the great shallow warm Conodoguinet. On this hot day, you knew you were going in to get wet. I brought my rubber superball. Some golf balls were rolling around. There was cheap 2-liter bottles of soft drink as bowling pins and a hocked up bowling ball. There were tennis balls for beer pong with 5-gallon buckets with water.

Hares: Gulliver's Tranny, Fuki Suki, My Bloody Valenti 100 Winding Creek Boulevard, Mechanicsburg

Fun and games, togas, fake chocolate blood was sprayed on the Legion of Dumb attendees pre trail, on Dimples, Deathwish, Gulliver, Orang, who did not want his bright tie dye sullied, and Urine My Sister, in a previously white toga. (Reports later came back that she may have been in medical trouble on trail, we lost our one legion of dumber, Urine (Can You Dig It?). When word came back she was back on trail somewhere, Squeeze Me and her is Yorkshit, Dimples and others went back to find out where she was. I had last seen her at the overpass over the creek.

Bushrat had cautioned her up front that her diabetes regulating equipment would get wet, but she braved trail. Yorkshit was last seen speeding off to help evacuate her. She is reportedly ok, any updates, let us know. It was a tough sun and humidity for many.

For Saturday's trail, the creek was not the Cannot-go-in-it. It was our guide. We ran trail thru it, beside it and under its overpasses, then thru razorggrass, black locust, blackberry, teasel and thistle. Hashers without their knees covered had them sliced. Elbows and heads were vulnerable too. Dragnet left trail after a black locust impaled him, he did NOT get his head stapled, but stitched, so he could pull them out himself later, despite the nurse advising against.

Deathwish and his antics took center stage. When he arrived he drove right through a scatter of hashers into the cul de sac to unload a pipe. There are those days when you just have to carry a robin's egg blue 10-foot pipe in your clown car. First feat: pulling its length out of the vehicle, a nice stunt getting it in there, then he and Dimples humped it, front running trail for 4 miles in a 2-man relay.

Under the underpass shot check where we met hare VD, he was literally up under it. Deathwish abandoned a potentially fatal attempt to shimmy drainage pipes under the bridge, but ultimately Ninja skills were needed to surpass the first cement obstacle, which Dimples did briefly, only to drop to earth via his feet to the slope about 15 feet below. That was where I last saw Urine My Sister.

Next, I was running trail down the road past the popo depot, while Deathwish was across the way scouting a false. Deathwish had found lost property - TP that got gunked up and chucked roadside by Gulliver. DW chose to roll the roll over and under two local PD cars while running right thru the surveillance cam arc. I yelled a warning about the camera. "They know my face," he deadpanned. The key is to known only as an artist's sketch.

This left trailing hashers with a popo convo, with DW well into the woods by then. Then more Tranny trail...Gulliver admitted not scouting the same section of trail I admit to not scouting enuf when we ran a hash off this cul de sac during a Monday Full Moon August 2012. Shiggy near the infamous tower mansion. The damn shig grows so tall you can't see where you've been or where you are going - even if you're 6'4". You zig back onto your zags.

Despite that, 11 or so FRBs, including me who incredibly runs well thru woods and shig. At one point near the swamp pond, my keeping up got a fist bump from Dimples, a highlight for me, a compliment on my hashing ability to keep up with the military and marathoners. We zigged and zagged when trail after all could have just been shortcut down the dirt access road if you had any sense of where you were, which I did. We hashed true trail harder and did not shortcut trail smarter and had the bloody legs to show for it.

Bushrat was somewhere way out ahead, back to HHH by then. Indeed the middle of the pack, hearing our calls of on on all ended up grouped together after all these double backs...There was blue shot check on the road, which ID had pulled from the shig. Wherever trail went from that dirt road, most of us just walked to 81 and hurdled the center divider with many of the former FRBs now mid-pack.

After trail, there was ample supplies of good beer, Troegs, Abita, Leffe, and last and least, that brand that comes in its own 'chalice.' Jesus' fave when he hashes (before he retired permanently. Yes I know I am going to hell). His last words? "Stella!!! Get me another beer, this one is leaking from the hole in my side..."("Go to heaven for the climate, hell for the company," Mark Twain).

Worries about Urine subsiding with reports she was found and ok, DW got foamed by a tubeful or warm froth angled toward his awaiting trachea, residual sludge and sand from the pipe coming along with the foamy beer. Spittle. Then Deathwish donned his double breasted suit, literally size GG dual beer bong. You suck from gimmick rubber teats. Several Legion of Dumb down downs were carried out in this manner.

Those poor bowling pin some soda bottles? They became 2-liter bottle rockets, tossed till they burst, the high fructose corn syrup splashed away the hashers from the immediate drop zone just as the drops of rain commenced to wash it all away. Circle began eventually and another hash was complete.

Respectfully submitted,
Ernest HeminGay

Thank you Ernest for writing this synopsis of the hash! Thank you hashers for cumming, and thank you to hares Gulliver's Tranny, Fuki Suki and Weblow Scout! It was a fun hash and the turnout surpassed my expectations - 41 hashers! The hashers sucked the beer dry, tried to break into the down-down beer, played games as only hashers can play, and brought back treasures from the trail. They enjoyed the beer and shot stops, as well as the shiggy and water.

On on to more fun hashes!
VD

May I say it was a fabulous day to go hashing. 90 degrees, and plenty of hashers to enjoy the days festivities. We pulled into the abandoned coldasack. Perfect for the start. Not a house in the whole neighborhood. Looked like 40 of us. Before trail, there were all kinds of games, the worlds largest beer pong table ever. Instead of cups, it was buckets, and tennis balls. Liter Boddle Bowling, and everybody's favorite twister. A few buckets of water tossed on unexpected players.

Circle insured us that it would a great trail for wet, since there was plenty of water to cross. Off into the woods in search of the SN's

8 /31/2013 H5 Run #533

Lunatics and Lovers and Let's Play With Each Other Hash

Hares: Gulliver's Tranny, Fuki Suki, My Bloody Valenti 100 Winding Creek Boulevard, Mechanicsburg

and BN's that were provided for our enjoyment. 3 creek crossings. The SN had 2 kinds of shots, and a tape the penis on the ? was taped on the wall. We breezed by the cop shop to see the cars decorated with TP, REALLY. Needless to say they were happy cops, and tried to follow us to the park. seemed to know what we were up to, they just wanted to give the TP back to the person that left. Fire volunteered to bring it back. Trespassing may have been, even that person thought the authorities should know, but we beat her to the punch, they already knew. There were thorns from H#)*I THAT were 3 inches long on the trees, and jagger bushes that came up to meet the other thorns. Dragnet didn't get very far until he was ripped open by one, and exhaled trail and went and got stitches. Once all the hasher were present or accounted for, circle was run. Many down downs, some were exposed to Deathwishes antics, down down with the big tube, which we all saw b4, but this time he had a replica of Nippleoden, Beer was drank from the nipples. What a sight to see. Deathwish with tit's and 2 wankers drinking from them. I love my hashers, each and every one of them.

So there you have in a nut shell. If you missed it, come out to the next one.
Lunachic

Thank you Luna for writing this synopsis of the Lunatics and Lovers and Let's Play with Each Other hash!
VD

8 /20/2013 TMINMFMH3 Run #169

Full Sturgeon Moon Hash

Hares: Just Wade and Big 10 Inch

895 Old Trail Road, Etters, PA 17319

WOW!! What a trail last night. Big 10 and Just Wade virgins to the haring world, laid one of the best trails I have been on in my 20 years of this "adventure running" sport! ;-)) Shiggy, MUD, spider webs, tunnels, MUD, water, blood, MUD, scrapes/scratches, it covered it all...and your first haring! It was a blast! not to mention a great turn out for a beautiful full moon hash. on on to more hashes like that! PhoneSex

8 /17/2013 H5 Run #531

Hole in the Head (who said head) Hash

Hares: Anal Nicole and Lunachic

122 Kelso Street, Harrisburg, PA

I want to thank everybody for coming to our trail. Dispite 30 h5r's at Ithaca, we had a great turn out for a great hashing day. 17 hashers in all. . .all but a sausage fest. 2 bimbo's with the pack. Hares off at 3:00. Pack was shortly to follow. We could here them ni the back ground. Could we get caught today, since there are runners? Why yes. Almost to the second check, down the hill runs what a white shirt. . .shit stiffon. . .tug us both. Good we get another 5 minutes. ONON. this gave the hares plenty of time to escape. For the pack was headin to Top's Bar. Yea. From there the trail went to a bridge with a check. No don't jump, too late Orangabange already did. The other hashers followed in suit, walking to a more safe place to enter the creek. Crawl dads were everywhere. One of the hashers managed to dump one out of his shoe back at circle. Shot check in the creek was refreshing. One more beer stop to go. . a keg of heineken. The pack drank it all. Shortly after circle was run, with a lovely dish of fresh friut. A call was made to the local pizza shop for pizza, twice. Lost property was collected, I even left my pamperedchef spatulas there. Shit. A good time was had by all. Thanks again to an awesome day!

ONON

ANAL AND LUNA!

8 /7 /2013 TIUTALAWH3 #148

A Midsummer Night's Dream Hash

Hares: Post Master Genital and Absinthe Minded

2151 Linglestown Road, Harrisburg, PA

530 words in social media-friendly snippets. Stop reading when you will. Hope I had no typos this time. Hit Delete!

A civilian homeowner down Cumberland Ave. greeted hashers, insisting she wasn't a virgin, but hash-curious. She did not run trail. PMG had alerted her aware of our impending presence, but not Susq, popo.

A long stretch of macadam beckoned north across Linglestown Rd. & thru the low-rent suburbs & then Mountindale (is it a mountain or a dale, make up your mind, said EHG).

Gulliver r*n so fast, the first beer check near the playground was just a blur. I passed the check in the grass. PMG had hinted that two 'lovelies' would be in a hot tub. Each one weighed about 3 Lumpies. I'd hate to be their bed.

Three young children, drawn to the hubbub, directed hashers to follow flour to this spot. Tour & I ran past soccer practice. I backtracked. Mr. dePuke hashed harder not smarter, doing a half-mile rectangle, discovering a false, then one of the final beers.

Are you the people following the men with the flour? 3 children asked us, approaching Dude the dog with caution while we consumed refreshment. Does your dog bite? No. Gotta r*n.

Before Mountindale, a Susquehanna cop in a red car (w/ dashmount 'puter and no muni plates) consulted with 2 Finger & Chief about
Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Post Master Genital and Absinthe Minded 2151 Linglestown Road, Harrisburg, PA

our activities. 2 Finger: Sorry We didn't give you a heads up call this time. We haven't run through any private property (at least not any posted).

H5ers proceeded past many available lots (cha-ching) & hairpinned uphill. Those of us mid-pack could hear voices at the BN, but it would have been a tougher thrashing thru rock & shig diagonally than surging uphill.

We found Gulliver, fully rested, unwilling to violate the boob check, but he found the BN at the law firm of Troegs, Tecate, Corona and Waters, wetting his wait.

Then, a dense darkening forest of rocks. Much meandering. The virgin hare Absinthe Minded admitted the ease of 'getting lost' in the woods. Cherry introduced him to the concept of surveyor's tape. He is of the tennis ball school of dispersing flour.

The pack then braved slick moss, fungus & lichen-covered obstacles, numerous treefalls & invisible cord-like ropes of spiderweb. Cherry spouted hare-raiser wisdom later: That's why I scout trail with a stick held out front.

EHG verified the logic of a hasher's wisdom: Spiders are more prevalent in late summer. True. Many are born in May & have grown up, spread out to open spaces, all of which seemed to be at face level this Ass Wed.

Stiff-On spotted the luxury of road! This led us downhill to the next BN. Tour noted that the couple times he'd r'n trail in this area, he'd always wondered why hares never put a BN near this creeklet feeding a pond.

We then skirted a lotus wetland on in. Dude was tiring at this point, lagging back so he could get between She Came's legs. Flashlights and headlamps. I was hoping we'd get in before he balked at thunder.

The non-virgin property owner brought -in-shell peanuts to sweaty, thirsty hashers. The hares arrived with more beer. Nice to have sympathetic civilians rather than pressing 9-1- & waiting for petty trespasses.

Rain, cloud-to cloud lightening & thunder commenceth. Circle lasted as long as circle does, but wetter, like a ____ . Let ur imagination finish the simile. Chief drank for having an umbrella in circle & for tailgating. Then Big Woody's for some.

Ernest

8 /3 /2013 H5 Run #529

Saturday Hash

Hares: 2 Finger Tuesday & Cums in the Oven 56 Pembroke Lane, Annville, PA 17003

I must say it was a fabulous day to be a hasher. Many hashers attended the hash yesterday. Who would of thought that the town of Palmyra had this kind of hashing grounds. Many hashers came to enjoy the day, of cornfields, fences, fields, road, creeks, tunnels, shiggy, shots, and beer. We even managed to have 3 namings. Can't remember who or what they were named, but we did. National watermelon day was sported by 2 creative hashers, using a mellon for "head" gear. the weather was just great as well as the food on after. Spiked watermelon, yum! Burgers, crab salad, coleslaw, snack stuff, and some cheese, pepperoni platter. Thanks to the hares for showing us a good time.

Luna

ONON to the Hole in the head (who said head) hash.

7 /22/2013 TMINMFMH3 Run #168

Get More Bang for Your Dollar Full Buck Moon Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: 691 Yorktown Road, Lewisberry, PA 17339

So how many of you would voluntarily crawl through storm sewer underneath interstate 83 during a thunderstorm? Hands? Nobody? Bueller? So how many of you would crawl through it after Gulliver, P Master G with Squeeze Me as traffic cop you could go half a mile to the shaky a quarter mile across the bridge in a quarter mile back to the bar or through the tunnel as he stood at the entrance?

This is what you missed it you didn't come out for the hash on Monday night. About 22 hashers, half of them wearing tutus, met at the

Hares:

691 Yorktown Road, Lewisberry, PA 17339

Alpine Inn for a couple beers and a one dollar hash cash, includin 3 crazy virgins, the opposite of wise men (and women)? hares off after Brown Noser did chalk talk on blackboard with chalk near the pool table.

We proceeded to go around the block for the first Keystone Ice near, then down through a helluva lot of mature drenched shiggy. We ended up at a highway fence. The decision for dogs would have been turn back. None were present. The decision for hashers like myself was to use the horizontal pole to vault over the top with the aid of a tree, the easier and smarter decision for others like Tour was to roll underneath.

I was then running with the FRBs parallel to the highway. AA, Tranny, Genital, Squeeze Me, and 2 finger was paralleling through a farm field. Local cops were spotted on the highway so we ducked down military style and crawled through until we found more TP. When we finally got out of the woods, so to speak, we came across a confusing check. Tour wanted to run uphill on the pavement, I said they've got to give us a break from the shig after crawling through all that stuff, but I was wrong, it didn't go down to the creek to the right it went into the grass and creek to the left. Flour was on a yoga ball in the middle of the creek. Where that came out was into a trucking facility up a steep embankment.

As the FRBs we're running up the hill around to the first bar where Bang greeted us, a nonmunicipal plated vehicle was approaching the truckyard, apparently the cops had already been called, some kind of security system must have been in place. Those of us who got into the bar we damp, but chatty- it wasn't raining the entire trail up to this point, so we had a break in the action. We were joined by most of the rest of the pack. And officer friendly was kind enough to pay us a visit in his imposing and very dry gray and blue garb. I think 2 finger did the talking warning the cop that a couple more stragglers might be coming through and that we had no ill intent. Were repeatedly warned about the trucking firm being private property we said we're not going back there.

When we exited the bar after he left, the torrential rain again began. Thunderstorm. The entire pack was together at this point. The officer was waiting in his dry car but did not follow us as we zenned uphill past a gas station. We found our way to a parking lot at a vacant strip mall and Tour want to zen over to the correct bar where Brown Noser was ready and waiting with pitchers of beer. Tour remember he had no cash, Si we all followed Squeeze Me who knew where there was a tunnel, well really more not much more than 2.5 feet high. And we went spelunking. Crab crawling. Wild Cherry was behind me and kept calling out, Why do we keep stopping?

Meanwhile the Virgin just Wade, who had picked up a gray kitten and was carrying it in his backpack, decided he would rather frogger his way across 83 instead of braving the tunnel when in fact it was braver and Legion of dumbish to tempt 83 in the rain because at this point it was still pouring buckets, although the 'tunnel' was clear of water.

Virgins showed up and ran the whole trail, commendable. Just what's your name Pussy Picker Upper for now had an orange cat with her. The kitten was wet but a gamer. Offered a towel by yours truly, we used it for the kitten, not our wet to the core selves.

We followed no marks from the bar with the cop all the way to the finish line at the Alpine inn which subsequently suffered from a lightning strike lack of electricity forcing the intrepid hashers to go stand by the nearest tallest tree in a lightening storm near a electric pole transformer and a metal garage.

Circle was much longer than the circle at Stinko and 3 NRBs or is it NHBs had joined us. Just Wade, who himself is a popo in Derry on hiatus, said he left his gray kitten behind the fence which sent Hot Crotchet searching for it. He actually had it in his backpack in the trunk of a car. So Hiding the Pussy pulled a fast one. We had stood for an interminable amount of time in a dark parking lot near the hotel with AA getting impatient for circle to begin somewhere, antwhere where it wasn't raining.

We ended up at the Silver Lake, those of us that went. I talked to Pussy Picke Upper's beau, a woodcutter, whi spike of his live of the perk of free wood. So Takes it up the Ash Like A Man? Or Purple Heart Wood. All in good spirits at a pretty full dive. Mostly wet, but now with more beer and some food and an incredible story to tell. We ate standing up, except Desperate Dave who joined two civilian townies eating dinner. It was credible story.

Respectfully submitted, Ernest. Btw, it was Hemingway's bday Sunday. He would have been 114 had he not shotgunned himself in the face.

On alleged tunnel on - EHG bloviation terminated.

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Maclay & Front Streets, Harrisburg, PA

here are the estimated H5 Beer Mile Results from July for those who are interested:

- 1) Alcoholics Anonymous 7:41
- 2) Deathwish 8:53
- 3) Kitten Mittons 9:28
- 4) Tour de Puke 9:44
- 5) Stiff-on Toepoker 10:50
- 6) Bang 4 UR Buck 13:40
- 7) Lumpneck Muncher 14:02
- 8) I See Dead People 15:18
- 9) She Came 16:24 (narrowly beating the guy on stilts)

Congrats to AA! We intend on doing it again next year, and I will try to have it organized a little better. Lessons learned.

7 /17/2013 TIUTALAWH3 #145

H5 Beer Mile aka Millers Mutual Harrisburg Mile

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Maclay & Front Streets, Harrisburg, PA

on on,

Bang

6 /23/2013 TMINMFMH3 Run #167

TMI#167 -- Full Moon Hash -- Hared by Wild Cherry & Brokeback Mount Me

Hares: Wild Cherry and Brokeback Mount Me

1 Public Safety Drive, Carlisle, PA

Aw Heck at the AHEC (Army Heritage Education Center) Super Full Moon Hash

Sunday's Super Full Moon Hash was indeed super! Fourteen intrepid hashers (including a virgin or two or three) showed up to indulge in some hot fun in the summertime! After the hares showed us the marks (well, some of them) they were off. The pack followed 12 or 17 minutes later.

Trail led us to nearby railroad tracks, to a road and then stopped. After about 15 minutes of searching, marks were found leading to the AHEC, where shots were found and consumed next to the conveniently placed porta johns. Trail then circled through the walking trail with interpretive signs telling us about various wars, and military equipment. Then the bulk of the pack went up a hill, across a road, and down the other side of the hill to a cornfield. Unbeknownst to us, a small group of hashers found a second SN in a bunker. These hashers settled in for the duration. About four hashers decided to finish the shots, and the trail, right there.

The main group of hashers followed trail through the corn, into the woods and back out to the RR tracks where the first BN was found. We then passed under 81 and then back over it to another corn field and another BN. Back into the woods we went and into the serious-shiggy part of the trail. We paralleled Letort Creek for the next part of the trail. Listen: that shit is cold! In and out of the creek we went, alternating with saw grass as high as your nipples. I collected quite a lot of pink surveyors tape along the way. I'm sure it was just a coincidence that it was just along trail. After all, we know hashers aren't litterbugs!

After about a mile of weeds and water (and the now-named "Meat Packing For Dummies" losing a shoe in the mud, and Analholicks Anonymous avoiding chafing his nipples) we found the parking lot where we had started. We also found the bums who got blasted in the bunker, who cut off most of trail but were quite happy. We then waited a while for Tour and Gulliver, who had (finally) left the bunker to follow trail. They came racing in during circle (from the wrong direction), displaying shockingly racist behavior trying not to be DFL.

Circle was short and sweet and, as previously mentioned, we accomplished a naming. Just Heather became "Meat Packing For Dummies" due to her work with books and inability to accommodate large amounts of meat into her mouth comfortably.

We then went to the Pickled Pig to get further pickled.

Respectfully submitted,

WS

6 /22/2013 H5 Run #526

Lipstick Lesbian Tu-Tu Electric Boogaloo Hash

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck, She Came and Wishboneher 10 Chestnut Grove Road, Dillsburg, PA

Arrrrrrr!

Too late for a Hash Trash, but thanks to our Harriete Hares; Wish Bone Her, Bang For Your Buck, and She Came for an awesome shiggilicious trail this TuTu of June, 2013. However, if you want a Zombie Family window sticker(z) for your velocipeditor here's where to go... <http://www.perpetualkid.com/zombie-family-car-stickers.aspx> I hope that shit turned blue.

And let us not forget Just Randy who opened his pool to hashers and beer. And land owners who saw us come by and provided inpromtu BEER CHECKS, I think there were two of them! And also some land owners who told us we were not on the fucking trail! And seeing Flaming Earl Gay falling over a guide rail with a beer in each hand and not spilling the beers (That's official PennDot

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Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck, She Came and Wishboneher 10 Chestnut Grove Road, Dillsburg, PA

legaleazy, it's not how much shit can I fit in here, but it's not a "guard rail"). And to some of our apparently H5 Rocking Bimbo Hashers who came from Williamsport to hash. And they would have prolly won the award for being stupid enough to drive the farthest to hash with H5 if it weren't for Big Rig and Jello driving to visit H5 from Florida which is longer away than George Evans Old Grandmother Rode A Pig Home Yesterday for those acronymly/geographyly challenged. And those who did not have "new math" in the 70's may not get that. And thanks to our visitors who attended, who was our Child from Philithadelphia? And I'll bet youse are glad I'm not writing/scribbling run on sentences. And we had circle and the pack rejoiced as the Police chose to arrrive after a complaint about 10 minutes after circle had ended. And as I saw the Police car was slow to get to where I was I pissed behind concrete. And after that I washed my hands and sat down beside Grizz as the Police surveyed the scene. And the Police officer yells out to Flaming Earl Gay, who was stumbling about on the Nofuck Southern Railroad Tracks, "Hey you, tutu boy". And I had a flashback to Alice's Resteraunt... And Flaming Earl Gay comes back from the Group W Bench and leaves in somebodys deaf dumb blind Dude Where's My Mullet's car to leave and gets home safely, the public too. And Flaming forms a group to protest about being arrested at Alice's Resteraunt protesting by forming a group to sing Alice's Resteraunt with 50 other hashers. And this is what happens when Fart ConnOr steals from Arlo Guthrie...

And friends, somewhere in Washington enshrined in some little folder, is a study in black and white of my fingerprints. And the only reason I'm singing you this song now is cause you may know somebody in a similar situation, or you may be in a similar situation, and if your in a situation like that there's only one thing you can do and that's walk into the shrink wherever you are ,just walk in say "Shrink, You can get anything you want, at Alice's restaurant.". And walk out. You know, if one person, just one person does it they may think he's really sick and they won't take him. And if two people, two people do it, in harmony, they may think they're both faggots and they won't take either of them. And three people do it, three, can you imagine, three people walking in singin a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out. They may think it's an organization. And can you, can you imagine fifty people a day,I said fifty people a day walking in singin a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out. And friends they may thinks it's a movement.

And I hope you can tell what part of this that Fart ConnOr didn't write.

On, I think I'm going to have a movement, On

Fart ConnOr

Hares: Lunachic & Girth Brooks

1571 Mt. Wilson Road, Lebanon, PA

You know when you do a Girth and Luna trail there is going to be good food at the end but how are you going to get there? You start in a rail trail parking lot where there are 4 police officers. However they didn't read the fucking website. They were just out for a bike ride in training. But we were not able to imbibe properly immediately. Finally they left leaving an empty cop car to Chappy's later surprise and about 12 hashers and 2 black dogs including Gulliver's, a virgin, and HeminGay's 20-hash pup. Thus was including the hares. The hares were off when a virgin named Just Joe arrived and asked if we were hsshers. He was in work clothes but quickly transformed into hash attire and said that a Lewisburger named Just Dawn told him to come. Hashers beng the unsuspecting types, he was not though a secret polizei and waa immediately adopted into the pack. We ran down some trail found some checks. Ran through shig and muddy Hatfield we found some beer and more Keystone Light at a picaresque location with orange moon rising as scheduled at 8:20 p.m. Several hashers including Just Joe added several white moons but the luna(r) eclipse was on the other side of the world. We were near an abandoned barn. At this point we knew Just Joe was not a undercover cop unless he was going Deep Cover ny uncovering his buttocks. All 4 bimbos posed for a bare Ass portrait. We ran some more to a small lake with a shelter and some delicious-tasting strawberry wine. There was moonlight skinny dipping until we finally got back on trail to discover delicious food stuffs and cake, the same meal Luna and Girth had on their anniversary. It got cold quick the dogs who had been barking at each other to begin the trail were now fast friends, sniffing each others assholes. Food was eaten, songs were sung, our intrepid virgin was deVirginized. Word came that the Colebrook closed but then reopened for the hashers who could attend the on after. Worth the trip to scenic Lebanon County.

On on to Tour's house tomorrow.
EHG out.

Hares: Puke Panther & Chapped Lips

5 North Front Street, Bainbridge, PA

Well it was a very light showing even for an ass wednesday trail. The three fearless hashers that made up the pack set off about 7, just as the promised thunderstorms started to materialize. About 100 yds into the trail they came to the first of two beer checks....chappy lead the pack on a fun and exciting tour of the town of bainbridge. At the elementary school they came to the shot check. The kids zumba class and parents there were only slightly terrified that the crazy man with the white bag throwing white powder might be tossing anthrax....but after a brief consiltation they decided not to call the police, adventure runners were a good enough excuse. Another 1/4 mile in and the second beer check just as the rain really started....but the pack said the last mile of the canal trail leading back to the BBI was a very nice view of the river. Once back, circle was rather quick, with a pack of three, down downs for frb and dfl didn't seem to quite cover it so, a special down down for middle of the pack mf was instituted. The pack then proceeded to the

4 /24/2013 TIUTALAWH3 #137 Hared by Puke Panther and Chapped Lips
Hares: Puke Panther & Chapped Lips 5 North Front Street, Bainbridge, PA
BBI where 3 non runners joined the party, lots of beer, good food, and some interesting karaoke performances.
Good times had by all
on on
puke

4 /20/2013 H5#519 420 Hash
Hares: Interior Defecator 824 Deodate Road, Elizabethtown, PA
Hashers --- most of you missed an awesome hash, one that I would rate the best hash of the year so far. I dare any of you to try outdo it.

ID learnt his lesson from the previous Saturday. ID did his homework and it was an awesome trail, straight out of Tour's guide for hares. There were no posted signs anywhere. No landowners anywhere. And no cops anywhere.

ID even found a substitute virgin harette co-hare and requested 20 minutes at the start to train her in the fine art of haring; we gave him 15, which was more than enough. There were beer checks with assorted beers and shot checks with honey whiskey -- sweet!

Trail took us through Saturday's Market, then up the hill on rte 230 to a shot check in front of a head shop (who said head?). 4-20 true trail pointed into the head shop. There, they were having a sale and hashers stocked up on supplies and they even had free beer for us while we perused their wares. That's also where Fuki Suki found us on a whim.

About 20 hashers showed up for this trail. We even had a transplant from the Scranton hash, a cute harette named Mary, Mary, Cunt So Hairy. When she said that, hashers asked how hairy is it? She is now a member of H5.

Portabella's on-after had slow service, but the food was great!

A good time was had by all. Thanks ID!

On On!

Sister

3 /30/2013 H5 Run #517 Annexation of Pickletown Hash
Hares: Analholics Anonymous 120 North Baltimore Street, Dillsburg, PA

I feel like I can sum up this hash in one sentence.

It's been awhile since I had to apply neosporin.

Thank you. That's all.

Doodle

Wanks and Bimbos,

We sure were in a pickle yesterday. Thanks AA for a brine damn good time. I can feel the pickle juice in that what you called, Taste like my ass pickle shot!!!

I feel like I can sum up this hash in one sentence.

It's been awhile since I had to apply neosporin.

Thank you. That's all.

Doodle

Well I just got around to picking up the third beer near which I determined that no one found. This was on the hill before you went down into the creek bed right off of the capital greenbelt road. I blame myself for not marking it clearly. A true trail beer near on the road in chalk would have helped and not putting it in the downed root hole of a blown over tree. Could have marked it better, it was an invisible mess, so any complaints that there wasn't enough beer on trail you guys missed a good beer check that I threw down too hastily. but deathwish told a great tale of the Legion of dumb finding a 75 yard Cement culvert in Asylum Run a shoot that they used as a luge run, a piece of plastic as a sled in a trail run through the state hospital grounds years ago. I like the shot check up the hill with a good view of the grounds. As a note to self. remind me never to go pick the checks up at midnight after going to the on after. Long story. I'll be happy to do it down down for not properly placing the beer near but at least everyone found trail and Tour didn't catch me when he was doing a no no to lock his car. Fart Attack liked the cemetery portion of the trail with a beer near by Miller and Schaefer gravestones I could not find 1 that said Steel Reserve and flour near Free Peters and Keister. I think I missed putting flour on the grave of Wilson Batty like I meant to, who died during the Civil War March 25th 1864. Let's do a down down to him. Thanks for all who came including she came, who said to me here's your wad. Another funny part of trail uh that she came liked was the 3 fence cut throughs I found in the hood. When the pack was running through the hill during the on in, several locals in the projects were his students and started yelling mister hey for mister hey for. That was a voice rec. droidism for Mr. Hafer. If you don't know who that is get the official h5 nerd name to real name handbook. HeminGay out.

Was it above the road or below the road? And did trail ever go off the road at that point, because we just followed Tour who ran all they way down that road without any marks that we could see, but then be found some at the bottom, so all was ok.

Sister

Yeah the following Tour thing didn't work for that beer check. Trail went in words on left, came out by the bridge. There was a brown fence. Separating path from road. I jumped over it and put a chalk check on the left of the road as headed downhill, should have made it flour, visible, but when I scouted a capitol cop saw me go in the woods and I saw one before I was putting out beer check...trying to be covert. I went into shiggy. Beer was three flour dots into woods om left downhill then into the creekbed. I think Deathwish went that way because he mentioned he was on trail in streambed, rocky, dry, I came to the walled run, doubled back to road to the bridge so trail picked up there and went to cement bridge across run. So that beer check got shortcut by some. Damn. I like figuring this out. Now I don't feel so bad, but points off for not being obvious enuf with the direction change to beer

Bimbos and Wanks,

I want to thank all that came to trail yesterday. I also want to thank the owner of the car I backed into with the U haul. Thank you for not being anywhere in sight. Dancing Fool claimed there was no damage that he could see. Also thank you to Scissors, Two Fingers, Bring'em Hung and Dancing Fool for co-haring with me.

M'Orally hiding from police

I want to thank Octopussy and Scissors for letting us have the On After at their home. Um I left so fast when I got everyone back to the cars because I wanted to gas up, clean and get that Mother Fucking U Haul back to where it came from. I was sweating while trying so hard not to injure anyone in the back of the U Haul. I don't ever want to drive a U Haul again. No No its U Hell. Out of all 5 hares and I got stuck driving the U Haul. Was that smart. I mean I am M'Orally (Challenged with many things).

Dear God can you imagine if the owner of the car I backed into was there and called the cops. "Mam it is illegal hauling humans in the back of a U Haul" the cop would say. I would chime in by saying "but officer, we are not human, we are Hashers." LOL

On Peace On,

M'Orally Lucky

It's a shame we ran out of daylight on the 6-8 mile trail yesterday. With more daylight towards the end we would have seen the dudes

Hares: Mystery Hare and M'Orally Challenged

Bullfrog Valley Road and Research Blvd., Hummelstown, PA

shooting ammo across the firing range trail went through. And the hunters in the gamelands were happy that some of us had orange on.

Fuki Suki

I'm sorry' I couldnt finish the hash yesterday. I only like to break one law at a time when hashing. By the time I was standing next to the u-haul. I've already been breaking 2 laws. I then find out morally is driving the u-haul. I absolutely could not get in the back of the u-haul. I was contemplating running the half mile to where the u-haul was going.

That's when I did not see Morally back into the vehicle with the big smile on her face. that was it for me. I just decided to go home .glad to hear you all have a good time. I was banging on the side asking you guys if you had any last wishes or words, I was only joking. I'm glad nobody was hurt. I miss everything .

On On ID

Reading all the e-mails talking to people sounds like it was a dreaded , effing long trail with some silly ideas say the least

Glad I choose watching the Iditarod instead :)

I wonder what happened to go out find a trail while drinking beer and have a great , time and socializing on after ?

Why is it have to be " who pulls of the hardest and stupidest trail?"

I believe Our half mind can do better and should go back the basics of hashing and not being ridiculous

Morally it is not personal , and I was not there , I just feel like many of our hashes go to the wrong direction

Nobody has to agree or disagree I just feel that way

TBWFU

Hares: Mystery Hare and M'Orally Challenged

Bullfrog Valley Road and Research Blvd., Hummelstown, PA

I was talking to some hashers on trail and we said that same thing. Just have 1 or 2 total hares and do a simple 2-3 mile trail with 2-3 drink stops. Do the circle at the cars, then to a bar. Simple.

When we had to get in the U-haul to the next part of trail, my first mistake was getting into that vehicle. I was so afraid that I would miss the sold out symphony that night. We got lost, then found trail, then got lost... and the trail was way to long. As the sun was going down, I was like "Oh shit.... If miss the symphony because of this trail, I will be pissed." We got back to cars by 6:37 pm and I almost kissed the ground. I had enough time to get home, take a shower, then go to the concert.

If someone wants to do an "adventure" hash, let them label it as so, and that gives hashers the option to go or not. Labeling it a mystery hash should have been a warning to us, now that I did the trail.

on on

Muff

I think the labeling "mystery" is a good idea. Just saying

TBWFU

Oh, you're all being a bunch of pussies. I'm sorry I missed it. I remember the last time we "hashed" in a Uhaul. One of my top ten most memorable trails.

ONONtomorestupidity,
SC

Hares: Gulliver's Tranny

4920 Jonestown Road, Harrisburg, PA

2/25/13 – TMI Full Moon "Get Your Ass Off The Barstool Hash"

Thirteen wankers slowly assembled at the Susquehanna Ale House on Jonestown Road. The assigned hash time came and went as people continued to wallow in comfort of the warm bar and order beer to forestall the beginning of the hash.

Eventually the hashers wandered outside, stretching the term "hash time" to it's limit, only to find Gulliver's Tranny, our virgin hare, gone and that trail had begun! We lit out in hot pursuit of the hare and ran about ¾ of a mile straight down the road.

"Ha! Not a shiggy trail tonight." we thought.

We then ducked into the shiggy for a well hidden BN. Then we went through a short patch of woods (with a few thorns – no big deal) and into an open field. Ah! The wide open spaces. Nothing to fear here! Well, the ground was a little damp. Make that wet. Well... wet shoes in the winter are not desirable, but we'll live with it. They'll dry out soon enough.

On-on through the field and to the second BN. Deathwish was of a mind to climb an electrical tower, but could not convince us to form the human pyramid he would need to reach the rungs.

Trail proceeded down Colonial road to a Turkey-Eagle spit. A masterful move on the part of a virgin hare! The Eagles dropped 10 feet behind a sound barrier and the turkeys paralleled them on a road to meet up a short distance away. Then it was into the woods.

Shiggy, thorns, stinky dead animals, thorns, briars, more wetness, barbs, a creek crossing, a few more thorns, and we exited into the

Hares: Gulliver's Tranny

4920 Jonestown Road, Harrisburg, PA

damp field we had been in previously.

A short track led through a neighborhood and to a park. At this point, I knew I was about ¼ mile from the start and headed in, missing the final BN and making me the FRB.

The rest of the hash then joined me in the bar to watch the Maple Leafs thrash the Flyers. As this was too depressing for some, we convened circle. Down-downs were given and a good time was had by all.

Looking forward to Tranny's next hare!

WS

I will tell you folks, Gulliver's Tranny is next manifestation of Deathwish, Bushrat, Sir Edmund Hillary, Jacques Cousteau, Mike Nelson (Hero of T.V. Show Sea Cunt), James Bond and Rooster Cockburn.

He didn't even break a sweat last night.

Look out

Hu Phlung Pu

2 /20/2013 TIUTALAWH3 #134

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Post Master Genital

4690 High Pointe Boulevard, Harrisburg, PA

few more hashers were in attendance for round two of the PMG and Mystery Hare "Lets find the coldest and windiest days this winter" hash.

I think the fact that the wind speed was down 20 mph and the air temp up 10 degrees had something to do with it. So this sweltering 20 degree weather with 25 mph winds brought back She Came and Two Finger and Gulliver, ID, Scissor, Bushrat and Deathwish joined the fray. Somewhere during the Flyer's game Tour heard the sweet sweet voice of Dimples whisper in his ear, "You can't be a pussy all your life". So Tour got off his ass and showed up unfashionably late to trail and met the pack.

Off into the wind and cold to the first checkback which led down an exceptionally steep hill to a rusted out mattress and a case of Northern Honey Brown Lager. Beer consumed and elevation gained. Up and up, through the shiggy, over trees and massive clumps of grass to the top of the hill where a labyrinth of checks leads to a new logging road. Malt Liquor check, provided by two very sexy ladies that endured the blustery winds on the top of that hill waiting for spirited hashers.

On on to another check back that led through the woods to an absentee beer check. It was there that PMG arrived and discussed that a delicious case of Big City Lager had been pilfered by the poor young couples living in the nearby apartment complex. Thankfully he had already retrieved the Malt Liquor check so Colt 45 time again.

A little guidance from the hare saved numerous hashers another small bout of devestational shiggy. On top of the hill was PMG again with his car to share our Fireball shot check with us. The warmth of the fireball only lasts so long. It was back to the finish.

Two Finger noticed that everyone appeared to be running back to the finish for some reason so like Marty McFly, he got out his hoverboard and skitched his way back to the finish behind PMG's car. This gave him an autohashing down down and an FRB down down.

Then during circle a SWAT team pulled into the parking lot and surrounded the Christmas Tree Shop. We quickly put our booze away and watched the ensuing take down of two armed robbers. We were told that we were too close to their perimeter so we decided to sing swing low and head to the L Lounge. Booze and Cake

The End

PMG

I heard that the armed robbers from the other night had a half a case of Big City Lager in their car when arrested
Deathwish

2 /16/2013 H5 Run #510

Hash Naked Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged & Interior Defecator

4206 Union Deposit Road, Harrisburg, PA

Interior Defecator devoted this hash as PART of his retribution for getting cited for being naked in front of children. Although the charged was dropped he committed himself to doing good deeds for a charitable cause. He asked that three dollars more for hash cash so the he can donate it to the Tour De' Cure. Tour De' Cure is a fund raising activity (bike ride) in which the proceeds are used for research in an attempt to cure diabetes. I heard a rumor that Interior Defecator wanted to donate a picture of himself for advertising the event. The judge almost cited him for contempt of court.

Hares: M'Orally Challenged & Interior Defecator

4206 Union Deposit Road, Harrisburg, PA

Yesterday was a cold but nice day for a hash. There was about 35 hashers. We had two virgins. Tour De' Puke brought a bimbo (can't remember her name) and a virgin wanker showed on his own (can't remember his name either). He said he heard about the hash from two H5'ers while drinking at Shady McGrady's and then he searched for us on the internet.

Five visitors from Selingsgrove were there and a hasher from Seoul, South Korea (Half an Angry Pirate) was in town and found us. He just got back to the States and is traveling around visiting friends and other hashes. He and Panic Button have something in common. They both tried to teach English to Koreans.

Not much of prelude because the hares had all of the beer. The hares were M'orally Challenged, Interior Defecator and Dancing Fool. M'orally performed the chalk talk and it was short and sweet with no bs'ing around. Cold weather makes everything go faster except electricity. The hares were off.

Twelve minutes later the pack followed and trail proceeded east along Union Deposit road and we crossed the street into Twin Something apartment complex and then it meandered into the woods until we came upon a "picnic area" for the first beer check. The only incident of note was that Sister Maria was spooked about the POSSIBILITY of the police showing. I don't understand Sister's fear of the police. The only thing I can think of is that Fuzz Buster dresses as a cop (all in leather with a riding crop) and beats the shit out of him before she gets off by Sister who has become a bloody mess. Sister can't stand the thought of stranger doing that to him.

Trail continued through the woods and onto the street and then through Kohl park and around the new Bishop McDevitt High School Campus and into the woods again for a second beer check. At both beer checks there were tit and dick checks. Only I.D. can justify the logic of putting tit/dick checks ten feet from a beer check. I don't understand the purpose. The only thing being shown the were streams of urine. What hasher cares about tits and dicks when there is beer near?

Trail continued through the woods and across a corn field into the streets again. It flowed along Londonderry road and then made a right through another apartment complex. Half of the pack (smelling the on in) ignored the check and head back to the start. They missed the last beer check. There were some neat looking ducks at the pond around this apartment complex. A third beer check was found and then trail headed back to the start. Interior Defecator said that trail was about miles long.

The Hares provided many good and note worthy beers for post lube. Circle was held by Postmaster Genital who is "just a wild and crazy guy" and a temporary RA in the absence of Fart Conner. He cited a nice poem in honor of his new position (can't remember it). Down downs were drank for the usual circumstances (FRB (forget), DFL (Girth Brooks), Blood on trail (Chief of Queef), lost property (Scissor Me Timbers), hash crash (forget), birthdays (Chief, Tour and someone else), can't remember any accusations. Some bimbos started to call for options from wankers and I.D. dropped trou for them. Don't know if the bimbos were satisfied and I.D. never learns does he? Again the cold made everyone eager to get it over with and we sang Swing Low Sweet Chariot and then got the fuck out of there. The on after was held at Tour De' Puke's. Somebody brought birthday cake for the three birthday people.

Hu Phlung Pu

2 /15/2013 H5 Run #509

Take Your Sloppy Seconds Up the Ass Like an Italian Hash

Hares: My Bloody VD and Fuki Suki

Valley Road and Caughey Drive, Harrisburg, PA

group of 20-ish wankers (including a virgin) showed up near the movie theater for trail after the pre-lube at Fox and Hound, where their only beer specials were Bud Light or some such crap. Fortunately, they had a few good beers to save the day. At the start, we shivered, got drenched and ate some jalapeño pretzels, sloppy (I mean factory) seconds potato chips and some Valentine's Day TastyKakes, or "Fat Pills" as Dimples would call them, oh yeah, and we drank some beer. Then our hares My Bloody Valentine and Fuki Suki took off, with the pack following a full 15 minutes behind (ha), we trudged through the parking lot and muck to a turkey/eagle split, with the eagles going up a hill and Chief and I going across the bottom, we met up, continued on to the "MILF mall" and in through a back door to the Fiat dealership, where we were greeted with wine, Italian bread with oil, and bologna. Pretty sweet. Plus we managed to fit 11 hashers or so into a Fiat, and were lamenting the fact that Lumpy wasn't there because we could have had her lay across the dashboard. The staff was nice and accommodating and didn't seem to mind that we tracked in those sticky ball things and dirt. We may have even convinced an employee to join us on Wednesday nights. From there we went back into the cold wetness and on to a beer stop, then back to the start. Short but good trail. We had circle in the parking lot where down-downs and singing were plentiful. Just as I pulled out to go back to Fox and Hound, I saw a Po-Po pull into our parking lot, but someone must have sweet talked him, because he soon left. Then we went to Fox and Hound where we ran into some non-running bastards who shall remain nameless and stressed out our waitress. Good times.

On-wish I could go to today's hash-on,

Trashed

2 /2 /2013 H5 Run #508

Saturday Hash

Hares: Hot Crotchet and Purple Cooter

1721 Lindsey Lane, Dauphin, PA

Saturday was a great day for a hash. Yes the temperature was cold but once you started to run/walk the cold was a non-factor. Over 20 hashers showed at Just Brenda's and Just Solar's (weekend) house. It is a great setting. The place is surrounded by the forest. It would be a great place to have a naked trail.

There was one virgin a "Just Wanker" because I forget his name. Purple Cooter gave chalk talk to the wanker and the rest of us. We were all eager to get moving and the hares were off. Up the "mountain" they went. The pack followed and trail was laid along the beaten path. I saw three deer running down the hill about 30 yards from us. By the looks on their faces it seemed like they where up to something mischievous. I wondered if they had found a beer check and drank all of it. At that point I was a dead f*cking last hasher and

Hares: Hot Crotchet and Purple Cooter

1721 Lindsey Lane, Dauphin, PA

I don't know if anyone else saw them.

We had one beer check on the way up and then at the top of the mountain was a shot check. At this point the trail split between turkey and eagle. Four of us (Chief of Queef, Flaming Earl Gay, M'orally Challenged and me) took the turkey trail. If the only difference between the eagle trail and the turkey trail was distance then the turkey trail was just as difficult as the eagle trail.

The turkey trail went straight down the mountain and it was nothing but rocks. It was slow moving on the way down. Half way down Analholics Anonymous and Sticky Buns (with her dog) were running a No No trail because they were late. They continued the no no and Flaming Earl Gay and M'orally decided to head home along the beaten path.

Chief of Queef and I continued along trail. Down the hill some more We came upon the last beer check. Too bad Chief of Queef isn't a hot sexy bimbo and one who is willing to have sex on trail with me. It was a great setting. Quiet, beautiful, peaceful with beer. We could have gone at it for hours and only the animals would have known. What I once was able to do all day now takes all day to do just once. What a memory that would have been. Oooo Laaa Laaa.

So M'orally and Flaming Earl Gay were the front running bastards for the turkeys. Then Chief of Queef and I came in next. We beat Purple Cooter home as she laid trail for the eagles. Chief decided that trail wasn't dangerous enough and he decided to take the shortest distance between two points (a straight line). Too bad that straight line crossed the ice at its widest point. He fell hard on his a\$\$ and banged the hardest part of his body (his head). He claimed he was alright regardless of the fact that his eyes were half way into his scalp.

IT seemed like a long time before the eagles started to return home. Can't remember who the FRB was for them.

I didn't participate in circle because I stayed outside to try and get the bonfire to start burning. Who would ever imagine a bonfire that would not burn. Solar set up a nice tee pee of tree limbs and other scraps. It looked impressive but was a real dud.

I believe Hot Crotchet had enough haring for a life time. She was beat.

That' all folks. Can't think of anything else.

Hu Phlung Pu

Thanks Pu for the write up. And yes, I was exhausted. It felt like I just returned from laying the shot check at the top of the power line before Cooter yelled hares off. I'm pretty sure at some point the second trip up the mountain I did say - I'm never doing this again. It was so cold, my water froze solid in my pack. I saw some hashers who had blood on trail and we are still waiting to hear if Chief's finger is broken. By the way, our virgin was Just Scott. What a nice surprise to see COGO and KODICK! If anyone took pictures at the overlook, please post them. Thanks everybody who came out and a big thank you to Just Brenda for letting us use her property!!

Hot Crotchet

The po po showed up because they were responing to a citizen's complaint of "a bunch of teenagers singing and dancing in the parking lot". The officer knew who we were and what was going on and he HAD NO PROBLEM with us! Finally someone appreciates who we are and what we do, lmao.

Thanks to everyone who came out for our sloppy seconds Italian love hash in the rain and cold and almost snow. A special thanks to head hare My Bloody Valentines Day and the FIAT dealership who didn't just put up with our antics but encouraged us to play extra hard. I'm going back on Monday and test drive that little chocolate drop they have: it is SO cute and how fun it will be to say I drive around in a turd!

On On!

1 /19/2013 H5 Run #506

FREE BEER for all the Hashers Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

The January Full moon is called the Full Wolf Moon. Since I love wolves it was one of the reasons why I picked it to be the first trail I ever hared back in 2006, which also turned out to be the first FREE BEER. People keep asking me why FREE BEER is so late this year. It is because FREE BEER is always on the hash weekend closest to the full moon. There were some years when it was not held on an H5 weekend just so it could be the Full Moon trail. 4 out of the 7 FREE BEERS have actually been TMINMFMH3 hashes. This year's January full moon actually falls on the night of Saturday the 26/Sunday the 27, but we have had complaints in the past about not having FREE BEER on an H5 weekend, so we picked the closest H5 trail to the full moon. Wild Cherry

1 /9 /2013 TIUTALAWH3 #131

The Flatlander Tropic of Capricorn Fuki Suki Birthday Hash

Hares: Byte My Wood, My Bloody VD and Fuki Suki

Corner of Bridge and 4th Streets, New Cumberland

More than 20 wankers and bimbos (including two visitors from York!) met in New Cumberland last night to rejoice in the warm weather in the Tropic of Capricorn. After imbibing many delicious beers (DuClaw Chocolate Peanut Butter Porter and Lancaster Winter Warmer! Mmmm!) the hares were off. Trail went almost immediately into Coakleys, where we were expected by the staff and ushered

1 /9 /2013 TIUTALAWH3 #131

The Flatlander Tropic of Capricorn Fuki Suki Birthday Hash

Hares: Byte My Wood, My Bloody VD and Fuki Suki Corner of Bridge and 4th Streets, New Cumberland

unceremoniously to the back room. After consuming several pitchers, we were off again.

Well, most of us. It seems that the hares had neglected to make arrangements for payment! Good thing Wild Cherry carries his plastic on trail!

We then circled the start and headed north, where we found a church and some wine. After a few rousing verses of "Jesus Can't Go Hashing," we were again off through the alleyways and parallel to the train tracks (not on them, as that space was occupied by a moving train.) At the end of the town we were into the woods for another BN. Twelve ounces later we crossed the RR bridge, and circled around back to the start (except for Tour, who did not follow trail because he knew where it was headed. He surely would have incurred the wrath of Sister Maria, had he been present.)

I never saw a "Legion of Dumb" section of trail.

Circle was short and efficient. The hares did down-downs, and the group retired to Coakleys for refreshment.

WS

1 /5 /2013 H5 Run #505

Saturday Hash

Hares: 2 Finger

O'Reillys Tap Room (outside in lot behind bar) 800 East Park Drive
Harrisburg

H5:

Yesterday was a great day for a hash. It was sunny yet cold. Over 25 hashers showed with four dogs. There were no virgins nor visitors. Two Finger Tuesday, the only hare, was off at about 3:30. The pack was off 12 minutes later and we followed trail in the the shiggy. The front running bastards ran passed the first beer check. Fuzz Buster spotted it and the call for "beer here" was sounded. The FRBs were forced to retreat.

Trailed continued through the woods and shiggy and we crossed a stream about three times to the second beer check. Up the hill, crossed the street and up another hill, through the corn field to the third beer check. At this point the trail split between eagle and turkey. A shot check was laid in the corn field but the FRBs and the eagles got there first and finished all of the alcoholic beverages. From there trail headed home to parking lot of the Best Western Hotel. "Circle" was held along the edge of the dance floor in a conference room of the hotel.

Two Finger Tuesday established himself as a super hare. In an extraordinary feat the wanker was able to lay a turkey trail and an eagle trail during the same hash. He also exhibited a bit of voyeurism when he hid in the bushes near the first beer check. Apparently he was attempting to watch hashers take a leak. It also got him caught when Bailey, Scissor Me Timber's dog, sniffed him out and he was busted.

Fun was had by all. After circle about half of us stayed at the bar to eat and drink some more.

Hu Phlung Pu

We believe 2-Finger, who was hiding in the bushes, jumped out and put the 1st BN out just after the FRB's had passed, as it was not there before.

Likewise, we were befuddled at what turned out to be the last check before the end. PMG ran up the road towards the end and came back as there was no flour. Thus we checked in all other possible directions. Some 10 minutes later, I ran up the same road to double check PMG's claim and sure enough there was fresh flour all over the place. 2-Finger must have been hiding in the bushes and jumped out to lay trail to the end after he had tricked PMG.

A master hare indeed.

Sister

12/31/2012 H5 Run #504

No Particular Place To Go Hash

Hares: Chief of Queef

112 Lincoln Ln. Millersburg, Pa. 17061

Thank you Chief for an awesome good time! Everything was kick ass! Thanks to everyone who brought all the great food and booze too! And my Virgin Just Robin said and I quote "That was the best time I've had, ever!!" She thought you guys were the best and had a good time! I said I know, Right??? Looking forward to 2013 and more great hashes and parties! Happy New Year!

On to Free Beer/Birthday Weekend On
-Fire

Ok here we go New Years Eve 2013.

When I arrived early (yes I was one of the first) at Chief's I wanted to claim a bed. I did along with 5 others in my room. Hashers came one by one with Pillows, Blankets, Blow up Mattress, Food, Food, Food, Chicken, Beer, Virgins, Honey booze (yummy Endo), Wine, Champaign and Condoms. Each claimed a corner or floor space or bed of their own to sleep off the booze about to be consumed.

The Pre-lube was fab. Fuki and The Bitch Will Find You set up Food and Drink for the festivities about to begin. The Tippy Cup room

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12/31/2012 H5 Run #504

No Particular Place To Go Hash

Hares: Chief of Queef

112 Lincoln Ln. Millersburg, Pa. 17061

was ready to go. Also the Table O Booze downstairs in the dance ringing in the New Year without Dick Clark room. Actually I did not think trail was going to happen at all because we were all getting our stomachs full like Thanksgiving and drinking much of everything.

Trail went late as the fashionable H5 hash time always does. First we all watched as The Bitch Will Find You put on her party shake my ass trail attire. Trail was cold and snow filled. We all did not mind the cold due to our drinking and chicken. We had the usual "hey get off my property" and snow ball throwing. I was getting tired of hearing Where is Tour, Where is Tour, Where is Tour? He is in Merry Old England drinking in a pub.

Broke Back Mount Me was suggested by Trashed to be the female version of Dimples. She was jumping around and smacking asses left and right. Just Jim arrived in time to be a Non Runner and drink in circle. Our RA was Post Master Genitalia. I thought he would lose his voice trying to be heard over the usual loudness and potty mouths. Oh and the Chinese Fire Drill that Squeeze Me, Endo and Festering Meat provided.

Ringin in the New Year with Hashers is so great and I love it!! Our minds were full of Hope for the coming year. Cuming well we heard that during the night and into the early morning hours. Who the hell was in the Bathroom? They sounded festive and joyful. The living room like the bathroom was loud with joy and singing in the wee hours of the New Year. Just Jim was next to me snoring. I thought Shut The Fuck Up I'm trying to hear this.

Happy New Year My Hashing Friends. I love you all,
M'Orally

PS- For the first time I did a naked snow angel. Once is plenty for me thank you. We all should try it once.

THANK YOU CHIEF!!!! You are the best party giver. Thank you for letting us get drunk and sleep all over your house

M'Orally

Attendees of the 'No Particular Place To Go' Hash, Here is a list of lost, found, mislaid or forgotten property in no particular order of importance.

Three pair of running shoes. One with socks stuffed in them.

One black scarf. GQ's G/f

One black cap. (M'Orally)

Red & white cooler with wine coolers and other alcohol. (M'Orally)

One green back pack.

One brown hair clip.

One pair of amber colored sunglasses.

One blue hoody with red flashlight and a black and grey headlamp.

One baking tray. (HIV)

One cooking tray. (Broke Back Mount Me)

One crock-pot with covering (Green) (Free To Lay)

One tan Victoria Secrets Bio-Fit bra. Size 34B.

One blue towel. (M'Orally)

One black bra of unknown origin or make.

One pair black stockings with lace top and seam down the back. (HIV)

One red and grey long sleeve shirt. (Festering Meat)

One pair of black Victoria Secrets 'Hiphugger' panties. Size medium.

One pair of black Victoria Secrets 'Cheeky' panties with white lace trim. Size medium.

All clothing items have been washed.

Please contact me to claim any of the items. Those items with names attached have been claimed.

Endo. Sorry dude I looked everywhere but did not find your Hash necklace.

CoQ

12/28/2012 TMINMH3 Run #161

Full Cold Ruffy's Birthday Moon Hash

Hares: Bushrat and Purple Cooter

2270 Mockingbird Rd Harrisburg 17112

Full moon was bright last night and about 25 Hashers enjoyed the beauty of blue mountain and the felicit resort. Note to Hashers driving to our house..DO NOT FOLLOW GPS!! Many visited Mockingbird lane in the adjacent township. Over the hills and thru the woods to 2 beer checks and one hot chocolate check. The trail ended with a "sled" check and many Hashers were seen flying down the golf course hill of hole 5. Had 10 visitors. More beer, munchies and chicken corn soup were enjoyed by all.

On to NYE hash/party On

Purple Cooter

12/22/2012 H5 Run #502

A Christmas Time Tutu Hash

Hares: Post Master Genital and Lump Neck Muncher The last house on Lower Hillside Road in Dauphin.

> Well well well,

>

> I have had bruises (dotted throughout my ASS) from fingers, hands and toes after a great night of sex but never from pebbles, rocks, boulders, trees, roots, swamps and sticks. I needed to sled down the last hill on my ass in the DARK. Note to hares DON'T HAVE A 6

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Hares: Post Master Genital and Lump Neck Muncher The last house on Lower Hillside Road in Dauphin.

MILE TRAIL on a SaturDAY starting at 2:30pm ON THE 2nd SHORTEST DARKEST FUCKING DAY OF THE GOD DAMN YEAR without a flashlight. Oh I forgot Armageddon and the Mayans telling us the WORLD WILL END. Fuck them Mayans, they were right to a point because I thought I was at the END OF THE TRAIL WORLD. My near 300 trails in a few months would be out of reach due to my death. I thought of Columbus trying to prove the World Was Round. No, as my thoughts wondered on trail, The World is Uuuuuuup and Dooooown. Lesson for all of us to learn What Not To Do!!! MUST SCOOOOOOOUT TRAIL. There are no rules in hashing but at times there is ETIQUETTE.

>

>

> On Armageddon On,

> M'Orally Lives

M'Orally is soooo right! That is why you lay a 4 mile trail that goes off at 1:30 on a Saturday.

And the note should be to the hounds, not the hares to bring a flashlight. I had no trouble seeing my way back. If its the 2nd shortest day of the year chances are that it will get dark earlier than any other day of the year but one; bring illumination.

I believe if I scouted trail it would have been identical. There is not one thing I didn't like on that trail. The only thing that would have changed if I scouted trail is that I would have gone up and down that mountain one more time. Which is just too much for my old bones to handle.

Warning! Hashes have boulders, rocks, swamps, creeks, mountains, booze, briars, thorns, prickles, sticks, twigs, ups, downs, setting suns, rising suns, wind, cold, heat, trails, roads, curbs, bushes, snow, hurricanes, cars, pedestrians, bars, graveyards, stray cats, trash, and a zillions other things that might ruin your day. Know your limits.

I have seen some wise hashers in the past couple trails.

A few lost trail. Instead of trying to find trail and getting lost (in the dark with no light), they stopped at bar and took a cab. I met another hasher that new that mountain was gonna ruin his shit. He took the road back.

NEVER LEAVE CAMP!

PMG

You know..."short cutting" the swamp was a stroke of Genius.Now the trip half way up ,mile or so of trail ,and back down to find trail.Yes to go back up again.was Overachiveing...Only pussy's use flashlights and whistles.There is no crying in hashing.Morally ..and you say you have been hashing for how long.7-8 years...Did you see where I was before you headed up the hill?Be afraid of hashing with Morally.She will get you lost and frozen in the woods.I would not have liked to go down that hill in the dark.It would have taken be forever...THAT WAS THE BEST HOST EVER!More spiced rum.....and nice toasty fire.Close to the best hash ever...one of the warmest too.

Awesome trail with a view.THANKS HARES may I have another, ID

I apparently ignored Tour's rules of Hashing and a key point that my hare raiser taught me. Scout Trail! You never know what it is gonna look like out there.

Well here is how I scouted trail "The Google Way "

Red Line is what you actually ran. Blue Line was our original plan. All Martini glasses are adjustments to beer/shot checks. All burgers and drinks were the originally planned checks.

Orange Lines are the runs made for the checks right before we laid trail. Shit running out the beer check is basically like scouting.

Hope you bitches had fun!

~Red Eye Kitten Master @ Wild Cherries

On 800ft Climb On

I lived and loved the trail. My ass is sore as fuck this morning. I would not change one single thing!!! Fuzz and I reminisced that the trail felt like old times, back in the day, when a trail meant sweating, crawling and awesome views!

ON ON to more trails like yesterday.

Doodle-y-does

I rarely get on the h5 list, so you know I have something to say! It WAS a great trail, a little predictable and a little windy, but I was truly satisfied at the finish. Any hash has a risk of being a flop, and I have been on my share lately. But this was shiggy and sweaty at its best. I am now motivated to work on my trail for February 2, just down the road in unchartered hashing territory. Bring on Trail 502 (Part B)!

Yeah, there should have been a wind chill thermometer for Saturday's H5 LIVE hare trail, it would have only been "Cold as Shit" with the wind chill. One of my favorite moments on trail was while following Bang For Your Buck up the "hill", and Bang says, "This trail is working my ass." From my viewpoint the trail worked well.

Yeah, we wen't to the top thanks to the hares, Post Master Genital and Lump Neck Muncher, what a great fuckin' trail!

Hares: Post Master Genital and Lump Neck Muncher The last house on Lower Hillside Road in Dauphin.

On On

Fart ConnOr

I ran some stats to see how the unscouted trail compared to the only trail I ever fully scouted (not including my hare raising). Here is the breakdown:

Doodle's Birthday H5/RH3 Hash vs TuTu

Mileage: Interhash: 3.98, TuTu: 4.1

Elevation Change: Interhash: 900ft, TuTu: 800ft

Amount of Daylight available: Interhash: 3 hours, TuTu: 3 hours

Checks: Interhash: 3 Beer, 2 shot, TuTu: 3 Beer, 2 Shot

Shiggy: Interhash: Swamp Brief, Briars Long, TuTu: Swamp Long, Briars Brief.

Well there you have it folks. It looks to me that it doesn't matter if I scout or not. You are going to get about the same trail no matter what.

Thank you Glass Ass for showing me what a bad ass trail looks like.

On PMG Trails ON

And let's not forget, that was the trail that "set the standard".

Both of those trails "rocked"!

Sister

Fantastic trail. the only change needed, was to recommend to NOT wear a tu-tu!

Crotchet & I picked up the remaining beer checks at the top of the pipeline and on the camp riley side (where you wankers did not go as the hares wisely decided that another mile and half would not have worked . oh, I did find part of a purple tu-tu up at the top.

Thanks for the workout

Ruffy

Hares: Fuki Suki

White Hill Café, 1712 Hummel Avenue, Camp Hill PA 17011

After much confusion with our web site, the pack of 25 or so made their way to the start. The hare had snacks and a few beers for us to consume before we started what was one of the shortest trails ever in H5 history. There was a shot check 300 yards from the start and then a few blocks of pavement that led us into the Whitehill Tavern. I arrived without my shirt because Dimple hashed without a shirt so if 1 Legion of Dumb hashes without a shirt all Legion of Dumb hash without a shirt. We could not convince Urine to take hers off. A patron ordered me out of the bar, saying I was crazy. A few minutes later he apologized and the bartender asked him to drink up and leave. Tour started circle, but wait no hare. Apparently she left not feeling well. Since Bushrat was that last hare we made him drink. And when 1 Marine drinks, all Marines drink. When 1 Legion of Dumb drinks, all Legion of Dumb drink. We repeated this about 5 more times. Tour lost control of the circle and we ended with some version of the 12 days of Dimples. Now the real fun starts. Tables are moved and flip cup starts. Fire in the Hole quit touching the cup. Congrats to those who lasted the whole game without leaving the game, Scooby, Brokeback, Gulliver, Two Finger, Dimple and a few more. Who is that cuming through the door, it is Squeeze Me and Trashed. The kids apparently are putting themselves to bed tonight. Drinking continues, ass smacking continues, inhaling 2nd hand smoke continues and at some point we realize we have consumed 30 or so pitchers. She Came settles the tab. Squeeze Me hoists Dimples on his shoulders and everyone smacks his ass on the way out the door. CumDumpster thanks for showing up again. Time to get some food. Several hashers then went to the Brewhouse. Thanks Fuki Suki for the trail. Am I missing anything. Oh yea. In the time it is taking you to read this you could have ran the trail twice.

OnOn

Deathwish

A HUGE "thank you" to the Whitehill for putting up with our antics. I was afraid we were going to kick the keg and the guy behind the bar wouldn't know how to replace it. It was apparently full when we got there. I think I heard refrains of "more beer, more beer, more beer, more beer" at least a dozen or so times. I couldn't keep up.

That was a fun night. Too bad our hare Fuki Suki missed it.

onon

SheCame

You know it's a classy place when 4 people are wrestling on the floor... the Bartender looks up and is not happy and says, "Hey.... not in front of the door." [shocked]
SqueezeMe

Nice write-up, thanks Deathwish! And thanks to Bushrat for taking the down-downs for me. I'm ashamed to admit that I ended up in bed and out by 8 pm. Kudos to everyone who turned out for Dimples.

Fuki Suki

12/18/2012 H5 Run #501

Antihesis of a Death Wish Trail

Hares: Fuki Suki

White Hill Café, 1712 Hummel Avenue, Camp Hill PA 17011

As short as the trail was, the hare (as she was cleaning up the parking lot) ran into 3 half-minds who got lost and needed to be pointed in the right direction!

Fuki Suki

I like touching....lol And how else are you going to get the cup to stand up straight!???

What a fun night!! I am very proud and honored to have met and hashed with the world famous Dimples! What a great guy. Thank you for your service and your spankable butt, Dimples! Though I only got to do 2 of the marathon hashes they were both a great time!

Thanks to all the hares who brought the pain!!

On to more spankings On

-Fire

didn't remember until this morning when I opened my car door and almost passed out from the pungent smell of stale cigarettes that I picked up these (what I assumed were) lost hasher items... I'm hoping that someone does claim them, otherwise I'll have to return to that lovely establishment and tell them that a member of the amateur flip cup team accidentally took someone else's clothing... Bbmmh5

If you just weren't scared of the hood on last Thursday's trail, check the news for manor hall shoot out. An 8 hour gunfight took place on 15th and sycamore. We ran along 13th right across sycamore. Shoulda moved our trail to Sunday for some serious bullet dodging.

Shots near means shots fired so I hope that you're not tired

Pmg

12/16/2012 H5 Run #500

H5's 500th Hash Hash

Hares: Bushrat

1565 Harrisburg Pike

Just wanted to take a few minutes to thank Deathwish for lining up trails the whole time I was here. Also a big thanks to. Lumpy & Post Master Genital (PMG) for Thursday's trail got to see lots of boobs which is always a plus. I don't remember much of the 2nd lap dance but still was a blast. A big thanks to all of you who chipped in for the 1st lap dance that one I remembered well. Chief thanks for the loan for the 2nd one.

For Saturday's trail thanks to Lockjaw, and Scissors it was a 5 mile turkey and 7 mile eagle which I can say did kick my ass. I woke up the next morning a little sore. However I drank my can of man and all was....not!! I did bust my ass a couple of time on trail. One being the rope in the woods that's was some good shit however if you have ever tried climbing a robe that not very thick on a cold day you know it cuts into your hands nice and good. However I still managed to get my feet in the loops get about halfway up until I stated bouncing and then I crashed to the deck very good training thanks Lockjaw.

Then Sunday afternoon comes upon us and well it's time for another trail. However this time I was a little late due to the fact Saturdays trail broke me off. Bushrat way to bring the pain on Sunday as well and thanks to the Selinsgrove hashers for coming down to bring the pain it was good seeing you all. So Bushrat of course had us going in circles meaning there was this one check back 3. So I yell back to (PMG) check back 3 so we find the dot we enter where the check back is and find trail. PMG is in front he says on on we keep running and started to realize we were going in a circle. About that time PMG looks down there is a sign that says UBF go to check 3 and turn right to find trail. That was a Bushrat move for sure!!! Semper Fidelis!!

Then Monday I have a chance to recover a little and catch my breath but do I, fuck no I play flip cup do a few shots and then some and get really fucked up. But that's how it goes as this one guy used to say that hashed with H5, go big or go home and home is overrated!!!

So Tuesday roles around and this Hasher by the name of Fuki Suki has a trail ready to blow our minds!!! And let me say she did. A write up has already been posted about trail, but I will say I have had the best hash crash in the 3 years I have been hashing. So 4 that Fuki I THANK U!!! It felt great hitting a cable running at half my sprint speed. The leg even looks better but as we all know sometimes you just have to reach down a grab ahold!!!

To all the hashers that made it new and old thank you as well!!! Saw a lot of good friends and met a few more new ones as well. As always if you find yourself in Cali and you are around the San Clemente area let me know you will always have a place to stay.

Semper Fidelis to the GM as well you rock bang keep that anaconda under control

On anaconda on

Dimples out bitches!!

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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12/15/2012 H5 Run #499

Turkey Eagle Soldier Salute

Hares: Scissor Me Timbers and LockJaw

1010 Orange Street Oberlin PA 17113

Thanks to everyone who ran, walked, cabbed the trail.

It was great to meet Dimples!

Whoever decided to rip apart a retaining wall and put it in a bonfire should be initiated into the legion of dumb.

on rebuilding the wall on

Scissors

Thanks for the great trail!
TBWUFU

Bushrat and all,
Wow; 500th. You all have taken H5 a long way. Congrats. Wish I could be there.
I snowed here in the Grand Valley last night and so is finally winter in Colorado. Powderhorn opens this weekend though. I will be visiting PA sometime in the next 3 month to see my kids before I deploy to AFG in April. Maybe I could swing a trip to Central PA. Have a great 500th Hash.
On On,
Bridge Bandit

12/8 /2012 H5 Run #497

M'Orally Takes It Up the Ass on Her Birthday Hash

Hares: Scissor Me Timbers, LockJaw and Interior Defe 1010 Orange Street, Harrisburg, PA

Arrrrrrr Wankers!

Thank youse for giving me a reason for living! Thanks for Octopussy and Scissor Me Timbers for having the hash at their house and moving out grumpy bitch. Thanks for the hares, Lockjaw, Interior Deficator, and Scissor Me Timbers (and Kilt Inspector) for haring a fishy trail. A "Virgin" was disreputed as brought by Just Mandy and Just Greg, I forget who exactly made her cum. Oh, the virgin was "Just Roz". We had several visitors who looked on the fucking website: <http://h5hash.com/> , and attended. They would be Mayor Dick Cheese, Get In Line Fucker (both from Selinsgrove), and Stick In My Socket who claims to be nomadic at the moment.

The LIVE HARE trail started right on hashtime as many arrrrived a half hour late and the trail started a half hour later at 2:30pm right on time for the 1:30pm trail start. 12 minutes later the pack took off after the LIVE hares. Trail went all downhill from there and the pack found a beer check under a bridge that trolls hadn't inhabited or eaten little children since breakfast.

Who says Fart ConnOr can't catch fish? This was NOT put in the bag with the beer check remains! The trail went on and apparently the pack was faster than the hares as we got to this spot where in hundreds of yards in a three dimensional direction of time and space that Rod Sterling <http://nightgallery.net/> couldn't have fathomed in the 1970's, belive me, I was there, and it looked like "Dude Where's My Mullet" was laying a run On On sentence until the pack found Lockjaw in the woots with a beer check, no flour/trail, till Interior Deficator arrived sporting toilet paper and flour. Anal Nicole and M'Orally Challenged showed up at this spot with various "trail treasure". Anal was sporting an Indian cranial type garnet and M'Orally had a sack O her own... and gave it to Fart ConnOr.

The "sack O flour" would cum in handy as I passed a bow hunter that didn't really seem pissed that I had a small sack.... of flour. I told the hunter to just stand there and pulled the bag O flour out of my Bag O Shit and laid out a boob check. Some bimbos came along and then the hunter went away sort of satisfied even though he didn't have any meat.

The fucking hares were right as it was a good 2 miles out from the hash start and we still had a shot check and a beer check to go back to point A on the LIVE hare trail. H5 ROCKS! Damn, I been hashing 10 years! It's so cool getting back to places we been hashing before and seeing M'Orally entertaining a guy at the UPS shipping site. Somehow Fart ConnOr and M'Orally Challenged were DFL's. Awesome food prepared by Scissors and Octopussy was consumed, circle was consumated, and the hash went to get a piece.

On On

Farrt ConnOr

11/28/2012 TMINMFMH3 Run #160

Full Beaver Moon Hash

Hares: Deathwish and Analholics Anonymous

200 Marsh Run Road, New Cumberland, PA 17070

Thanks to the 20 people that showed up along the river, under the bridge. Congrats to AA for laying a great trail. If I have to say, I look forward to the next one he hares. The hash last night had the usual things happen like Morally and just Jim getting a ride back to the start by the 1 lone home owner, there was ample flashing of tits and asses at the train conductor as they steamed past, a few hash crashes, birthdays, no hills, plenty of beer and shots, etc. Special thanks to Dancing Fool who made sure to bring back the 3 beer checks and 1 shot check.

OnOn Deathwish

Definitely a ball-buster. Loved it. She Came

Wanks and Bimbos,

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Deathwish and Analholics Anonymous

200 Marsh Run Road, New Cumberland, PA 17070

The trail last night was a ball buster like She Came said. Like all of Deathwish trails. Chief and Toys you were right, don't go there in the danger zone. Non sense I have done many Deathwish trails. AA you picked a rugged seasoned hasher to co-hare with. I saw the fear in AA's eyes when he heard Just Jim beat his head on a rock. The trail busted our ass and we lost it up near the muddy logging road. How could we with WHITE SNOW NEXT TO THE WHITE FLOUR. Even with Just Jim's Indian Heritage instincts (he is half Sioux) and my Zenning ability, we were no match to the WHITE SNOW NEXT TO THE WHITE FLOUR. Now due to the fact that we were in the woods for a loooooooooong time, I thought Christ all mighty we are missing circle. Since Just Jim beat his head on a rock and we were in the woods for a loooooooooong time, I felt we should get our ass back to the On In ASAP. Wrong wrong wrong choice. Just Jim voted not to get a ride, but he also was concerned that these two men with a four wheeler in the back of a pick up truck may be dangerous. He reluctantly climbed in the back of the truck. I told him how easy it was to hitch a ride. I needed too add this to the original list of my past rides. To date they are,

- 1) Four wheeler with strange men.
- 2) Tractor with strange Farmer.
- 3) Sports car with pipes on the side that burned the skin off my calf while exiting vehicle with strange man.
- 4) Amish family in Amish buggy in 2006 that thought I was strange.
- 5) Now the new, in the back of a pick up truck with a four wheeler with nice men that may have been drug dealers.

My goal is to add a boat and a 18 Wheeler to my ride museum. :)

On On to many??? Deathwish trails,
M'Orally

white snow/ white flour!?
morally got lost with a guy and found a ride back!?
Boobies in the cold winter air!

trail was a ball buster!?
there was blood on trail!?
sounds like an absolutely normal H5 outing...wish i could have been there :)
Puke Panther

Hares: Fuki Suki, Bang, Chappy, My Bloody VD, Far C Derry Hershey Historical Society, 40 Northeast Drive, Hershey, PA 17033

So a fine afternoon dawned as many H5 participants arrived in NOON hashstart time. The hares; Fuki Suki, My Bloody Valentine Day, Bang For Your Buck, Fart ConnOr, and the just in time arrrrived to hare "Chapped Lips" sorta were the hares. We had My BVD's brother visiting from Brooklyn, New York named "Congential Defect", Fuki Suki's deposit, "One Girl, 2 Cups" and One Girl's hubby "Follow The Bleeder", and bad grammaticisision "Wing Nuts"! FUCK WINGNUTS! The pack of about 20 plus arrrrivers and a few more that pissed away a sunny warm afternoon for Black Friday dress as a shopper day.

The hares took off right on hashtime. Now sometimes I wonder why hashers dress as they do and others dress and try to look normal but associate with hashers? WTF am I saying? Oh, I know! Some of our hares were dressed like the shopping crowd, others were dressed like missplaced Santa's Workshop helpers.
I think I look normal.

Fuki Suki laid trail from the hash start to the security guards at the strip mall where Chapped Lipps shot check was 'sposed to be. Strip mall prolly be pissed if they were compared to a strip mall. Awwwwwww, Ohhhhhhhh, aren't there a lot of poles at a STRIP MALL? So anyhow there was no shot check there because Chappy and Dirty Dorothy were driving like a bat outta hell from Purry Cuntly in their horse and buggy. My Bloody Valentines Day and Fart ConnOr were following up Fuki Suki and Bang For Your Buck veering off past scared security guards. The security guards yelled some vocalizzzanition at Bang as she ran away and Fart ConnOr arrived and ate flour in front of the security guards and told them that all is well as My Bloody Valentine Day got away because of Fart ConnOr's visual delay and a run on scentece that you are stupid enough to read.

My BVD and Fart ConnOr chalked their first mark in front of the security guard as a check so Fuki Suki would know that me n BVD had arrrrived! The first shot check was 'sposed to be here but Chappy wasn't here. Now sometimes I wonder why I go even go to hashes, let alone why the fuck I do this stuff to be a hare! This is why I hare rarely, because of today! I had so much fun! It's like a feeling of power, because idiots will follow flour to drink beer, I got the power! If you look at the picture can you imagine what the little kids thought when Fart ConnOr passed by saying Ho Ho Ho drawing True Trail arrows accompanied by My BVD? Better yet, what did the parents tell their kids? Can you imaging the kids that are home schooled and only get out to the mall to go shopping and see hashers? Santa had a breakdown and the elves are cumming to get him. Free Beer for all the hashers!

Free Beer was a little bit in the future as the hashers had to navigate the shot check that wasn't put out yet because Chappy wasn't there yet and My Bloody Valentine's Day and Fart ConnOr had just passed through the strip mall, we haven't gotten to far yet. Lottasa True Trail arrows as the scurity gards told the hashers following that they couldn't RUN through here. The first stopped, sort of, Analholich Anonomys tells phonetically that the pack will walk as he is running awayyyyyy. Ohhhh! As we were haring through the strip mall I recall some gal on her phone suddenly altering her conversation to relate that there are some strange people here and "There's a guy in a kilt here." How an elephant got in my pajamas, I'll don't know? Ohhhh Geeeeezeeee! This is an H5 LIVE trail! H5 ROCKS!

So the Live Trail goes past a perfectly good brewery, otherwise known a "Trogues" or however their home brew is spilled. A few hashers spew off trail to imbibe some beer.

11/23/2012 H5 Run #494

The Third Anal Black Friday Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki, Bang, Chappy, My Bloody VD, Far C Derry Hershey Historical Society, 40 Northeast Drive, Hershey, PA 17033

Shortly after this the pack consumed some fine beer/cheap.

My Bloody Valentines Day and Fart ConnOr arrrrrive back at the A to A point to see Fuki Suki waving us in. Fart and BVD get in and who soon clops in from Purrry Cunt but Chapped Lips!? Now, you gotta realize but the H5 LIVE HARE trail still needs the last leg of trail laid! So Chappy pulls this big bag of..... fuckin' sugar... outta her trunk; shit fuck, sugar doesn't make shit for HHH's. Now, this is what is so cool about H5, The LIVE hares can arrrrrive late and just in time to lay trail. Chappy is re-supplied with flour and lays trail back to the barrrr! About 300 feet later Bjang Fjor Yjou Bjuck makes her way back from Sweeden. All the hares laid trail and we wen't back to the Parkside till they were done.

Meanwhile while we were back at the barrrrr.... that's some kind of alleteration. Little old lady got mutilated late last night. Oh yeah, again H5 Rocks1 Meanwhile back at the barrrr... I was lookin' at my little space map... and I came up with this... <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RU8EqkQKfw0> fuck your 7 minutes. I recall meeting civilians at the Parkside. Chief Of Queef was thinking about her. Her nerd name was "Ora Lea"! Yeah, that's "ORA LEA" Somehow I lost her last name. I saw her name on her drivers liscense.

Fuck youse, I'm going to bed! I had fun doing circle.

11/21/2012 TIUTALAWH3 #128

Indian Slaughter Appreciation Hash

Hares: Lump Neck Muncher and Post Master Genital MoMos Market St

It was a nice night. About 30 hashers showed. About four beer and shot checks around City Island and at the end of the Market street bridge.

Chalk talk included a astrological star that only a voodoo psychic could figure out.

Picture this: An old man with white hair lying on the ground in a fetal position mumbling to himself. That's not too hard to imagine. We see that everyday in the city everywhere. But last night that was Desperate Dave at the entrance to the Walnut Street bridge. Turns out he and Ruff Buff found a shot check that was missed by the pack and he drank about half of it himself. Ruff Buff and Gulliver Tranny carried him to Mo Mo's.

Death Wish found a tire in river and decided to play Bowling with hashers. A strike was scored when the tire rolled right into Fire in My Hole's crotch. "Shhiiiiieetttt" she proclaimed. That is nothing. I can handle a 2 1/2 pick up truck there.

There was a true hash crash at Mo Mo's during the on after. Two Finger Tuesday decided that he didn't like the glasses on the table and upset the table and smashed the glasses. Guess the dip in the cool Susquehanna wasn't enough to calm the wild beast in him.

My head hurts so that's all folks

Hu Phlung Pu

11/17/2012 H5 Run #492

Love Shack and Black Light Party Hash

Hares: Lunachic

Always Time for Dancing
829 State Street
Suite 1012
Lemoyne, Pa 17043

Hats off to Luna for laying a great trail today! We started by warming up with some dance lessons provided by Just Mandy at her fantastic dance studio. It was just like high school: most of the wankers stood outside drinking beer and smoking while the bimbos were inside making out with the smart foxes (Weblow Scout) who chose to dance with them.

After chalk talk we were off, chasing the hare through Lemoyne and freaking out the locals who decided to take advantage of the beautiful weather. Hu Phlung Pu had a late start because he decided to finish his beers and cigar with Self Service who biked in to socialize with us. But when Pu finally started following the trail he got as far as the first beer stop and lost trail. After searching in vain he decided to bring the first BN back to the dance studo and waited for the rest of the pack to return.

We followed trail up through Negley where everyone busted a lot of cherries and sucked down some tasty juice on the graves of a few pioneers. On we went, and after navigating a lot of falses, check backs and one big FU we found trail and it took us up and over one of the RR spans over Market St and were rewarded for our efforts by some very tasty lemon drops. I'm not sure, but I think the jug was sucked dry before the pack moved on.

Down the RR right of way and then up into Memorial Park the trail led us. But somehow the pack missed the BN marking the second beer stop, which was at Just Mandy's house. At this point my little bitch was all tuckered out, and since we were just two blocks from home I just walked her there, and after feeding her belly and tucking her into bed I jumped into my car and drove back to the dance studo.

But no one was there except Hu Phlung Pu, who found a cigar hookah and was enjoying his beers and smokes. I tried to find the trail doing a no-no, but was thrown off because I didn't know that Just Mandy moved to my side of town last month! So after running around State Street I finally made my way to the footbridge at 7th St and saw flour leading to an SN. And the rest of the pack showed up just then following trail on-on. But no SN! There was a bicycle and a sweat shirt laying on the ground where it said SN so we thought that some punk found it before we did and was somewhere else enjoying our SN.

Just as we gave up hunting for the SN the hare appeared, with a cooler full of yummy jello shots. That is when we discovered that we

Hares: Lunachic

Always Time for Dancing
829 State Street
Suite 1012
Lemoyne, Pa 17043

had missed the second BN. While the majority of the pack went to the studio the FRBs (Gullivars Tranny, Alcoholics Anonymous and Post Master Genital -sorry if I have the names wrong- decided to go back and drink the beer. So the extra 2 miles that they ran caused them to end up being the DFLs!

Circle was it's chaotic normal and several times wankers got to chant "RA lost control". There was copious amounts of sex on trail and in circle thanks to Broke Back Mount Me, and everyone had a great time in circle! And we even had a naming: Just Mandy will forever be know as Two Right Feet! After we ate tons of pizza and munchies we got to watch her and her dance partner cut the rug. No wonder she received two different championship awards in Philly: she was awesome!!!!

I'm sure I missed a ton of stuff, so please add to this write-up if you were smart enough to come to this hash!

On On,

Fuki Suki

Great right up Fuki!

Thank you very much for Luna and Two Right Feet .The trail was great and the dance lesson was fantastic .

I had a good time running around this sunny afternoon.

TBWFU

I can add a little more: Me and Chief Of Queef were wandering back from the beer check at Just Mandy's house and ran across Hu Phlung Pu hanging out in front of this random house, maybe it was Just Mandy's former abode, smoking a cigar. Ohhh, did I leave a participle dangling, the house wasn't smoking a cigar? Hu Phlung Pu said something about hanging out here because there was a beer check here, at what he thought was Just Mandy's place. I can only imagine what the people who lived there thought looking out their window and seeing Hu Phlung Pu hanging out there.

Let no wankers forget; Luna Chick was a LIVE HARE! H5 ROCKS!

As for Just Mandy's naming; "Scissor Me Timbers" saved the day! Ya all gotta realize that Just Mandy has been to 3 hashes and for some stupid reason this was her first circle and she was going to be named. I heard a rumor that somebody had some great naming idea. Turns out I was a "Shit for Brians" for believing them. No, we didn't name Just Mandy that. What the fuck is my point? Sometimes the hash picks the crustiest name over something that is more relevant to them. I had a unique position in seeing Just Mandy's eyes as the names that she wasn't named were pronounced. "Takes Up The Ass Like A Man" and "Dirty Deeds Done With Sheep" made her eyes say "Fuck youse, I'm never cumming back". When I told her that her name was "Two Right Feet" her eyes lit up in pleasure. Yeah, you shouldn't like your name, butt fuck you! The RA took control. If you don't get Just Mandy's naming maybe this will help: Just Mandy is a dance instructor.

Here's to "Two Right Feet" she's true blue, she's a hasher.....

On, H5 ROCKS, On

Fart ConnOr

my thought was two left feet - ID is the one that said two right feet and I loved it. Sadly he didn't make it so I spoke up

on turkey trail on
Scissors

Hares: Secret Turtle Garden and Sweat Dreams

Elmerton Ave. and Sycamore Dr, Harrisburg

OK, so the low down on Saturday's James Bondage Hash. Sorry you couldn't make it but you really didn't miss much. Secret Turtle Garden did look awesome in a british go go outfit (matching Brit panties and all with knee high white boots with heels). Her other half was dressed dashing. However, Fart Attack was a DEAD ringer for the latest James Bond, Daniel Craig, in a tuxedo jacket, white shirt and black pants. The piercing blue eyes did it for me (and apparently M'Orally who couldn't keep her hands away from him). We had a good crowd of about 30 hashers (5 virgins). We met by the community gardens off of Elmerton Ave. The hares were off on a beautiful, sunny Saturday. A few "kids" were taking pictures of girls in prom gowns near us--maybe for a class? They asked if we were "ultimate runners" once the pack took off. LOL. Also, we had about 5 assorted Mutts in tow for this Hash. We started down the asphalt road and into a corn field and then down a deep sloping mountainous area for the first BN. Then back up the 75 degree incline to the cornfield on the other side. There was a shitty shot that no one could stomach in this area. Blue skies for about 10 seconds and then, if you followed trail, back down the slope. Now, that said, only about 10 people followed this trail. Lots of young guns and Tour wannabees (and Tour himself) said Eff it and continued top side for a much easier romp to another road. This is where trail got REALLY SHITTY. Apparently, Hurricane Sandy caused a Flour and TP shortage because one mark every 50 - 100 feet is NO FUN. The people who followed trail were now WAY behind and lost. No thanks to the 20+ people who were on trail and didn't leave any chalk marks indicating direction. Trail stayed on the road and wound around to the Post Office off of Crums Mill Road. About 7 people aborted mission and just walked back to the start since the sun was going down and the temperatures were getting really cold. There was an awesome martini shot there that tasted like whipped cream and they even had cute, tiny plastic martini glasses. Circle started before everyone got back. There were supposed to be a few "naughty checks" along the way but, due to flour shortage, no one could make out boob, dick or naughty checks. Must to the disappointment of the male virgins who all came together and there were lots of

11/10/2012 H5 Run #490

James Bondage Hash

Hares: Secret Turtle Garden and Sweat Dreams Elmerton Ave. and Sycamore Dr, Harrisburg

gay innuendo thrown around about them. I, myself, brought my own martini mix in a martini shaker as my vessel. No fart connOR on this trail. He was scouting black friday trail with Fuki and My Bloody VD. M'orally was dressed as Pony Rider. She had a horse hat on and a see through tank top with no bra. She had a melt down at the end of trail for some reason and was mad at a lot of people. The usual H5 stuff.

Julie Mock

Ben-Wa (<http://www.benwa.com/>), thanks for the writeup on the James Bondage Hash!

What no Miss Money Penny, Dr. No, Goldfinger, or Jaws?

Wish I coulda bin there. We'll have to do it again the next time a Bond flick comes out.

On On!

Sista

For the James Bondage hash. I was one of two hashers that dressed up for this trail in character. I dressed up as Honey Ryder. She was a Bond girl from long ago. I put this hat I got at a Nittany Hash. It had a horse on it. I thought Honey Ryd-her (get it, horse) was going to be understood but I was wrong. Being concerned for others was misunderstood for a melt down. Woops M'Orally only melts down when she does trail with I.D. lol

On To Trail On,
M'Orally Ryd-Her

You melted down. I find that hard to believe. No one could mistake you for this girl, your tits are much bigger
Deathwish

I have new meds now :)

M'Orally

10/31/2012 TIUTALAWH3 #125

Adult Halloween Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator

Camp Hill

ID, thanks for a great (real) Halloween hash, and a great on-after party.

The costumes were stunning and I note it was dog friendly.

The FRB's were so eager to catch the hare, they missed a BN at the cemetery - leaving more beer for the DFL's. On account of that, they waited so long at the next SN that they finished all the shots.

We burned a ton of firewood and the hot tub was cranking'.

Sister

I concur with Sister. Great time ID thanks so much for all the work you put in to the hash and the party. We had a great time. I am looking forward to putting my "cock"tails (mai tai, bahama mama, and baileys flavored lubricants) to good use.

BTW--Why can't witches have babies

.....
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.....
.....
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.....

because warlocks have hollow weenies

on on

Free 2 Lay

I.D. thank you for your dedication to parties at your crib. I had fun last night and then had a fight with a "chicken." The "chicken" won. Maybe it was God's way of punishing me for leaving the Zombie Baby in the car. Your couch was great. Oh by the way I was the last hasher to leave. Everyone, Cool costumes. My costume was Doodle of Reading for all those new boots. Also I got bit by a Vampire. Doodle you should have seen it.

I am not a Lesbian, but was thinking about it when I saw Gulliver in his fine red sequenced dress. Hey was there any namings last night? I was unable to participate. Did anyone get a look at Ernest HeninGay and his Grimm imitation? It was such a howl.

M'Orally

I'm scared that I understand sentences like this:

Hares: Interior Defecator

Camp Hill

I had fun last night and then had a fight with a "chicken." The "chicken" won. Maybe it was Gods way of punishing me for leaving the Zombie Baby in the car.

WS

Jeers to the pack.I think we missed a few nominees for the sexiest costumes.Jeers to the hare.I should have had more prizes for the sexiest costumes too.Please let me know how the mixed drink lube prizes tasted.I thought it would just taste yummiie(together).

Cheers to Sister!Great job with the fire. It burned the whole next day too.

Cheers to the secret S&M Harriette.Thank you very much!May I have another?My nips should heal soon.

Jeers to the front of the pack for missing the second beer check and drinking the shot check all by themselves.

Cheers for the hare for refilling the shot check for circle.Cheers H5 ROCKS.

It was nice to see everyone that came out and I'm glad everyone made it home in one piece,well,sort of .

The trash bag of lost property will be at this cumming Ass Wednesday hash.Thought I would make a little list to jog some clouded mamories:

red earrings (bathroom)

"nice" long black jacket with short sleeves dinning room chair

sweat suit bottoms men's and men's tighty blueys(they are not whiteys)dinning room

One women's black winter glove (front yard)

Ass Wednesday shorts with buck knife in pocket(sun room)

Women's spandex bottoms,panties and bra. All size small.... in a pile in the sun room

ankle socks white living room

and one Saints Hat (My bedroom)lololol

Seeing all your smiles at my place,Priceless.

On On,ID

HAHAHA You are funny I.D.! But thank you for a kick ass party, from what I remember of it and apparently my hat had ALOT OF FUN! LOL And I some how picked up a bag with boxes of jello and plastic jello shot cups??? Have no idea how! I will trade you for my hat, I.D.

On On,

-Fire

Okay, half of that clothing is mine. It's a wonder I was wearing anything when I left.

Black glove and pile of clothings in the sunroom.

Hang onto it. I will be missing in action for the next several hashes as I am leaving the cuntry and going to someplace WARM!

She came

10/29/2012 TMINMFMH3 Run #159

Blue Moon Hurricane Sandy Hash

Hares: Chief of Queef, Fuki Suki, Squeeze Me

Rt. 147 between Halifax & Millersburg, Pa

I want to go but am a Virgin to hashing and am kind of freaked!!!

Sweetie don't start hashing in this storm!!! This is for the hard core hashers that hash in anything. We are like the Mail Man. Am I concerned, yes but will still go. Wow I don't want my Mom to find out. She would just kill me.

M'Orally

Tonight isn't for hardcore hashers, it is for hardcore drivers. I aint taking Cleitus (my car) 40 minutes north into the middle of the fucking woods over swollen streams and downed trees in the dark of night through a hurricane. I need that car to get to other hashes.

If you woulda started it at City Island I'd have gladly walked to the hash. Only problem is that it would have been a r*ce because we would all have to get back to the HHH before the island is under water.

I am going to do what I am second best at ... sleeping.

See you bitches in my dreams.

On Hashing through slumberland On

P Master G

I only wish the marks didn't get washed away to get to the portion of trail that I laid (where the 2 beer stops and 2 shot stops were located...) only to find those marks washed away... Lol.

Things I learned about hashing/haring in extreme weather.

1) a flour bag remains dry for only about 20 min, then I had a bag of dry wall spackel

2) heavily laid marks wash away as easily as lightly laid marks, even when laid on the "high ground" away from the standing water...

Hares: Chief of Queef, Fuki Suki, Squeeze Me

Rt. 147 between Halifax & Millersburg, Pa

Which seemed to be everywhere.

3) power lines make pretty fireworks.... Although its not so pretty when you think the pack could be under them!

4) railroad tracks remain surprisingly active in a hurricane. (I saw two trains in the short time I was there)

5) running fool-bore into a headwind with gusts up to 60mph still only gets you about a walking pace (for added fun , do it blind and turn the headlamp off because you heard hashers shouting r-u.)

And lastly... When the radio says "remain at home except for non-essential travel".... Hashing might actually be "non-essential".

At least there was a trail, right?

(And I've been out in worse storms... It really didn't seem that bad. Mostly leaves on roads, very few branches. But they hyped it good' didn't they)

SqueezeMe

Cudos to the 14 intrepid Half-Minds that made their way north on the Susky for H5s Full Moon/Hurricane Hash last evening. Sorry the marks were obliterated by heavy rain and wind making it difficult to keep on trail and locate the SNs & BNs. (Which were not located). Will use them again soon. Trail was lost as well. Happy all made it back to the On-On just wet for their efforts. Also happy that all made it home safely and are forever noted in the annals of H5 history.

WE ARE-H5

WE ARE-NOT READING

Chief

Wow I left my (dah) flashlight in the car. I was jogging into the darkness and cold blinding wind/rain towards lights and ran into a GOOD SIZED TREE LIMB. Almost crashed head on. Who said head? The Train blew the horn because we were on the tracks, about to go on the tracks or to warn us of an incoming hurricane. At least we were not in Maryville and getting arrested like the Po Po said they would do next time they caught us.

Trail was only 14 miles from home. I hope that was not the reason people didn't come out to play with Sandy.

This is a song I wrote for the hash last night but did not get a chance to sing it due to all the fucking bars closed. Thanks allot Sandy. You need to sing this to the tune of The Wreck of The Edmund Fitzgerald.

Wreck of the Hash they called Sandy

The Legend lives on from the Chippewa down
of the storm they called Sandy.

The Hash of that day, for the wind blew us away
when the skies of October turned gloomy.

With flour and no chalk, if six thousand tons or more
the Hashers could not see it.

With the Bimbos pride of the hasher side
for the tit checks it was too cold to show them.

The Hares wired in they had water comin'in
and finished trail in a hurry.

As the pack came in
they screamed where's the on in
and down downs came in a flurry.

On After never came as the day past away for the
Legion of Dumb and Hurricane Sandy.

On Dry On,
M'Orally

Thanks to our hardy H5 hares Fuki, Chief and Squeeze for laying trail in the hurricane last night. I wish we would have found at least one shot check!! Also, a big THANK YOU to HemminGay for driving us fools there. He is surely still debating which is worse - driving through a hurricane or listening to three bimbos give him directions at the same time.

My lessons learned last night:

- 1) My headlamp is waterproof, my rain suit is not.
- 2) The only thing worse than light beer is warm light beer.
- 3) Circle can be surprisingly quick when necessary

10/29/2012 TMINMFMH3 Run #159

Blue Moon Hurricane Sandy Hash

Hares: Chief of Queef, Fuki Suki, Squeeze Me

Rt. 147 between Halifax & Millersburg, Pa

On that was the wettest-driest trail I've ever run On

Hot Crotchet

I sarcastically attempted to start of verse of Glorious Victorious after a cold windy horizontal rain circle wrapped after one damn verse of Swing Low, but it was only to make Squeeze Me smile.

There are no real hashers in H5
There are no real hashers in H5
Because instead of bringing the pain
They stay home in a hurricane
But there are some real hashers in H6

Yeah to the 14 intrepid hasher oincluding the 3 hares, Fuki Suki, Chief and Squeeze. In all, incl. the hares, 6 bimbos and 8 wankers braved Hurrican Sandy and showed up: M'Orally, Fire, Crotchet, Hop in Vagina and Just Melissa; and HeminGay, Tour, Endo, Panic, Festering and Two Finger. Panic, doing circle dubbed the intrepid 14 as: H6
On Harrisburg Hershey Hurricane Hash House Harriers
WS

10/27/2012 H5 Run #489

Halloweenie Hash

Hares: Girth Brooks and Lunachic

Colebrook Rails to trails parking lot.

Can someone post the pic of me and the Zombie Baby from yesterdays Halloweenie Hash please. The Baby was very popular. I looked like a cast member of the Walking Dead. Please post everyone's pics of costumes.

Thank you Luna and Girth for a wonderful DRY!!! day. Trail was beautiful. Luna the food was fab as usual. The kittens were so cute.

Wednesday will not be dry but do not let that stop anyone. Any past Hurricane Hash has been tops on my list. This week there are 2. Hey remember the snow and ice storm last Halloweenie hash. We still did the h5 thing and went.

On to Wind and Rain On,
M'Orally

Arrrrr! And thank Luna and Girth for awesome food. As for the trail The RA was remiss in not giving the hares a down down for fucking up the trail. Something about a back check and then finding the first beer check and then a massive circle jerk back to the first beer check. The hares did a dangerous maneuver and had trail go back past the H5 parking area. Sister Maria saved the pack and we did the other half of trail back to Luna and Girth's.

I did put a photo album on Hashspace... <http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/harrisburg-hershey-pa-halloween-hash>

On On

Farrt ConnOr

10/22/2012 H5 Run #488

Tri-Force National Nut Day Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Lump Neck Muncher, Bang 4 Ur Buck and Post The Alpine Inn

I don't have time to do an official write up from last night's hash, but I did want to take the time to thank Bang, Lumpy, and P Master G for another completely shi**y trail. I really enjoyed crawling through that culvert to find a False at the end. I am glad nobody else voted to do Eagle or I would have regretted that one also. The Alpine's food was terrific for FREE. What a great way to start the week!

On I finally got that thorn out of my finger On
Hot Crotchet

10/13/2012 H5 Run #486

The Zombie "Run For Your Beer" Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged, Dirty Dorothy, Chapped Li

Wanks and Bimbos,

On the way to the hash, I stopped for gas. I felt pulled to this location because of a Honk For Jesus sign. Because Jesus Saves. I asked if they sold beer. Of course their Jesus does not.

Well not sure where the Zombies were yesterday. I think they all had hang-overs from Tour's Party the night before. Only 2 hashers dressed up, one of which was a visitor from BALTIMORE (ravens) Just Jody and Chief dressed up too. Beautiful day, plenty of dogs, hot dogs, mac salad and beer.

Just Jen was there. She started to play ball with Chappy's Boston Terrier. The ball became wet and slimy with Dog Spit. Her hand dripped with yukky pooch juice. EWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW. So off she went to hide until an appropriate name was created. SCOOBY GOO is now and forever her name. Also Just Casey came with Scooby. I thought she had this really new age cool belt on.

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: M'Orally Challenged, Dirty Dorothy, Chapped Li

Come to find out it was a brace. She broke her back at the gym playing with a kettle ball. Well that was an excuse to name her as well. So she with now and forever be known as BROKE BACK MOUNT ME.

On the way home Just Jody and I stopped to get a Power Ball ticket. Just Jody had her Zombie Dirt on her face. The clerk behind the counter asked if she was OK because it looked like bruises from a beating. She said it looked like any other Perry County resident that walked in.

Last year at my Zombie hash everyone dressed up. It was an Ass Wed Bar Crawl Hash. Now I know that Zombies like beer from down town on 2nd street not sunshine on a Saturday. Note to self. Also thanks to my co-hares Chappy and Dirty Dorothy. They have a really cool house.

On On,
M'Orally

.D. told me it was nice to see he was not in my Hash Trash. Maybe he was bored.

M'Orally

10/3 /2012 TIUTALAWH3 #122

BritAssh Invasion Hash
Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: M'orally and Interior Defecator

Drinkin Bone
860 N Front St
Lemoyne, PA

Hey Wankers,

Don't forget we still don't have you starting location for TIUTA hash.

onon
She Camel

The Drinin Bone is the starting location dah. A to A ya know

M'Orally

GPS it.
M'Orally

Don't know why M'orally and Interior Defecator have to make is so difficult. This place used to be Your Place (aka YPs) on U.S. Route 15. It is just north of the Harvey Taylor bridge in Wormleysburg. There should be no luck involved finding it. Famous last words - "You can't miss it."

Duh, can you tell the hash is going to effed up?

Hu Phlung Pu

Drinkin Bone
860 N Front St
Lemoyne, PA

Its on 11/15 north of Dukes. south of 81.....between the bridges...Good luck finding it.The old Your Place restaurant.
ID

Christ, give me five fucking minutes to update the website, assholes. I was in a goddamn meeting. Some of us have to work, ya know.

NOW CHECK THE FUCKING WEBSITE.
She Came

FYI, its really Wormleysburg, but since they don't have their own post office anymore, the mailing address shows lemoyne
Tour

It says Wormleysburg on the FUCKING WEBSITE.
She Came

Are you guys sure it isn't West Fairview.

Hares: M'orally and Interior Defecator

Drinkin Bone
860 N Front St
Lemoyne, PA

It's kinda near West Fairview.

Does West Fairview have a Post Office?

WS

That's not really that funny.....
She CameROFLMFAO!
KY

I can always count on you to get my humor.....hahahahaha!

I LOOOOOOOOOOOVE YOU, KY!
She Came

I second that KY....OMG...I rarely read all this email but this thread most definitely made me ROFLMFAO too

::roll on floor laughing my fucking ass off::

For those of you acronymally challenged.....

BnT

Thank you to all those Wanks and Bimbos for attending the BritASSh Hash and On After. It was a great turnout. I.D. is very strange but for some reason him and I do great trails together. The Wings were delicious and the Kareoke rocked. The DJ had a hard time believing someone was named Trashed. Doormat we will see your bum next year my friend.

On On,
M'orally

9 /22/2012 H5 Run #484

Tu-Tu Hash Richard Simmons Sept Birthday

Hares: secret turtle garden, sweat dreams & sharing p 320 Milroy Road. Hummelstown, PA 17036

The back story was from the Richard Simmons hash. There were about ten of us at a beer check. For some reason Tour brought up that a nickname for the vagina was "Ham Wallet". Just Whitney thought that was sooo funny. P Master G had brought beef jerky and was eating it at the beer check. Someone put the two stories together and came up with a new nickname: Jerkey Satchel. After the hash we tried to name Just Whitney and Cliff Diver came up with "What's in Your Ham Wallet" and "Green Eggs and Ham Wallet". For some reason we decided not to name her though.

WC

9 /19/2012 TIUTALAWH3 #120

Ass Talk Like a Pirate Wednesday Hash

Hares: Lumpy

Cold Spings Inn
993 Park Place
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

Ahoy Wankers and Bimbos,

Wow we all got wet last night. Lumpy and Post Master Genitals AKA Red Eye, Chardy kitten mittens, had a walking the plank trail. There were many Pirates, Hot Bimbo babes with patches over one eye, those that watch Porn during lunch hour, Baseball Pirates, Gulliver, Sealinsgrove H3 wanks yadda yadda with their cross bone logo and even Rambo that showed up. She Came was a Camel Cigarette? and I.D I think was a ass Wednesday Pirate COWBOY?????? It was not the same without H5's real pirate Fart Connor who lives too far away for such a late night of festivities. Earnest Hemmingay needs to rise and shine at 4:30am but does not live as far as Fart does.

Sly or Rambo (GQ) helped me at times going through the deeper waters :). Fire In My Hole had her flame put out when her ass fell in the dark running water. She fell forward and then got up to fall backwards. So sad!! LOL Deathwish was there last night. The long time no see-er did his Trade Mark Full Eagle Dive in the cold stream. We have all miss that.

LeRoy my Parrot never made it past the parking lot. After being perched on my shoulder, he must of not wanted to venture in the murky Pirate invested waters because he tore his own leg off. When I bought him an hour before trail, The Spirit store never said

Hares: Lumpy

Cold Spings Inn
993 Park Place
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

Fragile. Dumb Fuckers, now I'm out \$10 unless I get duck tape (Takes it up the ass like a Parrot) or crazy glue.

Toys in her Glove Box, we heard her say she did not want her "woo woo" to get wet. Well bitch you got your Woo Woo, Woo Wee and Woo What really soaked now didn't ya. Speaking of bitch, Drag Net brought his new lost and found pooch puppy with no name. Everyone heard the pack coming with that little doggy screaming. A beagle has a certain twang in their woofing. Drag Net said for a pup he did a great job swimming for the first time. That loud adorable puppy ran through trail pulling Drag Net like a Mush dog. I hope he continues to bring whats his name.

I heard Tour singing his Pirate hash songs in front of me at the last beer check. After that it was back up to the road towards the On In. As I was jogging/walking/running, I saw 1,2,3, wankers standing in the dark road in front of me. Tit check, ya think. A flashlight was shining on me. One of the wankers said to lift my top and jog towards them. It might have been Stiff On not sure. What to do for a cheap thrill.

By the way, Tapes It Up The Ass asked me to show Sealingsgrove H3 how to write a Hash Trash. Well as you can see it takes imagination, spell check, God given humor, not caring if you offend somebody, guts, a knack for bullshit and you want to include as many hashers as you can think of in the write up. Be as clever as Brown Noser and also leave the Bang's glitter out. You also need to make more coherent sense then I.D. does and leave out his Court Date for his Indecent Exposure. Also Fart's words that are not in the dictionary. Yadda Yadda, woo woo, woo what and woo wee are so in the dictionary. : p

Arrrrr You On,
M'Orrally

Be as clever as brown noser. and while you're at it, be as artistic as Leonardo de Vinci.

Bn

It was awesome to have you with us and we are elated to know you are no longer a virgin.

On-On
Girth Brooks

Go Dad, Go!!

HABA oh that was fun!!! Thankfully the Spiced Rum re-ignited my fire!! And yes a big Thank you to GQ for helping us through the dark and the shiggy and the water!! Great times!!

ON ON
-Fire

Hares: Lunachic & Girth Brooks

1418 mt.Wilson Road Lebanon,Pa.

Thanks Girth n Luna for having all us wanks again at your abode! Had lots of fun!ANGEL

I will second that! Thanks for an awesome trail not lacking on alcohol! And thanks for all of the delicious food you guys provided. A beautiful day spent with great people!

on on,

Bang

Yes, thanks to Luna and Girth for the fun trail and the hospitality!

And hopefully the dog that ate all that flour in circle didn't shit a baguette...

VD

Nah- he is fine. I wish someone had gotten a shot of Yogi looking like he just did a big line of coke. That would have been priceless! Now a few years ago when DW did a hash in Reading with 12 inch long dogs, and everyone thought it would be funny to feed them to Marley. Well, I got the pleasure of waking up to about 8 piles of puke. Not fun....

It has been awhile since I have gotten to hash, but I really enjoyed trail, and loved the ball field fun, the melon shots, & loved my smack on my ass from someone- May I please have another, thank you! ;) Lol.

Hugz~
Angel

Hares: Toys in the GloveBox and Wild Cherry

6215 Blue Grass Ave, Harrisburg

Wednesday night was a perfect evening for hashing! I arrived at Toys' house, to find hashers reclining on and around her deck, enjoying the lovely weather and the fine beverages and snacks provided by the hares. No sooner had I settled in than I heard someone asking for VD. Me, not the day or the disease, that is. Elbows pointed my way, and in answer, I answered and then tried to point an elbow at myself, which doesn't work too well. My story is that I was drinking beer, a continuation from what I had started at home. Anyway, as I moved forward to see why I was sought out, Bang informed me that it was my turn to carry the FRB medal. Oh joy. It also comes with a torn up, stinky t-shirt. More joy. Shortly after that discovery, the it was announced that the hares were off. No chalk talk was offered...I think there was an assumption that hashers know what they're doing. You know what Benny Hill said about assuming....

So off we went. Many runners passed me by, and some informed me that (a) it's a PITA to carry the FRB medal and (b) the shirt stinks. Hashers are an observant bunch. Meanwhile, Squeeze and some other guys near me sang some kind of song that was supposed to sound Scottish, or at least based on a Scottish tune, but it wasn't like any Scottish tune I've ever heard. Something about black hair under a kilt.

Back to the trail...shortly after the start, we found our first false trail. Then there was another false trail. Then another, or at least it appeared that way. We turned around a lot. I decided to just stay hang out in the middle of the street with my medal until the people packing less weight figured it out, which they eventually did. Then it was on down the road, and onto another road, where there was another false. Eventually it was sorted out, and it was back down the road, to an entrance into some woods. I stepped into the woods and Holy Mother of Hashers, there was PI everywhere! I desperately hoped that I wouldn't fall, which is a real fear for me, because anyone who has hashed with me knows that (1) I'm a klutz and (2) I'm not fast. The moment I speed up, especially in the woods, is when very bad things happen to me. Anyway, I picked my way through the woods, while the guys started up again with their Scottish song and we arrived at the first BEER NEAR! I was able to drink a beverage and rest my shoulder, while I tried to decipher the words to that damn "Scottish" song. It was getting less intelligible with every verse. That's intelligible, not intelligent...I don't think intelligence figured into it.

Then it was on into some fields, and through more woods and down some roads, until we got into some more woods, and found a SHOT NEAR. The shots were graciously dispensed by Girth, while guys inspected a very sorry looking house located nearby. That is, if it could be called a house. The roof was caved in and there may have been two walls standing. Someone asked me if I'd go inside, and I said, "No way." Then a couple of guys who came with Swims With Boys (doctors-in-training, I later heard) informed me that they would have no problem going inside. I said, "So have at it..." which prompted some macho posturing and a debate about how to best salvage the house. Some of which was tongue-in-cheek. Hopefully all was tongue-in-cheek...then it was on to figuring out where to go next. It was figured out, and that's when I almost fell over barbed wire. I almost fell over it. So I sounded the warning, which went down the line of hashers. It's nice to be helpful. My reward for that was a boggy trail. It STANK. Slushy dark goo that swallowed my shoes. Fortunately, I got through it, no thanks to that damn medal that weighed me down. We eventually came out to another road, and then traveled past some homes in the Linglestown area, coming out to a park and then a cemetery. Guess what was at the edge of the woods bordering the cemetery? BEER NEAR!

After that, we made our way down the trail to Toys' house, where there were plenty of beverages and hot dogs. There were comments about the size of the buns, which gave rise to a discussion about bun size, and I think some of the comments weren't necessarily directed toward flour products. Bang demonstrated some interesting ways to eat a hot dog, and circle was commenced. It was discovered during the course of circle that some of the objects of accusations, namely the doctors-in-training, had left, so hashers were bereft of some of the individuals required to drink down-downs. However, it was a good circle, conducted by Bang and her buns, and all was good.

Thank you to Toys and Cherry for a wonderful evening! Thanks to Toys for her hospitality!

My Bloody VD

9 /1 /2012 H5 Run #480

Bust A Cherry Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator Sissors Me Timbers Lock Ja Keller Field

150 Stonemill Road, Hummelstown

So the H5 trail started right on hash time as wankers arrived and we were soon on trail following the hares Interior Deficator, Lock Jaw, and Scissor Me Timbers. It was a wonderfully humid in the high 80's still summer day in a secret location in south central Pennsylvania. The pack took off like a load of turds up the Swatara Creek trying to get away from the pumping station and arrived at a beer check where the nuances of the difference of a creek and a crick were discussed <http://forum.woodenboat.com/showthread.php?73429-Creek-or-Crick-the-answer> . The hares did place the beer check in an excellent spot to be enjoyed by the hash in the cool waters and not to be stolen by others.

From there the trail entertained some locals and exited the boro of Hummelstown and those who didn't short cut and followed Sister Maria who then long cutted to the next beer check. So anyhow we found beer under a bridge without any trolls. Here's proof:

We slipped and slid up the stream to a shot check that was nearly found by some kids who directed us on the true trail and the former "Just Ber" carried the shots to save the kids from sin. As I recall the pack emerged from the woods to the backyards of civilians and were watched closely as we waved, bugled, and acted socially. Actually we were on some sort of greenway that we were OK to be on. A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO THE HARES! From what I saw as long as we stayed on true trail we did not enter any posted property.

Into and through another neighborhood were some of the locals were looking again. The trail went down through an undone greenway as a neighbor pointed the way. Now, maybe you had to be there but can you imagine Fart ConnOr explaining hashing to a civilian? M'Orally Challenged picked up some trail treasure for her soon to be born grand child. All M'Orally needed was a tennis racket:

In case you don't get that, you've never seen the movie "The Jerk"

Trail went downhill from there as we had circle. We made fun of many and had 3 namings. I find it amazing that the pack had brian

Hares: Interior Defecator Sissors Me Timbers Lock Ja Keller Field
150 Stonemill Road, Hummelstown

cells to do 3 namings. Just Jason got named because he didn't do anything stupid for 12 hashes not what I wanted because he snuck under the radar like a Secret Faggot Man and got named something like the 12 Step Program for AA and Tour came up with an analgram. Ummm? Yeah, my naming for him was too easy. Cummon, reply with your hash name. Fart ConnOr takes a down down for you.

Just Zip, who was proud to claim Purry Cunty citizenship, got named too. Zippity Do Dad and Zippity Do Dog were seriously considered as submitted by Brown Noser but some asshole had to veto the voting and piss off Tour de Puke too. The final naming came out to "Dirty Deeds Done With Sheep".

So now we come to the naming of Just Ber. Now this is one of the interesting things about hashing is that Just Ber and Scissor Me Timbers are an inter-racial couple. Ok, they are both babes. So anyhow some names were tossed around such as Medussa, Clit-er-scizor, and more. So apparently Just Ber didn't have sex for 8 years so she got named "OctoPussy"! I still liked "Ebony and Ivory".

On On

Farrt ConnOr

Thanks to the hares I.D., Scissors and Lock Jaw for going through a neighborhood without dumpsters. Successful dumpster diving for cool shit is awesome. I remember a few of my great dumpster finds but they were never on trail. Who needs a yard sale when you can find quality goods on trail sitting out for the sanitation workers to pick up. Come to think of it Bring'em Hung found pot on trail once. The only bad thing about that is it was the kind you cook soup in.

My daughter Sarah loves hashers and hasher stories. I can't wait to tell her what I found on trail. Also how I crossed a creek upto my thighs with them in hand, arms and on top of my head. Maybe I might just give it to her at her baby shower. The only bad thing about that is the trike peddle is chewed up a smidge. Possibly by the owners dog. Maybe someday I will tell my future grandson how GrandMa-Ma found this cool stuff for him on trail. Ya gotta be careful with that because it is hard to explain why your Grandson is digging in the trash to find a treasure because that is what GrandMa-Ma does. Fart told me "don't think I'm helping you with carrying those." I said "I Want To Do It." If colonial women can carry stuff for miles, shortening their life cuz that is what history taught us, then I can do it too.

Two Fingers was jealous that I found and took this fine trail treasure. He wanted to go back and get it for his son. The only problem with that was he came to trail on a motorcycle.

On Trash On,
M'Orally

Hares: Secret Turtle Garden and Wild Cherry Capital Area Christian Church, 1775 Lambs Gap Road, Mechanicsburg
Secret Turtle Garden and Wild Cherry had a,

muddy/wet/delicious/dangerous/drunk/exciting/naked/fun filled/glitter filled/visitor filled/virgin filled/transplant filled/hot tub filled day. Fun was had by all. Holy shit, Hashers came from Ohio, DC, Baltimore, Texas, Tide Water and Harrisburg. It was crazy. All the newby attendees discover Wild Cherry Cookies.

Lessens were learned by hot tubbing bimbos like LUMPY. Now Wild Cherry has to put up a....

- 1.)LUMPY NO DIVING IN HOT TUB sign. Next,
- 2.)I.D. NO BURNING WOOD IN THE FREAKIN FIRE PIT SO THE FIRE DEPARTMENT DOES NOT COME Sign. Next,
- 3.)DON'T PUT HEATER TOWER NEXT TO HOT TUB IN HEAVY WIND SO IT DOES NOT HIT TUB SLUT IN THE HEAD sign. Next,
- 4.)WILD CHERRY WATCH YOUR STEP ON THE ICE THAT FORMED NEXT TO HOT TUB IN WINTER AND YOU DON'T BREAK YOUR LEG sign.

I would like to create a NO GLITTER sign. Christ all mighty we found glitter in our beer, shoes, hair, dicks, twats, boobs and anywhere everywhere. All in favor??????

Congrats to Vagina Whiner cuz he is getting hitched in 3 weeks. What a trooper Fart Connor came to the hash with a hangover from V.W.'s bachelor party. I heard Pumpkin Head showed up for that. Tour missed all the fun due to the fact Siren Comes Loudly and Panic Button got married. Congrats to you both.

Thank you Fart for sharing your Monkey your Dad made. I will treasure the Monkey earring's you gave to me. Oh and thank you also for the new color kit to go along with my crayons.

On On,
M'Orally

I would agree to refraining from the glitter when the on-after is at someone's house. Does anyone know how to get glitter out of a carpet? I vacuumed three times and the glitter is still there.

Hares: Secret Turtle Garden and Wild Cherry

Capital Area Christian Church, 1775 Lambs Gap Road, Mechanicsburg

Also, does anyone know where the last shot check and weapons were placed? I went out to recover the checks and found no trace of that shot check.

On on

Wild Cherry

Wild Cherry, I'd make Chardee and Lumpy come over to your house and lick the glitter off your carpet. J

Hashers, as much fun and pretty as glitter is, it does make a mess. I imagine there's a layer of it in the bottom of the hot tub too. Let's be respectful of Wild Cherry's and others' hashpitality and put a ban on throwing glitter anywhere on a hasher's property so we **continue to be invited back for more debauchery.**

If the carpet licking doesn't work, Squeeze Me and I have a ShopVac you could borrow if you think that might get it up.

On-on-to-Ithaca,

Trashed

First Lumpy should lick up the glitter still caked on my scalp from Nittany. Maybe the ShopVac would be able to get that up too because showers are not working.

on on to Friday night mayhem and glitter-free Saturdays,

Bang

Sorry yall! already gave wc an IOU clean up of his house when I'm healed!

Lumpy

Chardee McRedEye von Kitten Mittons the Third do solemnly swear to

Never use glitter in enclosed structures (including to but not limited to Tents, RVs, houses, sheds, port-a-potties, yurts, sweat lodges, offices, submarines, time capsules and international space stations).

Never oglitterate* someone without their expressed consent.

Share my glitter clean up knowledge with anyone that wishes to deglitter after coming in contact with (me, my clothes, another oglitterated person, glitter fall out from the glittering of another, my glitter aura and any other glitter related travesties that may have occurred from contact with glitter be it my glitter or someone else's).

In the case that I am observed violating said vow, H5 holds the power to tip the glittery scales of Justice** and deliver whatever repercussions that they see fit.

On Here come the feathers and chocolate On
W@WC CMcD REftQG

*Oglitterate - (v) to completely obliterate something with glitter. Well we were in the garage and these two psycho naked people completely oglitterated this poor guys house.

** In the 15th century Lady Justice was blinded in a severe glitter accident. It was at this point that she started carrying not only scales to determine innocence and guilt, but a sword as well to stab any glitter wielding asshole that came near her.

Buy an Electrolux.

KY

I think it just barely didn't get stolen by kids on bicycles. Me and a visitor were DFLing and as we got within sight of the shot check I see a bicycle riding off. Me n visitor found a still full bottle and finished it off. So look at it on the bright side, the booze wasn't stolen.

As far as getting glitter out of your carpet, maybe you should call "Sucks One For The Team".

On, thank you Wild Cherry, On

Farrt ConnOr

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet

Tri-County Boat Club

H5 hit & run raid of Shelley Island:

A group of intrepid H5 hashers made an amphibious landing on Shelley Island. They approached in all sorts of watercraft and pounced on the unsuspecting islanders - they never knew what hit them.

Some of you wankers missed an incredible trail hared by Dude and Virginator - it was so cleverly laid in tp and bread crumbs that none of the pack could find it - until we criss-crossed the entire island - by process of elimination that is. The first beer check was found by chance on an adjacent island that we swam to. After that - nothing. Apparently Dude swam underwater, breathing through a straw to evade us, much like Sean Connery in Dr. No. After a couple hours of marauding, the pack reassembled to eat bbq chicken and consume copious amounts of beer. We had Just Victoria and Just Nick, a couple of fun virgins from the local air force base at Middletown - they work on our scheduled Saturdays so took this opportunity on an off-H5-Saturday to join us; they want to come out more. We also had a naming, Just Sam was named 'sure likes the bone. Everyone who was there can attest it's a different world over there on the island.

On Shelley Island On!
Sister

Wankers and Bimbos,

Bread crumbs!!! No No No that is not the way you lay trail. For God's sake. Everyone knows (like Head First and I discovered 2 years ago) You Use.....

FRUIT LOOPS!!!!!!!! They happen to be very visible in corn fields and road.

Under water swimming through a straw is an Olympic sport now. Didn't you know that?? 007 is in London right now to watch the Olympic Games with the Queen. He was going to cum to the hash. That is why he was unable to make it. He sent Dude instead.

On On,
M'Orally TEAM USA

8 /4 /2012 H5 Run #476

Saturday Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry, Fuki Suki, Sister Maria

pull off on Rte. 114 by the I-81

I was afraid that my streak of cops showing up to my Mechanicsburg trails was going to be broken, but the paranoid Mechanicsburg people did not disappoint me. Sunday morning a police officer showed up at my door asking me if I knew anything about a suspicious red cooler in the woods off of Old Willow Mill Road. Somehow someone saw it in the woods and it worried them. I still can't figure out what they were worried about. He asked me when I planned on picking it up. The cop said he saw the flour on the ground and thought it was us. Of course their first thought was me. He still asked me for my name. I was tempted to tell him Gary Sheppard, but figured he knew where I lived, so it probably wouldn't work. I guess this is a good time to announce that the August 18th trail will be in Mechanicsburg.

On On

Wild Cherry

I think a good idea to get on the po po's good side is to make a very nice donation to their?????? fund. That will help them like you better. Think about it.

M'Orally

How funny is it that the officer didn't even bother to open up the cooler and help himself to a few cold ones inside it!?!? On on to a really fun trail on Wednesday.
Fuki Suki

My two cents....

I believe that it is advantageous to notify the local constabulary of our intentions. Give a general area of the location of trail so they know that there will be a group of runners in that area. Information is key. As a whole we are mostly not doing anything illegal (Operative key word is mostly.) From my limited experience making the PD aware has had a positive response. Over all when you look at the big picture we are just a group of people going for a run. Still legal in most states. Putting out BNs & SNs isn't littering as long as we clean up after ourselves.

CoQ

Well I guess its good they showed up on Sunday, after all the fun was had!

And a big THANK YOU to Wild Cherry for a fun trail (and Sister and Fuki Suki) and a great On After! What a kick ass time! I'm so glad to be a part of this awesome group! Looking forward to TIUTA Wednesday!

On Fire On,
-Fire in my hOle

Hares: Chapped Lips and Dirty Dorothy

947 greenbriar road, new bloomfield pa 17068

It's not a family hash until:

- The location is so far into the depths of Perry County that you can almost hear the banjo playing the "Deliverance" theme music over top the rumbling thunder.
- Sister once again almost has a coronary because the start didn't happen on time and because no one wrote a hash trash for last Wednesday's Nerd hash. **We told him when he posts all the hash pictures he's taken over the years, we'll tell him about trail last Wednesday.**
- There's a half pipe, complete with scooters, BMX bikes and skateboards, without a helmet in sight. Thank god no one from the **Legion of Dumb** attended.
- All the water balloons mistakenly end up on the Eagle trail instead of the Turkey trail. And they all get used.
- To cross the Hs, you have to go down a 50ft slip and slide with a kid hosing you and the slide down with cold water. **Two Finger, Squeeze Me and Endo went down it more than all of the kids in attendance combined. They have the minor injuries to prove it.**
- The RA sings so many inappropriate "family" hash songs that he gets banned from RA duties at all future family hashes. **(I think the song about the dogs sniffing assholes clinched it.)**
- Dirty Dorothy falls into the buffet table, knocking over and breaking someone's crock pot, which had everything to do with his "bad knee" and nothing to do with the amount of alcohol he consumed.
- Fuzz wasn't the last one to show up for a change...
- The cooler with the Jell-O shots was almost as big as the one that contained the beer.
- Non-sanctioned dog fighting – which was really just a large dog chasing a small one around camp that was yelling, "yipe, yipe, yipe." He almost sounded like a screaming turkey or something.
- The hosts are too drunk to safely light off fireworks so they are relieved by more sober people—who still manage to launch **one firework sideways into the bonfire. Not sure how everyone escaped injury from that.**

On a more serious note...this was a great time. Gorgeous house and property (11 beautiful, mostly wooded acres in the middle of nowhere), and no cops to be found, a roasted pig and 14 different pasta salads people contributed, and plenty of liquid refreshment! Dirty Dorothy, Chappy, and family were fantastic hosts and put on a great hash. 3 kids got named, Pro Boner's nephew became Shiver Me Timbers, one of Two Finger's older daughters became Pierced Without Permission (which she refused to acknowledge or drink for), and his younger daughter was named Trail Baby. It was great to meet some hash infants...Book Hooker's baby Just Gabriel and DPM's and Commode Commando's baby Just Phoenix.

If they do this hash next year, I might just bring a tent and camp out. I actually think we should hold Stinko here LOL. (Except the nearest hospital is in Carlisle...)

On-on to the Full Moon hash,

Trashed

Thank you Chappy and Dirty Dorothy for opening your home to us! Kilty loved the running, and I think passed out around 9 with Just Ber. This was her 4th hash.. just sayin :-)

Sadly I won't be around next weeked - too many family stuff (can't skip wedding and family birthdays) :-)

gonna miss an awesome on on hash next weekend
Scissor me timbers

Thanks Chappy and Dirty Dorothy for an awesome hash. Your new home is lovely and perfect for hashing. I can't wait until your next hash. Unlike Sister, I will post my pictures in the near future. Congrats to Uncle Boner and Two Fingers on the kid namings. In Fart's defense - he did TRY to keep it clean.

Hot Crotch

7 /22/2012 H5 Run #474

The Bloody Sucky Wood Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki, My Bloody VD, Byte My Wood

The park and ride lot at the junction of East Winding Hill Road and Orchard Blvd

The bloody, sucky, woody trail of Sunday July 22nd--a tu tu hash to boot.

Well, this was a virgin hare experience for My Bloody Valentines Day and Byte My Wood. They did good under the tutelage of Fuki Suki.

It was a reasonable day, weather wise, at least at the 1030 am start time. I hit the panic button after exiting RT 15 and seeing a Lower Allen PO PO immediately. Then, yet another at the on ramp to 15. Could we have already set off alarms to the 50? Nope, just your usual Sunday Speed Trap. Luckily, the JUSTgirls (see below) knew and worked with these coppers and smoothed things over for the Adventure Runners. I think they just handed the cops the card with the name Garry Sheppard and all was taken care of.

A few brave souls (and one tough mutha fucker) made it to the carpool area off of Rt 15. Just Adrienne and Just Marlo attended the Williamstown hash and had enough energy for an early morning jaunt in the woods. Both were clad in tutu's. So great to have new people who like to play along with our tomfoolery! Type Anus, Dragnet and Just Jason were ready to go. Lo and behold, 5 minutes before we were off, in pulls that tough as nails Tour!!! He not only did the Williamstown hash, he played all night with Bubba and didn't even know how he got home!!! He woke up in time to fetch the TourMobile from downtown Mogadishu, errr Harrisburg, and get to the hash without ever spilling his bloody mary. If there is a Hash Hall of Fame, Tour gets my vote. We were also blessed with a last minute addition of SNAP OFF-- a sexy lady from Boston by way of Philly. She was visiting family back in Tioga county and decided to drop in for a quick run before the 8 hour drive back to Beantown.

Off the pack goes in search of more of that great Old Milwaukee Special Reserve. We found a BN in a nearby underpass. A retention pond fed a small stream that, I suppose, ran into the Yellow Breeches somewhere. Shiggy was fierce and biting, especially with those stupid crinoline tutus leaving bits and pieces of cloth everywhere. It was a really nice, defined and well marked path to the next BN. Those tricky hares even left us a table for Tippy Cup. Considering the massive hangovers (and unintentional drug OD's), no tippy cup was played but it's the thought that counts. A few civilians commented on our lovely attire as they passed overhead on a paved walking trail leading to Humongous Homes in a development. After a ways on the walking path, we spied a SpongBoB Bouncehouse with kids inside screaming away. Oh, we were so tempted to join but more tempted by the SN in the neighboring home that was under construction. Off again in search of a final SN (Blood Mary's, no tampons included thank GOD). This was right near She Came's and Jeb's house. Tour decided he needed a douche in their pool but they wisely locked up all access to any beer and food inside the home.

5150 here come the PO PO==again? This time they were dropping off a wandering Snap Off who was glad to make it to circle in one piece. Tour, as usual, was the FRB. Again, can I get a Hallelujah for this man, this machine? On after was at the Brewhouse Grille to get it warmed up for the Wed Nerd Hash.

On On to looking at feats of modern engineering.

Ben Wa, Done That

7 /21/2012 H5 Run #473

Festering Meat Homebrew Hash

Hares: Festering Meat

335 E Market St. Williamstown, PA 17098

What a fabulous day for a hash in Williamstown.

Many thanks to momma and pappa "Meat" for opening their home for the hashers to enjoy.

2 Virgins, one who said the trail was too much like work, and we will probably not see her again.

Most of the pack went the wrong way. right from the start. so only a number of hashers made it to the beer check, that was laid out for us in an alley near the start.

Onon to find the rest of the pack. We left town for higher ground. We found woods, coal regions, road, tunnels under roads, creeks to swim in but Luna and Tapes it were the only ones to swim. It was like King of the mountain at one point. Great running trail, deer trails, with 4 BN's to please the pack.

Back at the house pappa Meat was busy making the best damn BBG'd chicken on that side of the mountain. The pack enjoyed home brews, chicken, salad, fruit, chips.

Circle was held in the pool for down, downs. Ran by our necked Fart. Even the parents jumped in together to do their Host down down. No cops were invited, so they didn't show. . .except for Chief, who was injured and did not run trail.

Hares: Festering Meat

335 E Market St. Williamstown, PA 17098

As the evening went a big bottle of Champagne was opened, and shared by all with real glasses. Accomplede by a death by chocolate birthday cake.

Hashy Birthday Festering Meat. May you have many more.

Can we cum play again? I think we can.

Great day, great trail, great parents, great town.

ONON

Luna

Most of the pack went the wrong way. right from the start
... this despite the right way being marked with a True Trail arrow. I wonder who led them astray? By the time we got to yelling "BEER NEAR", the pack was all but gone.

For the second half of the trail, Hop-In-Vagina was the co-hare and she laid a covert trail, making sure no one could see the flour, unless one looked really hard. Festering Meat actually had to show the pack which way trail from a certain check went, otherwise people were prepared to run down the street to the On In and miss the 4th BN.

The pack enjoyed home brews, chicken, salad, fruit, chips

... not only that, but Momma Meat brought out a platter of red skin potatoes and a very nice salad to go with the bbq chicken. Only a little bit later at 10 pm, Poppa Meat fired up the grill again and proceeded to serve up gourmet burgers & dogs.

Just Meghan was named Scissor-Me-Timbers.

On On to Chappy's Family Campout Hash!
Sister

Woooooow you all that did not attend this Hash Birthday Bash surely missed a good one. So what if it was a little far. Those that don't know nor remember, Whiner and I drove from Balmer to H5Ville for a few years to hash with you Wanks and Bimbos. Can't be a travel pussy all your life.

The On After party was awesome. Mama Meat (Meat's Mom) and Papa Meat (Meat's Dad) hosted it eloquently. Food was Delish. Pool cold from all that rain but still fun. Using the pool for circle was so cool (Tour's idea of course).

Hey ya haven't lived life until ya see Fart Naked, standing in a pool RA-ing circle. The house is 100 yrs.old, beautiful, and HUGE. It is like a mini plantation surrounded by little houses and dwellings. Festering Meat said he was going to make this an Anal event and I say Hell Yeah!! Please all that missed this cum next year, bring a towel, tent and an appetite.

On To More Birthday Bar-B-Que Chicken Next Year On,
M'Orally

It was an awesome time!! And Just Adrienne and I even made it back to Mechanicsburg and did the Tu Tu Hash at 10:30 am on Sunday!! That was a kick ass time too!
On not a pussy On,
Just Marlo

Hares: M'Orally Challenged and Interior Defector

Angie's Bar & Grill 130 Eisenhower blvd Harrisburg Pa. 17111

Thanks to all Bimbos and Wankers that showed up last night. We all had a fun. Don't know if the Po Po had fun in the graveyard though.

Thanks to Screw, Tour, Luna, Lumpy and Squeeze Me for singing hash songs at the On After at Angies on and on and on and on and on and on into the night and on and on and on :) I.D. did not annoy me too much haring with him. Bushrat, Screw and Tour did not catch us though they tried. Came close a few times.

7 /11/2012 TIUTALAWH3 #115

Sorta Friends Again Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged and Interior Defector

Angie's Bar & Grill 130 Eisenhower blvd Harrisburg Pa. 17111

On On,
M'Orally

7 /7 /2012 H5 Run #472

It's Over 100 Degrees, Why Are We Hashing Hash

Hares: 2 Finger Tuesday

Boat House Park in Hershey

Fart's computer has more viruses than a Bangkok hooker so I am writing Hash Trash in a series of sentence fragments. Enjoy.

Hot as fuck!

We get a pic of us holding thermometer reading 110 degrees.

Pic up when Farts computer recovers.

Cross the creek. Love the poison, find the beer, thank the teens for making steps to the rope swing.

Overtake the rope Swing

Red Eye, Endo and Orang U Bang tear that shit up.

Endo ruins back.

Kids run away, even with free offers of "water" from our cooler.

Cross the river, cross the river, cross the river hit swamp of death flies.

O U Bang disappears

Shot stop arrives at bench at top of hill.

Shiggy gets real shitty at bottom of hill. Thorns and Hash Crashes a plenty.

Harriers bail for the safety of the road, Sister and company tough it out almost to beer check.

Everyone bails before beer check. 2 finger provides impromptu beer but Red Eye gets beer as well as 2 skulls.

Awesome Pond that Fart speaks of is 400 degrees and not awesome.

Red Eye runs trail which ends and gets picked up by truck of the pack.

Floaties abound to float down non moving shitty creek.

Red Eye bails and takes high road for FRB.

Rest of Pack realizes futility of stagnant water and finds road as well.

Cops show up and ID gets busted for having his pasty white ass out in public.

O'Bang shows up with giant gash in hand from dropping shot stop and slicing hand open. stitches eminent.

Visit from fish and game comission now Derry township police not looking good.

Attempt to convince them of us leaving but without success. On after at parking lot across from Boro in Hummelstown.

Plenty of heat, plenty of shiggy, plenty of beer.

Fuck all you fucks for not showing up and enjoying the rather lovely weather that arrived after today's granny killing heat. You missed wonderful creeks, beers and shot stops.

On Hot as Fuck but still bad ass non-scouted trail On

Weekend at Chardee Mac Red Eye for the Kitten Mittons

Yep. That's exactly how it happened. You should have been there, wankers!

WS

Did you tell the Po Po that you are the Adventure Runners??? Did you tell them that I.D. was a Jerry Kid and does not get out much??

Hope all the bimbos don't get yeast infections. Sounds like it was fun.

On Hot On,
M'Orally

Just my luck.The only person wanting to check out my ass(I was between the door and cab of my truck)...was the gay cop.He wouldn't take NO for an answer .He was pissed that I didn't tell him what he wanted to hear...so... he raised the ticket to disorderly conduct.I wish deathwish was there to talk him out of the ticket...not M'orally which i would have probably been taken to jail in the po po's car where he rapes me.

This won't hinder me form gettin a job will it?Do you think i was the only one who changed their cesspool clothes that day outside their vehicle...i know i know...just the only person that was caught.

Great job hares even if you didn't scouting trail..that was the most shiggy i have been in since Bang's trail started at the chinese mall.Nastiest water since Bang's trail in wildwood....longest trail since bang's trail...well, you know what I mean...Way to bring the pain!

On to three strikes On,I.D.

7 /3 /2012 TMINFMH3 Run #155

Full Buck Moon Hash

Hares: \$\$\$Bang 4 UR Buck\$\$\$

2645 Lisburn Road, Camp Hill, PA 17011

Very observant Trashed...I would have been early to drink at church.I hope we have a good congregation today.I will be taking confessions in my truck early.No naughty sin too bad to be forgiven.Your privacy is my utmost concern(I have tinted windows).Don't worry about fasting or refraining for alcohol,Penitence will be different but we are hashers!

On soldiers,sinners , and full thunder moon On,ID

6 /23/2012 H5 Run #471

Lipstick Lesbian Hash

Hares: Wishboneher, Bang and She Came

800 Paxton Street, Harrisburg, PA 17104

Thank you "She Came", "Bang For Your Buck", and "Wishboneher"!

The Lesbian Lipstick bimbos LAID an awesome trail in downtown Harrisburg, PA! Special note for those who may have not have got it yet... These bimbos did a LIVE trail. FUCKIN' H5 ROCKS!

Trail didn't start off so great as we were drinkin' and waiting way past the published starting time of 4 pm. Sometime after about 5

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Wishboneher, Bang and She Came

800 Paxton Street, Harrisburg, PA 17104

pm She Came got back and the hares were ready to start trail. She Came had some stupid story about running over a dead guy in a graveyard and getting a flat tire while placing a shot check. Horny Hands couldn't recruit anybody to go to some bar in Philadelphia with a kilt so he joined us. Raidr quit smoking and re-habed on a bicycle to join us on trail. No Dimples Left Behind joined us from California when he saw an airplane fly over and said "Fuck It!" and hopped a plane to Pennsylvania and did trail on Friday the 22nd and joined us for Saturday trail too.

The LIVE HARES took off and led us through some of the finest urban shiggy to be found on the east coast. Trail went along some road and into the land of the homeless where a BN was found. This was some really under the bridge SHIT, ya sorta had to be there. Trolls used to live here till the homeless kicked them out. The pack went upstream following scenic urban trail and entertained some civilians and police that saw hahsers crawling like rats out of a storm sewer. The pack got to a bar that looked like a beer distributor that had a sign that said "Cocktail Lounge" and nothing else that anybody threw a beer bottle through. I had a conversation with Snoop Doggy Dog.

To a cemetery with a shot check and beer. I was dressed well to blend in with the locals as apparently the forgoing hashers made them aware of that there was sort of a parade passing through the HOOD. Now here's something that might scare some bimbos as Fart ConnOr and Flounder were the escorts of Trashed and Secret Turtle Garden as the bimbos were being "admired". Me n Flounder slowed down and Trashed and Secret Turtle Garden stepped up the pace. Is it ironic that on the 40th anniversary of the movie "Deliverance" http://www.oregonlive.com/movies/index.ssf/2012/06/deliverance_40th_anniversary_i.html instead of hearing banjos I hear "rap music"?

Now, you might have to picture this as Fart ConnOr looks something like Santa Claus and a demented Amishman going through the hood but... I'm really bummed that my 14 year old dog Delia is too old to have been there with me... children start to follow me after I tooted on my bugle. I wasn't the Pie Eyed Piper but it's just scary that children follow me. Theres about 15 kids between the ages of about 5 years and 13 years wanting to toot on my bugle. I hang back and tell them to "pucker up and blow". <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DOZzNOKcEgM> Stranger Danger! With the promise of a new bike to some of the kids

The whole pack missed a beer check in the Hood because of something and all ended up at the HHH's from where we started. Circle ensued as Bang For Your Buck, She Came, and Wishboneher got back and circle ensued. Many acts of stupidity were dismembered for in circle but as our harriet TOPLESS hares were doing some kind of presentation. a couple of fisherman walk by. This has to be one of my favorite moments of hashing as the "fisherman" were a father and son that was about 12 years old. I could tell that they were fisherman because they had fishing rods. So anyhow, as our fearless bimbo hares had their tops off, daddy walks by and stops and takes a couple of steps back for a better look. Daddy determines that his son shouldn't see any more tits and cuffs him gently by the shoulder and they go to fish in the Susquehanna. I wanna hear this fishing story!

Thanks again to our hares/harriets!

On On

Farrt ConnOr

H5 still rocks! And I'm very glad I came to She Came, Wishboner, and Bang For Your Buck's terrific trail yesterday! A extremely effective way to get a well-deserved hangover, lol.

I've posted my permitted pictures at <http://www.flickr.com/photos/hornyhands/>, in the "2012 06 23 H5" set (imaginative name, huh?), but had to reserve the other 16 perfect pictures to the depths of my hard-drive.

Maybe I can all buy you all a drink at the KoP Tilted Kilt someday, but there was no finer way to spend yesterday than there with you!

On On mates,

Horny Hands

6 /20/2012 TIUTALAWH3 #113

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Ruffy and The Bitch Will Find You

About Ass Wed,

I had a real Ass Wednesday indeed. Wow the day before my trail I felt fine, but the day of I woke up puking. I wanted to run but end up having the runs. I remember Mary Claire telling me her and her sister had seafood that gave them food poisoning over the weekend. I found out that it was not food poisoning.

Thanks to Ruffy and The Bitch Will Find You for doing the trail. Ruffy would not come get the beer and munchies I bought because she didn't want to be around the poison runny air. By the way having the beer check in the river was my idea and my part of trail. Ruffy is shorter then me and I would have gone further out, like to the island. Although I thought maybe they would find my body down river. Those that found my drown ass would still drink the beer. Oh well I heard it was an Awesome time. Ruffy has a really nice New Home.

6 /20/2012 TIUTALAWH3 #113

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Ruffy and The Bitch Will Find You

On On to wellness,
M'Orally

6 /6 /2012 TIUTALAWH3 #111

D-Day Meets Ziggy Stardust Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: M'Orally and Wild Cherry

Linglestown Road and Oakhurst Blvd

Thank you for all Wanks and Bimbos that came to trail last night. The Adventure Runner cover came in handy for the Po Po. They all smile instead of Dahhhhhh face when we say we are Hash House Harriers. The "What the fuck" face appears when we say that. They were just fine and left us all Adventure Runners alone in the parking lot of Golds Gym. It is important to find a reason in History to tell people why the Adventure Runners are doing the trail. They smile and say good for you for doing this run. D day was one of those Historical moments indeed. Also Earnest is not so Gay as a co-hare.

M'Orally Adventure Runner HHH

5 /5 /2012 H5 Run #465

15th Analversary - 12th Stinko de Mayo

Hares: The Usual Suspects

hank you to all H5 & Out of Town Visitors who came to Stinko de Mayo 2012 this year. It takes hard work from many people to get er-done. We start in Winter months to plan this MOST AWESOME HASHING EVENT. I want to give special thanks to a few people that really went beyond helping pull this off.

Luna
Girth Brooks
Two Fingers
Fuzz Buster
Marco Homo
Sister Maria
Dancing Fool
Interior Deficator
Orang U Bang
Nippalodian
She Came
Brown Noser
Bang for Your Buck
Fart Connor
Anal Nicole
Fuki Suki
Chief of Queef
Tour de Puke
Bubba
Wild Cherry
Pumpkin Head
Squeeze Me
Trashed
Bushrat
Lock Jaw
Grizz
Ruff Buff
Earnest Hemmingay
Chapped Lips
Dirty Dorothy
Hung Like the Amish
Can't Taste Won't Swallow
Hot Crochet
Kitchen Bitches (many)
Many others behind the scenes.

See you all next year!!

M'Orally Challenged H5 :)

What a ride. I love Stinko! Glad the kegs were empty. That would have been one hell of a down down for alcohol abuse.

On-On
Orangubang

Orangubang towed a big load
of 27 bier kegs or so.
But the wagon's axel broke
and spewed kegs like egg yolks
All over the big highway road.

On On to bad limericks,

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: The Usual Suspects

Fuki

I think, in talking to Girth during cleanup, that a special down down is needed for dude, who apparently was on a pantsing spree getting me in the Fat Boy circle Sunday and Girth at some point previous or after.

Lost property, or stuff for the H5 museum...I found a vuvuzela marked St. Nip...I can hold onto it indefinitely until our paths cross...

Re: lost 2 finger property, he indicated to me he set his Pissburg H3 cap on top of the beer wagon and someone must've thought it theirs and walked off with it. He also mislaid or had go poof a special Bradford, PA Zippo I made for him out of Peace Teac can metal and mail tape, it is distinctive in that there is damage on the hing end bottom where it looks like it was dropped or fell into a fire and scorched. It probably also has some of my dog's black hair in the tape...

It was a gift to him for opening my car with 2 pool cues one night.

Also, I personally observed some skull abuse, which I believe manifested itself flameside from the bar area the NYers had set up. Too alcohol ill and fixed to my seat was I too intervene about the stupidity of putting a plastic skull in melt range of the raging pallets fire or at least get so brittle as to burst and lose its stuffings. This was a cherishes mascot. Also, not sure if this was resolved, a viking helmet, also from the same general bar area.

I have a pretty ratty Eddie Bauer blue chair with the left (not cupholder) arm nearly worn off. I will keep it and bring it and if the owner wants hit, it can be claimed as I travel or go to H5 events...only fair since I sat on a bunch of dif chairs fireside and elsewhere, not bringing mine fold out soccer chair...

I have one clown shoe from the olympics relay race, which is H5 property or could be mine as a souvenir if that is plausible. Also, down by where Sister Maria was taking down the tents where the hot tub was etc. I have a camo strapline that I used to lasso two glow lights from a dead tree brachn about 25 feet up. Took 15 attempts, but success! 2 Finger, the Master of Brews who lost his hat and my gift Zippo, said it was his and I should retrieve it, so I will retain that unless otherwise informed...

I did not lose anything except my Stinko virginity.

H5 Rocks!
Todd Abele

While sifting thru te wreckage of another explosive Stinko, a few items caught my attention.

A Happy Coat with no patches but does have one identifying charecturdistic! Describe it and you getit back. No one claims it I'm gonna auction it off!

A small black backpack from the Jolly Rodger Pirate cruise.
Tell me the year. Its got every hasher who attended the cruise embroidered on it and if your name ain't onne then don't bother. Jis like the Happy Coat if it ain't claimed its getting auctioned off.

A white Pissburg Barfday I mean urff day shirt.
A white Lost Vagi's er los vegas... t shirt
A green Adirondak Ale official tester shirt... if your ass ain't big enough to claim this shirt then don't waste your time. Its friggin Huuuggge!

A black pair of hash in the buff shorts... tell me the hash house they came from and you get them back..

I have a very special lost property down down for Fart Connor, LunaChik, Bang, Orangabang. Two Fucker I mean fingers, ID, Lockjaw and Grizz, and Fuzzy and her Sister.

Items will show up at kik the keg on Saturdhey!
Dude Wheres mY mullett

knew at some point the Legion of Dumb would crash in a big way. Orangubang thanks for your efforts. Wish I would have been there!

Deathwish

And a special thanks to Cums Solo, who came all the way from Alaska (Bubbles' country) to help out with Stinko.

Cheers!
Sister

Lumpy, Bang and Red Eye-(Chardy-Kitten Mitten) are in a crowd all by themselves. If you ever have the pleasure of viewing their antics at a H5 hash or On After, I would recommend bringing popcorn a mop. The Legion of Dumb is a H5 tradition. It has it's own criteria in becoming a member of such a distequished group that perform daredevilish ridiculous deeds. Wing Nuts tried years back but was no match for the stupidity of such a group. FUCK WING NUTS!!!!

Hares: The Usual Suspects

Now 3's Company Gone Mad is something else. Please if anyone has a great name for this new H5 phenomena please I would like to know. Stinko brought out the best in them or should I say Beer brings out the worst in them. Fun stuff to say the least.

On On,
M'Orally Challenged :p

OMG, the glitter....I have been cleaning glitter off my body, off my husband's body, off my 12-year-old son "Gameboy" (I unpacked my bags from Stinko on my bed, some fell onto my comforter, my son laid on my bed and proceeded to look like he just got back from a trip to Savannah's with Lumpy and Bang) and cleaning glitter-speckled lint out of my dryer....it seems to spread easier than an STD.

However, glitter should stay on Bang because that's where it looks best, whether she's naked or not.

On-glitter-on to the Kick the Keg hash

Trashed

It's not for luck of Dumb, it's just that my aged bones are more brittle.

On On
[F] Wing Nuts

So like I went back to the campground reeeel early Monday morning to have sex with a leftover guest. We both watched/listened to a big truck pulling up to the firepit. These unknown Yahoos then burned evergreen branches on the fire pit. Then they skimmed the pool to get rid of all the frogs that had made it their pad (get it). So we did not leave it burning.

As far as the grease, it should not be wasted. Scrape it and then cook with it. Just like my Mom that saved the bacon grease in the soup can on the winda sill. It is all pig, just in a different form. Forget Pam, cuz thats good eaten. The dirt and other stuff will burn off when heated. So next year give it to me so I can take it to all my Kin.

Nuf said,
M'Orally a redneck

4 /22/2012 H5 Run #463

Level 2 Hangover Fat Boy Tu Tu Hash

Hares: Lump Neck Muncher & Bang 4 UR Buck Comfort Inn Riverfront, 525 South Front Street, Harrisburg, PA 17104

A pack of roughly 20 gathered for the fat boy Tutu hash. We were directed into room 119 and encountered a hungover Lumpy, Bang and Chock Full. Apparently Tour was the true hare since Bang and Co. were too hung over to actually lay trail. We were then given our choice of a Bloody Mary or Mimosa and after quite a bit of time, set off on trail. It was about 20 yards to the first beer check (by the river), then seemingly 15 penis checks and a shot stop with lumberjack shots with pilfered breakfast sausage links from the hotel breakfast bar in lieu of bacon. Then a return to the hotel parking lot for down downs (amazingly, we were not visited by hotel staff or the PoPo) and Chardee was renamed (again). This time it's Red Eye for the Queer Guy, which will likely stick for another week or so. Then it was watching the 1st period of the Flyers game, then onto Tour's where pizza and Tour's liquor supply was consumed. We also introduced our Barcelonian-New Zealand sounding friend (He's My Brother) to a car bomb. I was comforted to hear from him that we are way crazier than Barcelonians but quite a bit tamer than the New Zealanders. Oh, and how can I forget that ID hawked his haberdashery wares at every opportunity. He reminds me of the NYC swag sellers on the street corner. A renaming might be in order.

A fond farewell to Chock

Trashed

4 /14/2012 H5 Run #461

Belated Chinese New Year with Pizza Hash

Hares: Fart Connor and M'Orally Challenged

Thanks to all that came out to the Chinese New Year Hash!

Today was a fun trail for me as many months of trail Preparation H came to fruition. M'Orally Challenged, Fart ConnOr, and Delia had scouted this for 6 months. Dude Where's My Mullet was in Colorado having breakfast with a nun. Fart Connor

So we had "Rigid" from Orlando in the sunny state of Florida and "He's My Brother" from Barcelona, Spain visiting.

Now, maybe you had to be there while me and M'Orally were scouting and me and Deila were scouting, but maybe it's Fart Connor talking to civilians at our On On point, that sentence won't be ended properly without more, and tried to reASSure them that all would

Hares: Fart Connor and M'Orally Challenged

be well! I figured that who's better'n Fart ConnOr to get people to tell you to "Stay the hell out!" But how cum the people at the bar liked us? So anyhow, the LIVE HARES took off. Somehow the police got invited and arrived 10 minutes after the hares took off. Two minutes before the pack was to leave was when the police arrived.

The pack well addapted to addapting, dddddd, addapted and moved to another parking lot. Now, did the looking back of "Weblow Scout" to obtain information for how the pack to "Auto Hash", never mind, I'm mixing my sphincters. Went when the police encouraged their movement to the new parking lot that was actually on trail? Shit! I missed an opportunity to accuse the whole pack of AUTO HASHING! Shit. Special thanks to Chief Of Queef! There was about a gallon of in the keg that I brought home as "Hash Spoils". It says, "Police kicked us out".

Parrrrt 3 cummin up.

Why do I hear a train tooting it's horn?

Farrt ConnOr Ummm, what's next?

Parrrrt 3

So like I'm moving as fast as I can after the first "Beer Check" and it's like I'm in a dream! Hu Phlung Pu is walking my dog on trail and Fuki Suki and her dog Daisy are merrily chugging along. I look over my shoulder and Dropped Trou is about to catch me! Geeze, it's not Dropped Trou, there's nobody behind me. I had a bad apprition when I arrrived and saw a police car at the karate school about 200 yarrds away. Oops, that was way back when in Part 1. Premission. Ohhhhhh! New bimbo name: "Goes Down On The TITanic"! I get to the beer check and the owner's out there waiting for the pack. Wow! I haven't been, (How the hell is "Haven't" a contraction?) Here's somebody glad to see us. Hope you can enjoy the pubicness of this.

The pace regrouped and had circle and I'm too driunk to tell the rest of the story.

On On

Farrt ConnOr

Oh Yeah! I almost for got... One of my best moments of HASHING EVER!

The train is cummin'

It's cummin' 'round the bend

And the engineer ain't seen tittys

Since

He don't know when

Did I steal a Johnny Cash lyric?

M'Orally Challenged, who laid an awesome trail to get us all back safely, inspired some wisdom as did KY doing a frontal flash as the engineer was tooting on his horn!

Fart Connor

Fart! here's a part you missed.

After running what seemed like 5 miles to the bar, which was the second beer check, we found a bunch of walkers there already. Because somehow Fuki Suki knew where it was, she led a bunch of short-cutting walkers straight up the road to said bar. What she told us is the cop had followed them in his car to see what they were up to; eventually he must have got bored and turned off into a trailer park. Meanwhile we waited a good half hour for the real walkers to get to the bar.

P.S. I noticed the property where we started is up for sale.

On On!

Sister

Hey Sister,

We resemble those remarks!! That was one fun trail. The real reason I bring Daisy hashing is because her keen sense of smell gets me to the bier in the shortest distance possible.

Fuki Suki & Daisy Belle FRB

The other hare- Parrrrt 4,

Hares: Fart Connor and M'Orally Challenged

I must admit that I was so surprised by the conductor. All by years of flashing truckers, passers by, motorcycles, bicyclist, ice cream venders, mailmen, virgins or trains. That was by far the most whistles, toots and horns blown for my tits. Wow or just maybe it was KY's added ass cheeks.

About the po po. When I arrived back to the On On, I was horrified by the lack of votorvehiclig. I thought what a mean joke, OMG was I on trail that long, where did everyone go, I'm not done having enough hash fun????? My ADDig only saw immature pictures scribbled on the pavement at first. Then I spotted a message because it was in yellow instead of white, blue or pink. In fact it was the only yellow there. Then I knew it must be Tour that realized that I would only see white, blue or pink. It said the police kicked them out. I then noticed all the cars were on the other parking lot next to the parking lot they threw us out of. Fuck the Clipper Magazine parking lot. Tour also found another parking lot behind the parking lot we moved from after getting kicked out of the Clipper fucking Magazine parking lot. We needed to conceal our loud hash circle voices for more than the Canadian Geese in the near by pond. It was a good thing Tour was there to save the day :^o yeh right

The pack asked where the On After was going to be. We told them it was supposed to be in the fucking Clipper Magazine parking lot. We did have pizza. Only it was pizza pringles and cheesy puffs snacks. My co-hare decided to spend the hash cash on beer for the On After in the fucking Clipper Magazine parking lot.

We had a visitor from Orlando named Rigid who also knows Dancing Fool. Like who does not know Dancing Fool. He's My Brother also joined us. He is from Down Under and also frequents out pack. We all had a good time. I thank all the hashers that joined us in Fart land. That is what I call it because Fart lives 2 miles from where trail started.

On On,
M'Orally

4 /6 /2012 TMINMFMH3 Run #153

Hippiddy Hip Hop and you just don't Stop Hash

Hares: Dropped Trou, Garry Sheppard, I Cunt Hear Yo 561 Cook Ct. Hummelstown Pa, 17036

Thanks to "I Cunt Hear You", "Gary Shepard", "Dropped Trou", and super secret hare "Cum Dumpster"!

They invited hashers to their house to piss off their neighbors and some locals that wern't their neighbors. Cum Dumpster got caught right out of sneaking out of the On On by our esteemed Bang For Your Buck. The hares well laid trail worked well as the cops paid a visit to the hash and Chief Of Queef splained things and all wasn't well. That was before the pack didn't get to the first beer check and wandered off the "well floured trail".

Paragraph break... Dude Where's My Mullet meandered his way back to the On On. The rest of the pack made it back to the On On and the hares made it back shortly after. Brown Noser ran an awesome circle as The Hares, and when one Gary Shepard drinks, all the Legion of Dumb drinks. Virgins were dismembered. "Just Kate" was named much to the consternation of Sister Maria and to the enjoyment of Fuzz Buster... Oh Shit, I forgot the story... nOw what the was it?

Oh yeah! Just Kate was not "Please Cum to Boston"... <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UDRLZFgEoGw> but she went there with a girlfriend to Boston on St. Pattys Day some year and they drank a lot and her and her girlfriend woke up with one guy in the bed too. Henceforth the name "Sharin' Peter"

On, lost in the 70's, On

Farrrt ConnOr

Ya, its 3am. Some of us don't sleep. Anyway the cops just left my house. Yes that's right the cops were here! No I didn't get arrested. And no again it didn't have anything to do with the hash. Wait yes it did.

I hope Squeeze is pleased with the paragraph

Break. Anyway let's rewind. Ill come back to the cops.

So Fart and I arrived at the start promptly well before the start occurred. While sitting in his truck lacing up my booties, I distinctly heard Fart say "Oh wow, this has disaster written all over it!"

For anyone in a reader's union, there's another break for ya! Promptly when the hares took off they promptly went this way and that way. And soon after the pack took off and went this way, that way, over yonder that way, down that way, up this way, over there and out that way too!. The problem was none of those ways led to beer, or flour!!!

6 beer cheks? Now I know I'm blind, and deaf, but I can hear a distinct ringing, (kinda like Pavlov's dog, I start drooling) when beer near is called out. But I sure as hell didn't hear none of that last night! Seems trail just ended. Like the Hershey cops just sucked it up with a hashbuster 2000 super sucker. I didn't see any trace of flour any way my feet took me... so upon cresting a hill and figgerin out where I was I figgered out where I should have been and got there.

Now I agree brown noser did do a good job fuggin up circle. But with Sister yellin UPS..UPS...UPS... It was kinda hard to keep things in order.

Oh ya and about the cops...well it was a domestic disturbance that never occured...

Cop1.. you mind sitting here while my partner goes and cheks on the lady of the house?

Cop2... is she upstairs? What's her name?

Dude... lady of the house? What the fug are you talking about?

4 /6 /2012 TMINMFMH3 Run #153

Hippiddy Hip Hop and you just don't Stop Hash

Hares: Dropped Trou, Garry Sheppard, I Cunt Hear Yo 561 Cook Ct. Hummelstown Pa, 17036

Cop2... I'm going upstairs and talk to her ill be right down. Before I go up is there anything I need to know? Any guns or drugs in the house sir?

Dude.. huh? Wait ya I have lots of guns but they are all locked up.. no there's no drugs...

fast forward....

Dude ok officers have a good night and tell the lady across the street I'm sorry I woke her.....

Seems when you wake up on the couch at 2 am with your head in fog and jump in the shower, its best to remember shiggy scratches on your legs and genitals will react with water and sting like a son of a bitch..... hence why the lady across the street called in and reported a woman screaming! Doh...

Dude WMM

3 /31/2012 H5 Run #460

The Power of the Pussy Hash

Hares: Anal Nicole, Ben Wa Done That, Fuki Suki and Nino's Cafe, 10303 Mountain Road, Grantville, PA 17028-9531

I want to thank everyone for cuming to the power of the pussy hash. I had a wonderful time throwing flour around for you all. Besides having one person threatning to call the cops, and one woman following us on trail wondring what was going on with her property, and another land owner making sure that we come back and remove the TP. I think the day was a success. thanks to Pro Boner for making the tags for this event. The rain gods made just enough running water and mud for the pack to slop in. 30 hashers enjoyed the "pony" bottles with the real jockey. I hope you all placed your bets at the race track.

Anyway, thanks again for cuming out!

See you at stinko clean-up today.

ONON

Luna

imbo Hares, Be Wah, Fuki, Luna and Anal Nicole, thank you for the good Pussy. Trail was awesome. Tour had the most Pussy. The only bad thing was yukky pizza at the On After. Middle Eastern people should stick to making Cous Cous. We missed Fart. He was lost somewhere in Grantville. ; (

Afterward some of us went to the crowded Casino. With my Happi coat and Green Hat, I was easy to find. I even wore my Stinko flip flops. Hot Crochet had an idea to page the others that wondered away from the group. Above the noise of whistles, bells and the usual sound of a casino, Flaming Earl, Chardy and Fuki was heard for all to hear. Flaming thought either God was calling him or he was going crazy.

On On to hitting the lottery,
M'Orally

3 /22/2012 H5 Run #458

dodge the tutu hash

Hares: Lumpneck Muncher and Secret Turtle Garden (MoMO's 307 market street, harrisburg

I was a lite or extra lite or ultra lite weight last night and left early..But ,did someone say the bone in Lumpy's leg looked like a Chinese chicken wing?Did she tell them "No need for anesthesia..,I'll take it"up the A*** like a man"?Can the hash ask for the cost flour back since more then half wasn't use?Was there really any beer in that parking garage...or any where else on trail?I'm glad BN didn't spend the three bucks in his sock for the bag of ice for the hares....but can we honor them at the next hash?

Please someone write hash trash..I want to hear the REST of the story,ID Before and after thought,Hope you feel better soon

First... BN didn't suggest the three bags of ice... I did, squeezeMe, but I understand how we could be confused. We are damn near identical!

I got a text from panic that said lumpy got all stitched up and headed home late... I can't wait for more details on that. There must be a good story... Thank goodness it sounds that all is ok though.

We held formalities in absence of most people... Hares included. Don't worry, one of them drank for it!!

Weekend at wild cherries was renamed "Chardee McDennis"... I told him not to buy a necklace yet though... Something tells me he is bound for something even more spectacular.

I'm convinced... HYP (Harrisburg young professionals) hates hashers. Lol. We had a blast though. Heck we even it a bar tender

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Lumpneck Muncher and Secret Turtle Garden (MoMO's 307 market street, harrisburg wearing a tutu last night.

Aside from that... That's the wrap from after you left ID

This is the blog entry in which I mention my virgin hash and it has a pic of some of the beers we had on trail:
<http://thebeersavant.wordpress.com/>

The highlight for me as hare was seeing Dropped Trou bound down the side hill of my yard, first as promised, and promptly wade into the ankle-deep Asylum Run. The after the pack arrived, he sat in it. Also, someone did a cannon ball off the streambank.

NOT getting caught was a highlight for me - I didn't expect to be - and like a real hare I was looking over my shoulder for harriers in my wake. When I heard the 'on on' calls in the woods when I ascended the mossy uphill, I started booking once I caught my breath at the top. When I asked how was trail, Weblo said I only missed one area where he thought I should have put a check, so not too bad for my first 2 miles haring.

I had about 15-20 minutes until the pack arrived at my house to prepare that beer near. At that point I was not caught as Chief had already laid the rest of trail, which many then cut knowing where they were. I emptied my fridge of cold beer and deployed nuts snacks (no, not nutsacks). I was drenched with sweat on a humid evening - so I had time for a costume change a la Bang and put a BN on the dumpster as I saw Bang do on 1-22-12. I like her shiggy trails and bow to the GM.

I was starting a small fire in a rock pit, smoky, and I thank Meaner Wiener for his pyromaniacal assistance and later gift of a homebrew which I am saving for a special occasion. I warned hashers not to miss the delicious pineapple juice, melon liquer and coconut run shot check, which we had to do down downs for locating in a drug-free zone acc. to Lumpy. Since much of the pack cut trail, they didn't find Chief's section that led to that shot check, but Dropped Trou and a bloody-legged Urine double back, and, normally FRBs, became DFLs and drank the stash as they walked back to circle.

I learned the following about haring 1) Hashers require at least 4 cases of beer for a warm night run - we had about 20 sign in - I went with corporate (and cheap) Bud and Miller and good beer I got on sale as opposed to the ever-present Yuengling - this in addition to a gallon of the shot stuff. 2) The hares have to do a lot of down downs esp. if they drop a flout bag less than 100 yards from the finish 3) Always say yes to Chief when he says, "Do we need more ice?" and 4) Hashers drink a lot of beer...

I know it was a shitty trail and an even shittier long-ass hash trash.

Ernest "No longer a Virgin Hare" Hemingay

Here is the list of hashers from last night. It was a grease fire of a hash. One hare (Lumpy) ended up in the ER. Hash cash went to pay off Lumpys credit card, which was left open at the bar, and the rest went to Secret Turtle Garden for beer we did not find on trail (the drunken hares forgot where one BN was, and could not find their way to another one) and for flour they did not bother to lay, as we found little of it.

I should also add... Driving down Cameron to work this am... I saw HUGE flour x's from the car. No wonder Turtle ran out... I'm a little annoyed we couldn't find them... But still don't know how we were to get from where we lost trail to where I saw it this morning. Squeezeme

Hares: Chief of Queef and Lick My Caucus
 First Annual is usually called "Inaugural."

Martina Dr. off Elmerton Ave.

Webelo

It's actually "First Anal" in our language.

On-On, KY

Or "ouch" for short.... Get it... First ANAL
 Lol SqueezeMe

Have you ever heard the term "less is more?"

Not sure I can fit all of this on the website.....Okay, I actually read this whole thing.

All I have to say is----get ready for a crash and burn. This guy is going down hard.
 She Came

It's not how deep you fish, it's how you jiggle the worm
 -Pump Kin Head

Jesus, calm down Ernest Hemminggay. Just give me a couple chapters, not the whole damn bible. Just the facts.

Hares: Chief of Queef and Lick My Caucus

Martina Dr. off Elmerton Ave.

On Agent Friday On,

Brown Noser

Ps:

B.S. Eliot

Ezra Pound Foolish

Salman Slowde

Mark Pain (in the ass...like a man)

Jonathon not Swift

Edgar Allen GO!

Toni Boreison

William Flake

Henry Lames

Walt Shitman

Brown Noser

holy shit, did u just make all those up? Did I mention there will be walking stick baton twirling and cheeseball juggling?

William Shakes His Spear aka Lick My Caucus The Verbose.

Bless all those who write shit to easily entertain H5!

There once was a wanker named Desperate Dave

Who kept a dead whore in a cave

Said he, "I must admit,

She does stink a bit".

But think of all the money I save!

On On

Farrt ConnOr

Hares: Tour De Puke and Weblo Scout

City Island

Like a fishing Fart, tall tales can be told taller. But first let me say this.. Who really reads this shit anyway? I can tell this tale ten ways crooked, three ways bent, or serve it straight with a dash of lemon in the wounds.

You decide for yourself which way it's told, I'm just the writer.

St. Patty's day, who really knows anything about it? Well for certain, 89,000 people who crammed downtown Crackisburg. That's a lot of people. but way out on a semi-deserted island a group who knew it a bit better got together.

Tour De Puke, and Weblow Scout sure know how to make a scarey trail. They left us on Shitty Island with cold beer, and proceeded to lay flour thru some of the most scenic areas of Crackisburg. Leading us straight to into the depths of darkness. The first beer was a pretty cool meth head hangout complete with sleeping accomodation. Nice view of the slumms too. The second beer was waaaaaayyyyyy over under that way right beside some place dedicated to ending racism, and wife beating. Seems beating your wife makes you hate mexicans, italians and scottish people from England. As I recall leaving the location of beer two, some hasher spotted a crackhead in an abandoned house as he took what should have been his last hit.

City Island

Ernest Hemingway

Full Worm Moon Hash

2270 Mockingbird Road, Harrisburg

So the hasher formerly known as Lick joins the likes of Tour among the renamed. Exclusive crowd, so be proud. Trail was shitty, not enough hills, rocks or EMFs, but TOO MANY beer checks.

3 /8 /2012 TMINMFMH3 Run #152

Full Worm Moon Hash

Hares: Bushrat

2270 Mockingbird Road, Harrisburg

LMC/EH running with and ahead of the pack cut trail like all when it was supposed to serpentine left, so Dropped disappeared to circle back to run what was missed and find M'Orally. We all arrived almost before Bushrat himself, a whole section excised with the abatement of Bush's sig other, family hashing with a golden and a lab.

NOW do you understand Lick My Caucus's I mean Ernest Hemingay's brain?? Todd help you if you do.

On Virgin Renamed Hare On

Lick My Caucus (now Ernest HeminGay)

Short version:

Last night Lick My Caucus was renamed. Due to his verbosity, he will now and forever be known as Ernest HemingGay.

Webelo Scout, the pithy.

3 /3 /2012 H5 Run #456

Grizz and LockJaw Birthday Hash

Hares: Can't Taste Won't Swallow, ID, Orangubang Oberlin

Thanks Orangubang, Can't Taste Won't Swallow, and Interior Deficator

To save some confusion H5's newly named hasher "Gary Shepard", not to be confused with Interior Deficator or ID Theft, attended trail. It's sort of a long story but maybe you had to be there a couple of years ago when Two Finger Tuesday told the cops when he was stopped on trail his name was Gary Shepard and later was accused of ID Theft.

The first part of trail looked like it was laid by Dude Where's My Mullet only he wasn't there, neither was the flour between checks. Dancing Fool cleaned up the local enviroment.

Just Mmmmm, Amber, and their dog invited us into their home for the first beer check and On In.

My favorite part of the trail was being the first to arrive at the Shot Near about 3 miles into trail. That's about as close as I'll ever come to being FRB. Actually all the FRB's except Brown Noser got lost or blew off this well marked part of trail. Fart Connor

Thanks for being a good group and being totally awesome this weekend, I had a blast CTWS, ID, and Orangubang!!

I have a pair of shoes from saturday that were left outside the 'pub'.

There is also some medication (drops) that were left there.

I can give them to ID when I see him this week if no one claims them. I hope to be going to my third hash soon and since everyone was good, I would be ok with having other events at my place.

On On

Just Meghan

Thanks to you and 'Ber for opening your home to this raucous group of hooligans.

On On

Grizz

2 /29/2012 TIUTALAWH3 #102

Ass Wednesday Leap Day Hash

Hares: Puke Panther

elizabethtown exit off 283 and 743, there is a pull off lot on the left going toward e-town

since nobody else put out a hash trash for the wednesday night leap day hash, guess i'll do it

so about 25 half minds gathered in the rain to have fun, drink and play

the hares, chappy and puke panther took off promptly on time (hash time)

so of course 7 for a 6:30 run...by that time it was raining at a rate that noah would have recognized

trail lead through some woods to a beer check in the parking lot of rockwells...the pack didn't take much time to down that case,

because every minute they stood there more trail marks washed away, then they crossed over an interstate highway and entered the

right away of death where they slipped and slid down the hill to the second beer check...next they tried to follow trail through the woods

and over some rain swollen creeks, promptly losing trail, wandering around and on the second inspection of the road they found a

shortened trail that lead back to the second beer check for a shot check

then since the drunken pack had gone through 3 cases of beer, 1/2 gallon of lemon drop shots and an additional 6 pack of yingling, we

had no choice but to have circle at the bar...after 5 large pitchers circle was done and it was time for a naming...after many great

choices the name the group decided to name him gary shepard...or id theft

Puke panther

Saturday, June 18, 2022

Page 78 of 208

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet

4 Ann St Middletown, PA 17057

This bar has great food and they put up with us. Though we did have to be respectful in that there were familys there too.

It was cool that many in the pack fell for the multiple false trail at the first check as the real hare sped off in the oppisite direction, though it is rumored that there could have been flour between the checks on the non-false trail. It was said that after the first beer check the trail was really well marked. In all respects the the first part of the trail was the hardest because the Mystery Hare had to bushwhack through some nasty shiggy just to put the beer checks out the morning of the hash and then find the way back to find beer while laying LIVE TRAIL!

Some found trail treasure along the banks of the Swatara left from the flood of last fall as they perservered through the shiggy and some nice water to the second beer check, again humped out there before LIVE TRAIL. Was it "Cum Dumpster" who waded out in the water to get one of the beer checks? Oh yeah, "Cum Dumpster" was carrying the FRB medal too.

After laying the nice false trail the other hare pussy footed the way to a fine hash bar by the name of "Demps"

<http://maps.google.com/?ll=40.201002,-76.726024&spn=0.001649,0.002401&t=m&z=19&iwloc=lyrfr:m,2357530966796798746,40.201268,-76.726166> and didn't leave any

flour till arriving at Demps. Shit! It's 2 O'fucking clock in the afternoon and this bar isn't open yet! OK, don't panic, Low Bridge is marked, a BC and a SC, that's "Beer Check" and "Song Check" Low Bridge is for the duct work that if you're over 5' 10" you'll whack your cranium. Lay trail back to the half way point using lots of TruE Trail arrows and then back to Demps. Yea! The bar is now open! The mystery hare with nice dry feet marks trail back to the first check that led to the pack to stupidly follow the falses and turns it into an HHH. Puke Panther is spotted and announces that he has Zenned to Demps and returned. Interior Deficator got there late and found False Trail. The dry pussy footed hare and ID hot footed it back to Demps to await the cumming pack.

And waited, told hash tales to the stanky smoking bar patrons, drank hash beer, and enjoyed second hand smoke with hash beer. I think I left a participle dangling. ID told tales of haberdashery. Finally after about an hour and a half of roughing it in the bar the FRB's stormed in. Now here's where I have to respect nasty, stanky, smoky bars; because they enjoy our singing and don't care if we say "FUCK"! The pack sang "There are no real hashers in a marathon" song and Tour de Puke and Brown Noser morphed into Glorious Victorious for many verses to the enjoyment of the smoky locals. Though I do wonder about the verse that says about the south in the war. It seems that there should be a retort for about the north. Ben Wa Done That had a bag of trail treasure that included Lunachick's shirt found in the flotsam. Didja ever wonder what the difference between flotsam and jetsom was, didja ever care? Flotsam: <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/flotsam> jetsam: <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/jetsam> Why are they different colors? Short story is that Lunachick found this shirt on a tree that said, "Girls like it on top".

The pack made it back to the HHH's under a bridge where trolls eat little kids for breakfast but it was supertime so the kids and hashers were safe and we had circle. Many an Old Milwaukee was consumed as the poor bastards had no choice. I recall something about, I think "Dropped Trou", being accused of beer abuse but the water from the Swatty had spilled into his Old Milwaukee and made it taste better. Just Mike got named "Swims With Boys" because, ummm, he didn't get named "Dr. Assguard".

On On Fart Connor

Who ever was responsible for the theft of the beer sign and the WII from the Blue Room bar on Saturday has until Friday at midnight to return the said items to the bar. Place them in a box and deliver them or place them or deliver them to the house next door with a note to the blue room owners.

After Friday the Middletown police will be involved and H5 will no longer be welcome within the Boro limits of Middletown.

Your stoopidity has affected the entire hash. And me personally. Understand the only way to settle this is to return the items. If items are returned no actions will be taken by Middletown PD but the hash will still be barred from the Blue Room Bar permantly. I am sorry to say that but that is. Where it stands. We are no longer welcome there due to the actions of one asshole. I have been removed from my flippy cup league and barred from the cornhole league because of this bullshit.

Again.... you have until Friday to return the items.

And yes they know it was a hasher because according to the security camera in the bar we were the only ones in the rear section of the bar that day.

Dude

Well, lets see what we have here. Accused, and convicted without one bit of evidence that H5 had anything to do with the removal of the items from the Blue Room Bar. The area is/was open to the general public during our time there. What a splendid opportunity for someone to take advantage of the activities to commit the theft. I do believe that if someone in our group was responsible for walking out with the sign it would have been quite conspicuous. If the owners of the Blue Room are that quick to accuse our group without any evidence or knowledge as to when the items were taken perhaps we do not need to go there if our activities are going to be scrutinized to such a degree that any time something occurs H5 is going to be held responsible. As far as H5 being banned from Middletown Boro, the last time I checked the Boro is a public place and who is to say who is a 'member' of H5. Each of us would have to be personally

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet

4 Ann St Middletown, PA 17057

notified by registered mail that we have been barred from the Boro. Would that mean we would have to detour around the Boro to get from one place to another let alone do Trail. Therefore the threat of being barred from the Boro of Middletown is a paper tiger. I can guarantee that the Middletown P.D. is not going to be happy about being asked to investigate a theft that occurred a week prior. Any witnesses or people to interview are long gone. If we as a group are being labeled as thieves perhaps we do not need to back to Middletown. It is also a bit disturbing that some people in H5 believe that someone in our group was responsible without any personal knowledge as to who may have committed the theft. Dude, I can understand your anger and frustration relative to this incident. However, please do not be so ready to point fingers until all information is learned. If? And I mean IF it is determined that a member of H5 is responsible I would be extremely disappointed that we would have someone like that in our kennel. Any and all comments are welcome.
CoQ

To whoever took the items from the Blue Room after Saturday's hash:

I know it can seem pretty funny to pull pranks in bars by taking random things when you're buzzed, but hopefully you are sober now and realize the damage caused by your actions. If you took items from the Blue Room on Saturday, please return them as soon as possible. Leave the items outside of the bar in the middle of the night if you want to remain anonymous. A real hasher would return the items while the bar is open and apologize profusely for his/her drunken foolery to both the bar owner and to Dude. If you took the items and do not intend on giving them back at all, you are no longer welcome to come hashing with Harrisburg/Hershey H3 -- we honestly don't need you around if you're going to steal and have no interest in righting your wrongs.

To all H5 hashers:

I know we are the best at getting drunk and being rowdy and having fun, but please, let's be smart about it. The last thing that the hash needs is more attention from law enforcement and to be banned from drinking establishments in the midstate....it just makes us all look bad...as if we don't already look bad enough. We don't need bar owners refusing our patronage because they don't want to deal with "that drinking and running club that steals stuff." I know I personally am not the greatest role model to be telling you all what to do, but as bad as we hashers are, we don't need to be labeled as "thieves" on top of being labeled as "drunks", "idiots", "half-minds", and "bimbos." Please refrain from stealing when you are socializing with the hash....DO IT ON YOUR OWN F*CKING TIME.

on on to being GM of a hash more notorious for its nudity than its thievery,

Bang 4 UR Buck

Actually according to video surveillance camera footage and eye witness accounts... it was a hasher who is responsible. I've seen the footage from the camera and the eyewitness saw the responsible party carrying the sign into the parking lot.

So the offer is that if the items are returned by Friday... Dude

Co Q

I don't know you...because i have been laying low in the hashing world for a time....however, maybe you need some information before you continue down the road you are starting down.

First, any negative involvement from law enforcement is not a good thing...call the threat a paper tiger or what ever you will. What we enjoy doing is boarder line with regards to the law and it would be very easy for them to just decide to arrest and detain all they catch, after a few of those little inconveniences, how many hashers would be coming out? So, we should always try to stay on EVERYONE's good side.

Second, it is unfortunate, and you can blame it on drunken behavior or just being assholes, but the fact is there is a long list of things that have gone missing over the years from peoples homes and cars, as well as from places of business that have hosted our group....so, yes there are those who lack the good sense NOT to STEAL.

Third, the list of establishments we are no longer welcome at continues to grow due to the stupid behavior of our own group. This is not the direction we should be going.

If as Dude said they have a security system and have viewed the tapes, then there should be no doubt who took the items involved. Personally i think the bar should have gone directly to the police. I take them going to Dude instead as a good will gesture on their part. Puke Panther

was not there sat. and I am not part of mis-management. I do have something to say though. First, if there is video proof that shows it is a hasher then why not name this person. Second, it seems that whenever Dude is involved there is some kind of drama. This is only my opinion. So lets knock off the blaming of an entire group and name this individual. If this offends anyone, too bad. I will not apologize for what I am saying and these are my thoughts solely. Have a great day.

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet

4 Ann St Middletown, PA 17057

Deathwish

Why the F__K are you adresssing it to whom it may concern!!!! If it is on camera then Dude you know who the Fuck this asshole is!!! Quit fucking around and end the F---kin drama!! Also kinda have to agree with Deathwish. But thats just my opinion.
ONPISSEDTHEFUCKOFFON Orangubang

We (h5) have been asked not to come back to bars before in our past history because we were rowdy, rude and or loud. Ask Chappy, Bushrat, Tour, Deathwish, KY, Wild Cherry etc..Yes but that still does not make it right. I was at the hash and also the bar that day. There were some very young people we questioned being legal drinking age in the back of the bar. I remember someone in our group saying "what is he 12?" We as a group were making the staff pretty busy with food and drinks. Soooooooo what I am saying is that there were others in that fucking bar that could have easily taken anything. So whether what was taken, if returned, still does not make us ever welcome in that bar again.

H5 has been accused of taking or destroying things in a home, bar, neighborhood and campground before. We have used other non hasher pools. Some have even mowed or cleaned without non hasher permission. Only a Fool would do that. Please someone share any stories. I remember a urinal at a dive bar, that some unknown Bimbo pissing (sitting) in broke. We all just thought it was broken before that (not). At Free Beer the neighbor accused hashers of knocking his fence down the year before. The Legend of Dumb may have a few stories, not sure. A totem pole just popped into my head. At times drinking causes people to strip in bars and or act stupid in the non hashers world. We are not acting stupid in that non hasher world, We are just being hashers.

I remember long ago the use of fowl language sometimes frowned upon in some bars. Take me for instance. We (h5) were in a bar around many non hashers. I wanted a beer and finally was able to order due to the bar being crowded. I realized I had no \$. My \$ person, Vagina Whiner was in the farrrrrrrr corner of the bar playing a game. Well I just had to get his attention, so I started screaming "VAGINA, VAGINA, VAGINA!!!!" until Spackle My Face grabbed me and said "M'orally you are screaming Vagina in a bar." After that I always called him Whiner and or Steve when we were home in Baltimore at our house. We were both newly named.

Well now just remember to act like well behaved hashers while hashing but try not to take, destroy, burn, walk accross, swim in or clean what is not ours. Do you really believe that, then you are not hashing. Try to use good judgment I guess is the right political thing to say.

OnOn,
M'Orally Challenged

Ok Dude,

If you saw the video, what did they look like, have on, what color was their hair? Was it a Wanker or Bimbo? Young or old? What kind of car did they drive? Did they have head gear on? You were the bloody hare. I'm sure you could tell us being that it was less than 20 hashers at the trail. When others saw this happening, why didn't they alert the bar people. Why why why why!! Your eyesight is not as good as the bar owners, but between you all you could tell us details. Deathwish is right, historically and coincidentally when you are around things happen. If you and the bar people saw this then they would tell you what they look like and we could take it from there. Perhaps Fart could tell us more.

M'Orally

Listen up: mismanagement has this under control. This is not a hash issue right now. This is an issue to be dealt with among Dude, the accused, and the bar owners. They are all adults and need no handholding, so no need to get all Nancy Drew on everyone's asses or worry your pretty little faces about it too much right now. I will help them as much as I can as they deal with this issue.

On Ass (Ash?) Wednesday on
Bang

recieved this message from the owners of the blue room bar and would like to pass it along to the group. Thank you mismanagement for your attention in this matter and thank you Bang for your prompt attention in this matter.

Let it be known this matter is resolved and nothing more will be said about it...

CASE OF DRUNKEN STOOPIDITY.... DISMISSED

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet

4 Ann St Middletown, PA 17057

----- Forwarded Message -----

From: "russ229@comcast.net" <russ229@comcast.net>
 To: "Rullo, Mike" <dudewheresmymulletstrikesagain@yahoo.com>
 Sent: Wednesday, February 22, 2012 1:52 PM
 Subject: Blue Room

Blue Room Family Restaurant & Tavern
 214 South Union Street
 Middletown, PA 17057
 717-944-6208

Hello Mike,
 Just wanted to let you know our items were returned last night. If you played a part in their return, Debbie & I thank you.

The name of the person that returned the items is dumbass hasher. His phone number is 514-idiot, in case you were not aware of the person that was responsible.

He assured me that the Running Club had nothing to do with it and he acted alone. He then bought the entire bar a round of drinks, and sang a song declaring himself one stoopid drunken "wanker".

Debbie & I look forward to serving you here at the Blue Room in the future. Has far as having another Running Event from here, well let's just say the Jury is still out on that one.

Thanks again in your efforts in having our items returned.
 Debbie & Deron
 Owners

2 /14/2012 H5 Run #453

St. Valentines Massacre Pub Crawl Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry

Anthony's (225 north 2nd street).

H5 Run #453: St. Valentine's Day Massacre Put Crawl

Gangster: a member of an organized gang of criminals, especially those "bad boys: who resorts to violence!"

Our fearless and gimping hare, Wild Cherry, looked especially dashing in his Al Capone best stripped suit and fedora. His nurse, Anal Nicole, was there to help in case of medical emergency. Mr. Tour de Puke paid homage to John Gotti in his suit and looked like he was head of the HASH Family that gathered at Anthony's Micropub. Fuki Suki, ID and Ben Wa Done That rolled in to the bar together with Fedora's in full effect. Flaming Earl Gay and KY, while in civilian clothes, joined in on the fun at the pre-lube where the choice of beers took about 10 minutes just to read the menu. Just Larry (aka tall, dark and handsome) came in with Wikipedia (sorry, not really sure of the whole correct name), his co-worker. She was ADORABLE in a flapper dress with a nice Fedora and her beautiful smile. Dropped Trou was a la Vito Corleone (I will make you and offer that you can't refuse) with his BIG CIGAR and dapper suit (a tie with a HASH necklace over it was extra classy). Cum Dumpster brought in a few people she knew (none were virgins) and our VISITOR, all the way from the University of North Dakota Hash, was Cougar Bait (and yes he is).

Our fabulous hare was super organized and brought the straws to draw. Green meant the Hare would buy your next drink and black meant you got to choose the next stop. After 10 minutes of lollygagging, the pack was off doing checks on every corner of 2nd street and getting NAUGHTY spansks in alleyways. Chalk was the marker of choice (who wants a guy on crutches to carry a sack of flour around) but with the wet sidewalks, it wasn't as easy to see as the blobs of flour. Well, we made our way into McGraths Irish Pub (Tour de Puke's pick) and stormed the place. Here, a few political/lawyer/suit types had their eyes bug out and tried to pick up the always sexy KY and Anal Nicole. We invited them along but they looked more scared than interested. That bar was pretty packed and we were lucky to get a table of four for the group. Again, we drew straws and off we went in search of the next BN. Into Molly's Branigans we go. We decided to Occupy nice comfy couches by the gas fireplace. It was hot and it incited me to hump the habedashery honcho on the sofa. I almost squished the poor bastard when I sat on him. Lap dances with me are not pretty. NEXT.

At this point, we ended up in Zembies. I don't know who's pick this was but it was also crowded at the bar but not in the back tables. SMOKEY and grimy and with just OK bloody mary's, we continued to elicit ogles from the other bar folk. We passed lots of in love couples going out for fancy dinners and gifting roses as foreplay. VD day traditions were alive and well downtown as was the spattering of graffiti on the buildings we passed. By now, Just Joe, Ben Wa's husband, joined our group and had a beer or two. Look, he really likes cumming to the on afters but doesn't want to join the hash and that is OK with me. This is the guy who took me to Hedonism in Jamaica for a week and we were the only two who stayed clothed and went to the PRUDE beach while all the nakid

Hares: Wild Cherry

Anthony's (225 north 2nd street).

people were having a blast. He is more of a lurker (but not in a totally pervie kind of way) and that is OK with me. On On to across the street for LUMBERJACKS at the Brick Haus.

Now Listen Up HASHERS. We will NOT patronize this SHITTY bar again. They are blacklisted. They went Gangster on our asses. Some of the obvious OLD FUCKS like myself, Fuki and Flaming Earl Gay were allowed to breeze right up to the stinky and smoke filled 2nd floor. Some muscle headed dick smoker insisted that Tour leave because he is a 40 year old man and didn't THINK to bring his effing drivers license for identification purposes. Out we marched and into The Quarter we went. There were only 2 people playing pool in the entire downstairs area. The barkeep was the old owner of Garrisons. Sadly, he had to sell (effective on Friday FEB 17th) because he just couldn't make it work. He was super friendly and knowledgeable and poured us beers from pitchers that our HARE bought for circle. He was also generous enough to buy 4 large pizza's for everyone. That gangster was making in RAIN, I tell you. His foot held up rather well despite bumping it all around that night and it was a fun and successful evening of ANTI Valentine Bullshit.

On asswednesday hash at the Sinkhole in Palmyra On

Ben Wa Done That

1 /25/2012 TIUTALAWH3 #98

Suck It Up Buttercup Hash
Hash

Hares: Cum Dumpster, Just Peter and No Dimples Left 280 Townhouse, Hershey, PA 17033

It was a dark, damp and chilly night when a rather large group of wankers showed up to suck it up. Little did they know what awaited...

After farting around for a while on a small apartment patio, and loading up on peanut butter cup cookies, the hares were off, followed by the hounds. The trail was pretty easy to follow (at this point) and led us up the street. We were then faced with a back check to Dimple's Hummer! (Suck it up, Buttercup!)

Upon arriving at the Hummer, we were confronted with a backcheck to the last backcheck! (Suck it up, Buttercup!)

The trail then headed up the street to Rt 322. We ran past a farmhouse and... we were confronted with a backcheck 7! (Suck it up, Buttercup!) The trail then lead into a field where we all added five pounds of mud to each foot. (Suck it up, Buttercup!)

We headed toward the Med Center where I, weighed down by the FRB medal, took a spectacular header off a hill and finished with a dramatic roll into the street (Suck it up, Buttercup!). Into the area for what I assume is student housing. Whoops! Where did trail go? We wandered around until someone found a SN in front of one of the apartments. Delicious shots were to be had accompanied by delicious bacon. (Everything is better with bacon... even bacon!)

After sending scouts out in various directions, marking their passing with snowballs hurled at random hashers, trail was re-established about a quarter mile away (Suck it up, Buttercup!) near the parking garage. It led, fitfully, up a hill and into the woods. A short while later we found a BN, but where was the beer? Oh, there it is, securely tied 20 feet up in a tree. (Suck it up, Buttercup!) An adventurous wanker untied it and tossed it down to us and there was much rejoicing!

Trail then wound through the woods to an abandoned well where we found the second BN. The group took at least four different routes to this BN, due their inability to follow the clearly marked trail. (Suck it up, Buttercup!) At this point Deathwish, no doubt feeling hot and sweaty, decided to take a cool dip in the aforementioned well. Ahhhh. Refreshing!

After recreating, we followed a dirt road to a construction site and off across a field (no checks – figure it out for your selves! Suck it up, Buttercup!) down to Bullfrog Valley road where there was a backcheck 12 (Suck it up, Buttercup!) to the middle of the field. Then off to 322 and parallel to the road. Lost a lot of wankers at this point. Through some businesses and up to the pond in front of the Hershey Lodge for a SN of spiked hot chocolate. Once again, hashers felt too hot to continue, and so, not deterred by the pussified plastic fence, Dimples and Urine My Sister jumped through the thin ice for a refreshing dip, followed by Deathwish, who was again overheated. Then it was back to the apartment complex and to circle for down-downs. Following trail, it should have been about five miles. I did about six.

Suck it up, Buttercup!

Webelo Scout

1 /22/2012 H5 Run #450

Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Peachtree Lounge, 251 N. Progress Ave, Harrisburg, PA 17109

Thanks Bang for a great hash yesterday. I loved the location we started and ended. Nice trail, loved the bacon.

OnOn

Deathwish

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Wild Cherry and Cock-a-Doodle-Don't

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

Thank you, Doodle, Wild Cherry and Glass Ass.

Wow 2012 Free Beer For All The Hashers rocked. We had everything you could imagine. Beer, Wild Cherry Cookies, beer, food, multiple State license plates, Hot dog Weenies, booze, creepy neighbors that lie to police, FIREWOOD and more beer. It's not a party until the Fire Department shows up. Speaking of water, you may have noticed a very beautiful pregnant H5 hasher named Claps On Gets Off (Cogo). I was trying to get her to fake her water breaking just for fun since she could not get in the hot tub this year. Egads let us try out Bottle rockets. This was another newby to the day/night events.

Doodle said there was 167 hashers that signed in. Holy shit that is ingredable. I vote Nittany Valley H3 for best entrance in the Short Bus with tunes a blasting while Radar Boy throws doughnuts at on on lookers. Very cool indeed. Let us not forget our dear Dancing Fool. He is always the unsung hero at all events. I recycle my colors so Fool gets black. A Lay in The Manger (aka 3rd Bedroom Nazi) made yummy food too :b Don't bother comming early to Free Beer to claim a room. I wasted my time on that venture. I wasted my time on having a bed or getting laid venture too. Hence the room dah (not Dah, dah) In fact I'm not sure if anyone other than in the private bedrooms got laid either. Its not important if we puked, got laid, ate, drank, danced, put more wood in the fire or played tippy cup. Its the fun that counts.

There was much fun to be had by all. I will just say how wonderful ;) it is/was to see all/most of you. I didn't hear/see anyone puking this year. Whats with that? I did hear Prick Her laugh alot. We all heard she had a good time.

On Free Beer On,
M'Orally Challenged H5

12/7 /2011 TIUTALAWH3 #92

Ass Wednesday Pearl Harbor Day Hash

Hares: Deathwish

City Island

Pearl Harbor Day turned out to be cold and wet. Nevertheless, ten or eleven hashers showed up on City Island to brave the weather (it depends on if you count Butt Pirate, WHO WAS NOT THERE!) After wisely moving from the rainy parking lot near the beached Pride of the Susquehanna to the dry parking garage, we commenced with chalk talk and the hares – Deathwish and Stiff On Toe Poke Her - were off.

After waiting the appropriate 12 minutes, the pack followed. Off into the rain and sleet and wind we ran into the west. After crossing a great body of water (the Susquehanna, not the Pacific) we then climbed a formidable muddy, slippery hill (up to the PNC Bank billboard, not Mount Suribachi - http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Raising_the_Flag_on_Iwo_Jima) where we were assaulted by shots fired. It turned out to be Stiff On with a paintball gun giving us a bit of fun. Fortunately, his aim was poor and only Brown Noser suffered a wound (although sometime around here we lost our intrepid Marine, Dimples.) Kudos to Lumpy for managing the hill carrying the FRB medal, which weighs half as much as she does!

Appropriately, we found Kamikaze shots at this point and they were kept liquid by enclosing them in a cooler with ice, so as not to have the outside temperature warm the shots. Then the pack was off again through the neighborhoods of Lemoyne, down to Market Street and into the woods where we took cover under a bridge where we were forced to make our own shots, called Pearl Harbors. A list of instructions and various ingredients were available, but due to the wet, shivering hands of the mixologists (NONE OF WHOM WERE BUTT PIRATE, AS HE WAS NOT THERE) every drink tasted different. We delayed there listening to the booms from overhead (a rare winter thunderstorm, not mortar fire.)

Then things got a little blurry.

The pack split at this point with the main group crossing the railroad bridge (no guard rails, dark, sleet, 15 MPH winds) all the way to the east shore. The other part of the pack crossed the Market Street Bridge – some decamping to their cars, others continuing to the opposite shore. Those who approached the Harrisburg Hospital were in for a surprise! A BN had been placed near the Security kiosk in the parking garage. Stiff On was waiting patiently for approaching hashers. He drew a bead on an approaching body with his paintball gun when he found himself captured by the enemy! The security patrol at the hospital, seeing a potential threat, drew his (real) weapon and took Stiff On into the hospital to be interrogated. (ID had surrendered also, but realized that he was on the other side of a tall chain link fence and fled the scene!) The BN was wisely abandoned by the hounds, who returned to their vehicles. After a period of questioning, and explanations from Deathwish, the prisoner release was arranged.

The group reconvened at Dukes, where both hares were encouraged to do many down-downs for all of the tomfoolery on trail. Another short visit by the 5-0, and a threat from the waitress and bartender to flag the whole group, brought us under a semblance of control. Circle was concluded with a social to a fallen soldier. A good time was had by all.

WS

11/26/2011 H5 Run #446

Bushrat's 12th Anal Post Turkey Day Family Hash

Hares: Tiny Johnson(virgin hare), Lockjaw, Purple Co 4414 Marblehead st Harrisburg (Grizz and Lockjaw's home)

Well, an exciting week for the H5 group who was thankful for outstanding weather all weekend long. The Thanksgiving Eve pub crawl, while I didn't attend, sounded very interesting. Hanging out with the amateur partiers on the busiest party night of the year in downtown Harrisburg with heavy police presence. Word is about 10 of yuinz guys and girls met up for the pub crawl. I am totally interested in trying a shot called the Lumberjack. It is said to taste like maple syrup and comes with a side of hot, sizzling bacon. The gang ended the night at Zembies, where Bang insisted on ordering food at midnight, even though the bar was closed. Justification was "there is a menu so there should be food". She has a point.

After the torture that is spending the day with relatives and stuffing your face, about 23 people showed up to the Black Friday Hash to celebrate in our Peopleofwalmart best. Fart Connor gave everyone purple emPOWerment bracelets to wear. We had some visitors

Hares: Tiny Johnson(virgin hare), Lockjaw, Purple Co 4414 Marblehead st Harrisburg (Grizz and Lockjaw's home)

like You'll Do, Twenty three and a half men, Cliff Diver, 4 FU and I Cunt Ear You who were in town for the holiday. Daisy secured our encampment sight on the Rt. 114 side of the old abandoned Lowes building in the Silver Spring Shopping Center. Step On had the most classic WalMartian ensemble with bib overalls, sideways hat, Hershey Beer shirt and crazy socks. If he was 200 pounds heavier and 5 teeth lighter, he would have looked exactly like most people in the Wall. Brown Noser looked like he could have won Dancing with the Stars in a red lame top, and rollerblades. Chief of Queef looked like a Purry Countian in his get up and Dimples was ready for deer hunting season in his orange and black one piece ensemble. GQ wore the FRB medal/shirt combo.

Fuki Suki started laying trail and we were anxious to follow to the beckoning Wal Mart. We did a dangerous gymnastic balance beam routine behind the old Lowes on our way to the first beer stop. Aptly, it was directly next to the shit pumping station. Before I knew that, I was blaming Hu Phlung Pu for dropping another one of his room clearing gas attacks. Then, as with all H5 trails, the chaos set in. After finding ONE blob of flour directly under a SEMI behind WalMart, trail went dead. We were supposed to circle around the Wal Mart on the woods side and drop our donations into the Salvation Army Red Kettle, swing in through one door of Wal Mart and out the other. Some of us decided to do a NO NO. I was excited thinking that this was something very dirty but learned that it's just following trail in the opposite direction that you are supposed to go. I took some excellent Christmas Card Worthy photo's of our WalMartians by the Christmas Tree at the door. Surprisingly, no one really looked twice at us because we totally blended in.

Because of all that dilly dallying in the store, I was with the DFL pack of Trashed, Ruffy and Chief. We followed trail parallel to the Carlisle Pike in front of a few store fronts. We missed the left that would have taken us on Fart Connors leg of the course around the quarry. Thoroughly confused, we set our sites on the only bar within walking distance, the ABC lanes. Sure enough, there were the distinctive flour blobs. We met up with Bang, who had finished laying the last leg of this trail and joined us at the bar. Now, who hangs out at a bowling alley bar? Creepy people, that's who. We met a long haired hippy type guy with a pink Santa hat. He was an ACTUAL Wal Mart employee who had gotten off of work at 2:00 and needed a drink after restocking Tickle Elmo's Weenie dolls for the tenth time that morning. He kept trying to impress Bang with his singing skills. Webelo Scout came into the bar in his civilian clothes but was persuaded to change and run the end of trail.. The FRB's came in and told us we missed a beer check and a shot check along the quarry.

Trail continued out of the bowling alley where we all attempted our best live action Frogger game of running across 4 lanes of traffic. Most of the drivers where highly caffeinated, estrogen soaked Soccer Mom's with an empty wallet, empty bellies and empty souls who had been shopping for almost 15 hours straight at this point. Through the shiggy we went to a delicious candy cane flavored shot before heading back through the Wal Mart parking lot to circle. Fart was the RA and we found out there was to be a naming or two. I Cunt Ear You brought her man, Just Mike. Turns out, that Mike decided to take the Naughty Check up a notch by having his ass smacked without the aid of clothing to soften the blow. Problem was, Naught Check was right in front of SUPER SHOES on the Pike. As the pants dropped, out emerged what can only be described as a HAIRY, BROWN STARFISH that was his asshole. The manager dashed out of the store and left these words of wisdom, "Sir, please do NOT drop trou in front of this business establishment" or something of the sort. Just Mike is now named, Dropped Trou (or Drop Trou)---clarification needed. On we went to Just Todd. This happy guy wearing of Cleveland Browns gear told us that he was once arrested by a mounted police officer in Ohio for Jaywalking and that he was a writer. Fuki Suki dished that he writes Right Leaning Republican Propaganda. Immediately, You'll Do came up with the name "suck my caucus" which turned into Just Todds hash name of Lick My Caucus. FRB was Urine My Sister.

The Family Hash. I had never been on one of these before so I was unsure what to expect. It was another great day weather-wise for late November. We met up at Grizz and Lockjaws house near the Central Dauphin Middle School. Lots of out-of-towners including everyone's favorite, Tubslut. Lots of little ones of the two and four legged varieties. There seemed to be a nice collection of canned goods to be donated when I left my bag of goodies in the pile. The famous Bushrat stew was cooking away and the keg on the deck was pumping out the nectar of the gods. After a brief explanation of trail marks including PN, playground near, for the Turkey Trail, the hares headed off about 2:00. Apparently, I did a poor job of explaining HASHING to the two bimbos-in-training that came with me because they decided to wear COWBOY BOOTS and JEANS for the day. That was immediately regretted as we hit the first bit of shiggy. The ground was about as hard as some of the weenies I've witnessed at the dick checks. You would sink down a good 3 inches into the muck. Mary Claire was smart and turned back at this point. Through the swampness to the first beer check in a cemetery where Fart and myself hash crashed in the brush pile. The FRB's spent .9 seconds at this checkpoint and were off towards the Football stadium. The well marked trail led us towards the Jonestown Road area where most of us crossed over without the advantage of a red-light. Wandering behind some businesses and back across the busy road at the Burbon Street East area, we were lucky to cross without incident.

Just Jenna and Just Jade ditched the pack to hole up in the McDonalds, hoping for a handout of fries at this point. The slower pack met up with Bushrat in a drainage tunnel for a BN in a swanky neighborhood. Here, we were warned about and evil troll of man in his McMansion that didn't want the likes of us uglying up his neighborhood. The instructions were to stay on the road and then follow trail. Well, true trail pointed towards shiggy, away from the direction Bushrat told us to go. Sister Maria, who I am convinced would follow true trail to the depths of hell, went into the thorny brush and I followed. About 25 minutes later we emerged back on the road, as this "true trail" was mostly on posted property and led to nowhere. At this point, I was hoping to be abducted by aliens as I was bringing up the rear with Fuzzbuster and knew us to still be about a mile away from the starting point. We skipped the last BN and pushed on through some low income apartments and a small residential area before we could see the CD school again. Through the parking lot of CD Pizza and back to Grizz and Lockjaws. I didn't take my phone on trail so I went to my car and to pick up the 15 and 17 year old Just Jenna and Just Jade. They were no where to be found but had called. They did NOT succeed in getting a ride at the Mikie D's and continued to follow trail. They were hopelessly lost in the aforementioned trail section to nowhere but deep shiggy. They mentioned something about seeing the Taj Mahal. They were about 2 miles OFF trail, past the Orthodox church off of Locust Lane!!!! I was proud that they followed trail that well--to that point and they where never so happy to see my old car pulling up to ease their blistered feet. We autohashed the way back to the house where nothing was left to eat but the asshole of the turkey. All in all, it was a great day with family and friends and a pretty awesome Suburban trail.

On On to the pajama jammy jam

Ben Wa, Done That

Hey Wankers!

Like some others have said, "What a week of hashing!" From my Black Friday perspective thanks for all those who came out to play and those who wish they did. One of my funnest observations was that the "crunchy octopus" got eaten. Thanks to all of youse who

11/26/2011 H5 Run #446

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are dumb enough to come out for Fuki Suki, Chapped Lips (Even though youse blew off her part of trail.), Bang For Your Buck, and Farrt ConnOr trail on a Black Friday.

<http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/black-friday-hash>

On On

Farrt ConnOr

BWDT -

Great Hash Trash. A few corrections -

1. I am NOT a visitor to H5! Even though I only hash a few times a year with you and am hare-raiser for PGH-H3, I was originally and will always be H5. I am bi-hashual.

2. Farrt Connor explicitly stated Just Mike's hash name is past tense, therefore: "Dropped Trou."

3. Although I said the next time I would be at an H5 hash would be Free Beer, I will be back Dec 24-Jan 1, so if there is a hash in that timeframe, I should be able to make it.

It was great seeing so many old friends and making new ones.

On-on, T&B,

4-F You

11/12/2011 H5 Run #443

Sasquatch Hash

Hares: M'Orally, Flaming Earl Gay and GQ

York - Lake Redmond/Williams

Yarr Wankers!

Short shitty Hash Trash for a Long Shitty Trail. Thanks M'Orally Challenged, Flaming Earl Gay, and Genuinely Queer, virgin hare, for being stupid enough to hare trail. According to the hare map the trail started right on hash time of 2:30pm as trail start was advertised as starting at 2. Some were bitching that the trail started too early from the directions that the hares sent that pointed to the middle of a lake... <http://maps.google.com/maps?hl=en&q=Lake%20Redman%2C%20York%20County> The hares fucked up their trail with lots of flour, chalk, toilet paper rolled in large globs like a woman having to pee, and carpenters chalk out of a handy container, but where was the beer and checks? Oops, "was" should be "were". I should just cross that out.

The thirsty pack followed for miles and miles and miles and miles of trail around water with no beer. It got dark and Un-Hitched Cock caught up with the pack of DFL's that did find one nasty Shot Check of some kind of bannana shit with booze mixed in. Weblows Scout swept trail and made sure the DFL's got in. Rumors of M.O.U.N.D.S and Cliff Diver on trail were confirmed and their safe return somewhere were confirmed. Farrt ConnOr had no technology on trail.

With all gathered safely, or went the hell home, the pack re-convened at a bar about a 10 minute drive away. For some reason in Pennsylvanifuckingvania if the proper signs are out you can eat good food and still enjoy secondhand smoke with your meal if you're stupid enough to go there. I was there with many other wankers.

The bar let us have circle on their outside deck because it was cold and no other assholes were out there. KY recruited some bimbos from the bar to join us for circle. "You'll Do" currently from LVH3... <http://www.lv3.com/index2.html> joined us at the bar after being stuck on the PA Turnpike for hours and missed trail but still joined us at the bar to be dis-respected. "You'll Do" saw Santa Claus, really.

Most importantly Just Jolanda, "Yorkshit Harrier"'s sister, stick that punctuation in your spell check, got named. Ummm, what the hell she named? Oh, now I remember some. "Takes It Up The Ass Like A Man", shit, that's not it. "Dyke Tyson" as suggested by Brown Noser, shit, that's not it. "Two In The Bush" as suggested by Weblows Scout, nahhh, that's not it. Oh, "Angry Beaver" as suggested by her sister Yorkshit Harrier because Just Jolanda beats up guys who enjoy it. The story came out how Just Jolanda, hope I spelled that right, and her sister, "Yorkshit Harrier" were peeing together in weeds and fell over together while peeing. So anyhow Just Jolanda got named "Urine My Sister"!

H5's newest named hasher is "URINE MY SISTER"

On On

Farrt ConnOr

Good assessment of trail Farrt.

M'Orally was so organized she even gave handouts for us to study as part of chalk talk.

11/12/2011 H5 Run #443

Sasquatch Hash

Hares: M'Orally, Flaming Earl Gay and GQ

York - Lake Redmond/Williams

The trail did not start too late considering the distance the hares had in mind. In fact given the distance, it could have started earlier, especially if we'd found all the drink checks. Some hashers bailed & auto hashed back to the start half way through trail. Others finished well after dark.

Given my bad knee, I decided to run to the first beer check and walk from there - bad move. Little did I know we wouldn't find the first shot check until 1.5 hours and the first beer check until 2 hours into the trail. Incidentally the shot check was so bad we called it "shit" and held our noses as we drank it. The beer check was found just 20 minutes before end of trail.

One sight I can't forget, as the first few of us broke out of a tree line into an open field, we saw the bits of toilet paper marking trail into the distance go flying up into the air and up over the dam and into the reservoir. Thus we knew where the TP had been and crossed the field in that direction while the DFL's were left to fend for themselves.

Another name comes to mind for this trail: "A Bridge Too Far".

On On!
Sister

Ummm, note to self. Don't serve 99 Bananas and Champagne to hashers. I looked up Yeti, Sasquatch and Bigfoot shots. I chose the Bigfoots Dick recipe. It sounded like a good choice. Well it tasted like shit not piss. I will have to change the ingredients next time.

On Shot,
M'Orally

10/29/2011 H5 Run #442

2nd Anal (Girth and Luna) Halloween Hash !

Hares: Girth Brooks and Lunachic

Rails to Trails Entrance in Colebrook, Pa

Heads up.

We can not cancel the Hash for today.

We can post-poner it!

We are ready if you want to visit.

We have beer and food .

In this freak storm we are concerned for the safety of our half mind friends.

If you could call or email a general message of your situation and thoughts that would be great.

As always we love to hash and we want to be able to cum again.

Our area is going to freeze.

Perhaps we are better to do our hash next Saturday.

Respond to this please and give your thoughts !!!

On -On?

Girth

Bang and I will be there, no matter what. H5 has hashed in better and worse weather (a hurricane if I am not mistaken) and in my opinion, today should be no different. Take that Reading!

Brown Noser

YOU CAN'T BE A PUSSY ALL YOUR LIFE.

Here's the deal. Find a hasher friend with a four wheel drive and carpool. Drive real slow. Start EARLY. Don't drink and drive.

I will be there complete with costume to wreak havoc on your home.

onon
She Came

No matter what !

If we have 1 hasher to chase us.

That is all it takes.

The Hash is on.

Same Hash Time

Same Hash Place

On as snow plow goes by on

Girth

Fuzz & I will be there.

We are meeting Albino Beaver, who is bringing Fuzz's clothes from last night's party.

I'm used to winter driving and snow & ice have never stopped me from going anywhere. You just have to adjust your driving for the conditions.

Fuzz & I love hashing in the snow and we wouldn't miss it for the world.

Fuzz wants everyone to know H5 has had many hashes in snow storms and it was always a great time.

Make sure you have enough flour for the trail.

On On!

Sister

10/29/2011 H5 Run #442

2nd Anal (Girth and Luna) Halloween Hash !

Hares: Girth Brooks and Lunachic

Rails to Trails Entrance in Colebrook, Pa

Seriously brown noser? Take that reading? Pbbbssttt....

I dare you to come to come out to our spooktacular trail tomorrow. Or do I get to call you a pussy the rest of your life Bang

Lunachic and I want to thank y'all for cumming yesterday to our 2nd Anal Hollow Weenie Hash. We had a BALL!

The many out of town visitors that showed the luv was really cool.

Every one seemed to have a great time and that always makes the hares stand up on my neck.

We had lightning strike a tree in our back yard from the evidence of the black hole.

Great costumes and great friends prove that hashers are among the best people in the world.

On to a spooktacular RH3 hash ON,

Girth Brooks

Wow thank you to Luna and Girth for an awesome hash. Halloween hells hey cuz it was scary. Driving in snow, ice and trees is a bit hairy in October. The lights went out a few times. Very Halloween guys. Ruffie and I really thought the cracking of tree limbs above our heads took the cake for special effects. One of the best haunted woods I've been in a long time.

Happy Halloween On,
M'Orally

PS. Webelo I have to add the pretend snow quick sand was an awesome display too.

10/26/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #86

Face Down/Ass Up Wednesday Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator

1701 Cedar Cliff Dr. Camp Hill

On a cold and dreary night, the HASHERS gathered at ID's abode next to Cedar Cliff High School. We were treated by a visit of ID's brother, the cop. A trickle of hashers made it there by 7 pm. ID was dressed in his Butt Plug Pirate costume with all the accouterments and S&M Fetishist could hope for. Lumpy and Yorkshit looked like smokin' hot schoolgirls. Girth Brooks looked like a Monk and Luna looked lovely as an Indian Princess. Most hashers complained that ID's infomercial of an announcement was NOT clear on costume policy. Besides, I think everyone is keeping there costumes secret until Saturday's REAL Halloween Trail hosted by Girth and Luna. The chalk talk lasted all of 5 seconds and hares were off about 7:15. Luckily, by now, more hashers showed up. Fuki, Chief, She Came, Squeeze Me, Wild Cherry, Stiff On, Tour, Dimples, Bitch, Bath and Behind (with ever awesome puggle Dexter), Flaming Earl Gay, Fuzzbuster and returners, Just Todd and Just Jolenda.

The pack scrambled onto Cedar Cliff Drive which has NO SIDEWALK and is heavily traveled. Luckily, no one ended up as roadkill. They came upon a single SLASH marking. After many WTF's, they spied the BN in front of Ben Wa's house. The brief refreshment stop fueled them for the dark and gloomy romp towards the Rolling Green Cemetary. Meanwhile, ever clueless Ben Wa took the shots to the secret location of the Weis Market. This is the hub of activity in this one horse town. A policecar was busy pulling over one car after another as they shot throught the yellow/red light on Lowther Street. The pack encountered a Naughty check where a certified Jockeys Whip was used on those tight asses. The reward was the creamy goodness of a MUDSLIDE shot. It's like hot chocolate but only cold and alcholic. The pack chose to ignore true trail and jumped a fence to head in the right direction. The uptight neighbors were perplexed and decided to call the cops on a "man in costume with white powder". The police caught up with the pack and were told that this is just a running club and they saw NO ONE NAMED GARRY SHEPPARD running in a pirate costume sprinkling any fairy dust.

After a trip around Guilifty's, the pack headed onto the last BN before ending up back at the bright lights of Cedar Cliff Stadium where the soccer team was getting a work out. At 1701 Cedar Cliff Drive, ID had prepared a lovely fall feast of grilled chicken and a mash potato soufle with french onions and vegetables. Fresh veggies from his own garden along with cut up apples and caramel dipping sauce were gobbled up despite being covered in debris from the fire pit. Everyone wondered if ID was a boy scout because he only needed 2 entire bottles of lighter fluid and a few 20 pound, wet/green wood logs along with a stash of cardboard to get that baby fired up. HOT ASSES of the night were Lumpy, Yorkshit and Fuzz, who all won sexy thongs. Best Male Ass of the night went to Dimples, who could fit himself and all three female HOT ASSES in the Halloween themed Boxers. Circle happened and there was a mad rush for the hot tub. So much so that poor Just Jolanda AGAIN remained UNNAMED. That is a bummer because she is having a change of work schedule and will not be hashing on Wednesdays for a while. Lumpy took home the FRB, which honestly weighed more than she does. Girth and Luna were the proud DFL's.

In retrospect, my virgin hare experience was much like my real virgin experience---left me feeling confused and empty inside. Thanks to ID for taking me for the ride though. Just like Mr. Rodgers, he is great to have as a neighbor.

ON to Girth and Luna's On,
Ben Wa, Done That

10/22/2011 H5 Run #441

October Birthday Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck and Lumpneck Muncher (VIR 4431 North Front Street, Harrisburg, PA 17110

Thanks to our hares Lumpy and Bang For Your Buck!

This was Lumpy's virgin trail and she and Bang proved it. As I write this my brother in law is narrating the Penn State game like the Touretts Syndrome Sports Channel... <http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=tourette%20syndrome> yeah, nothing to do with trail but it makes a football game a whole lot more fun not to watch.

Me and Delia got there early and there was only one car with inhabitants. We pulled up beside and here are 2 cute bimbos. I instruct them in some of the finer points of hashing and we adjourn to the back of the parking lot where I tell how they should turn their

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Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck and Lumpneck Muncher (VIR 4431 North Front Street, Harrisburg, PA 17110)

Type A shirts inside out and one decides that being there are no rules, other than that they need to be 21 years of age, not to turn her shirt inside out. I believe that bimbo to be Just Ariel, which reminds me of a 70's song...

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xDwIFUjgcs> This song is almost shitty enough for Bubba. Awww Jeeezzzzzeee, did Just Ariel get named after a Disney movie character? FUCK Disney, the shadow government... Never mind, don't read that part. So in the song there is also something about "peasant blouses", some remember my ramblings about pleasant blouses and no bra.
<http://curvyswervydames.tumblr.com/post/4399608824/roberta-pedon-for-those-of-you-who-cant-know>

So like 33 more hashers arrive and we start trail an hour late right on time with at about 10 visitors and some non-returns. Hmmm, dare I try to mention some? I don't want to do this because my memory sucks and I don't want to piss anybody off, sort of. The hares explain how they are gonna mismark the trail and 12 minutes later the pack is off. Here's one of the coolest things I like about <http://h5hash.com/> is that we do LIVE HARE TRAILS. The pack followed a well marked trail for about half a mile till we ran into this check that the pack lemminged to... <http://uncyclopedia.wikia.com/wiki/Lemming>, I think I just made another noun into a verb for those who give a shit about grammar. Good thing we had a lot of wankers to check things out and not find trail for about 15 minutes from this triangle of flour dots. It was cool to see the pack meander around and come to a group conclusion to go a ways back to the last check and blame shit on the virgin hare, Lumpy. Meanwhile back at the previous check, maybe you had to have been there, so "insert your own insult like (Fuck You!) up your ass here", cause you weren't on trail, and we found a run on sentence.
http://mindyourownbusiness.com/just_plain_mean.htm From there we found a well marked trail over the railroad tracks, that is legally hashing on the wrong side of the road on a road over the railroad tracks. If you don't get that, stay off the fucking railroad tracks.

Yea, the first shot check! Some kind of pumpkiny cinaminy shot check that resembled the Gingerbread Man having the runs, butt we drank it. So the trail story's going to get a lot shorter from here. The trail went up this little hill to a beer check and went up the hill more till the trail went straight up the hill, or maybe forward because you shouldn't ever go straight. Desperate Dave hung back to give saged advice to Cliff Diver and M.O.U.N.D.S. smart advice to "Go back it's a blow job!" The rest of the pack went up the hill and found another shot check with neat views of the Susquehanna Valley below that you couldn't take pictures of because the woods were just a little too thick. Then we went down down to the road and back to the start and had circle.

Brown Noser was named official RA of the TuTu hash and convened a great circle un-attended by many. OK, had a "few" beers so here's here's my visitor memory: Grab Bag, Spank You Very Much, Doodle, Glass Ass, Albino Beaver, A.N.G.E.L., and Cliff Diver. Big Rig and Jello who moved from the area to Florida returned for a cameo to go hashing and drive a trailer full of horses back to Florida on Sunday the day after trail. European Whore and Sux To Blow recently moved back from Germany and it was great to see them again. Let's not forget Dick On A Stick who is bi-hashual with H5 and Reading.

Mary Clair was the birthday girl and she hosted the whole hash at the bar next door! So thanks to Mary Clair. Now I'm going to watch a gay zombie movie... <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nFvZ3k5dPKc>

Oops, here's a Hashspace photo album... <http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/tutu-hash>

On On

Farrt ConnOr

Thanks to all who came out on Saturday to ruin Lumpy's virgin hare. As most cases of cherrypopping go, it was a messy, clumsy type of ordeal. Thanks also to MC for sharing her birthday celebration with the hash. And thanks to Tour for putting up with us once again destroying his basement and Irish carbomb shelter on a Saturday night. Still not sure how Lumpy made it home with any clothing. After walking through Tours house collecting her things and picking even more of her shit up at Morgan's when I went to close out my tab on Sunday I think I have a brand new hashing wardrobe to call my own.

On lost property on biotches
 Bang

10/19/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #85

Ass Wednesday H5 Zombie Walk Pub Crawl
 Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged
 Wanks,

Ceoltas

Thank you to those that came out to Zombie last night. I can't believe how many non hashers passing by us asked where is the Zombie Walk. One woman was so upset about thinking she missed it we asked her to join us. Her high heels would be a problem. The rain, thunder and lightning made it that much better.

On Zombie On,

Hares: M'Orally Challenged
M'Orally

Ceoltas

10/15/2011 H5 Run #440

Feelin' Kinda Dizzy Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Yorkshit Harrier

Cul-de-sac at end of Cumberland Estates Drive, Mechanicsburg

Thanks Wild Cherry and York Shit Harrier for a trail today that was so bad it wasn't almost shitty! Make special note of York Shit's name, now she has a necklace spelled that way even if she doesn't like it. Besides that, York Shit decided that "Takes It Up The Ass Like A Gay Pit Bull" was too long to hang on her neck. So it's "York Shit Harrier".

Oh yeah, click on the funny colored stuff.

According to Dancing Fool the pack left after 3:30pm because he and his trash bag caught up with the pack about 4pm. Bush Rat zenned almost immediately off trail to get his feet wet without M'Orally challenged and went under Interstate 81 in what proved to be a futile effort to catch the hares because they didn't go that way. Grab Bag, a visitor from the Jersey Gypsy Hash... <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/LVH3/attachments/folder/628619447/item/1187793006/view>

wasn't seen on trail either but both Bush Rat's car and Grab Bag's were gone when I got back to the HHH so they either got kidnapped by banjo playing Rednecks, aliens, or made it home safely. Meanwhile the rest of the pack is still near the beginning of trail as we wander through corn fields.

A visitor "You'll Do" from Lehigh Valley Hash <http://www.lvh3.com/index2.html>, she's a babe, was wondering about all the corn. Apparently she hash only hashed in San Diego, California and in right coast cities. I wonder does her name come from the movie "The Jerk" with Steve Martin? I can't put the link I got when I typed in, "movie, The Jerk, biker bitch" and then clicked on "Muscle Lady, - free porn toys, tits, boobs". It's amazing what you find when you type shit in on your Brown Noser, oops, I mean browser. Look what happens when you type in "Ship High In Transit"... <http://www.snopes.com/language/acronyms/shit.asp> So anyhow we're not very far on trail and I spent about 2 hours writing this shit.

Our hares, Wild Cherry <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fRr2kf84V2M>, and York Shit Harrier did lay a challenging but just enough marked trail. At some point me and Ruff Butt were wondering what happened to Cliff Diver and M.O.U.N.D.S till they DFL'd to a beer check and Cliffy had a story. Kids had gone for a walk and left their rottweiler and a blond retriever loose in the field they were crossing and the dogs were charging at them like they hadn't eaten for days. Cliffy let out a big roooofing yell and scared the dogs away. One of me and Delia's highlights was when we went past Cumberland Valley School and bands were practicing. I couldn't resist giving them a few lessons on the bugle. They just looked at me.

Me and Delia got back to our start, HHH's. Delia was Alpoed, that's making Alpo into a verb, and we were the last to leave as all the cars n stuff were gone, that's how I thought Grab Bag and Bush Rat had gotten away safely. As I was about to leave a local couple came down the cul de sac, that's French, and asked what we were doing there. I told them that we were following the white flour that they were almost standing in. I still had to point it out to them. Sister Maria dressed like a Flintstone Viking went to a ski club party at Camp Rielly, me and Delia went back to Wild Cherry's place for circle.

The pack re-assembled at Wild Cherry's house in a secret location near Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania and had delicious food and beer. I did enjoy the Killian's Irish Red beer, and the food too. We had circle and I made sure to keep Delia on her leash so as she would not to go and entertain the neighbors kids and have pissed off father come pounding on the garage door. Sister, two hashers were named. Just Jessie was named with the help of Licky Me's dirt. Some of the story was that he posted a picture of his thumb beside his penis on some dating site and combined with his love of playing Dungeons and Dragons so became the possible naming of "Thumbmaster". Somebody twisted that to "Thumbleina". It was rumored that "Just Jessie" was shy. I think he's just quiet and takes in his surroundings. Fart Connor asked "Just Jessie" what his favorite hobby of his was and he replied about blacksmithing. I had to ask if it had to do with hand cuffs and stuff. Somewhere out of the garageness somebody spouted out "Steely Dan". Ohhh, I recall some rock n roll trivia that maybe you have to be old to know, or forget, that Steely Dan got their name from a steam powered sex toy in a 60's porno movie. http://wiki.answers.com/Q/How_did_steely_dan_they_get_their_name I couldn't find a picture. "Steely Dan" looked like he didn't get it either.

The former "Just Julie" who has writing education had much dirt supplied about cleaning horses penis's (what's plural?) and after being married for 20 plus years has a favorite boyfriend that has batteries was asked to supply more naming information. Just Julie spit out a story about how she and a midget were taking care of the horses Tube Of Meat while she was enjoying Ben Wa Balls <http://www.myplesure.com/education/sexed/benwaballs.asp> or at least one because she took one out but couldn't find the other. M'Orally Challenged mentioned that she had a similar experience. At some point the lost Ben Wa Ball "rolled" out of Just Julie's pant leg and the midget looked at her and Just Julie looked at him and the scared midget ran away. Brown Noser verbally inspired "Ben Wa

10/15/2011 H5 Run #440

Feelin' Kinda Dizzy Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Yorkshit Harrier

Cul-de-sac at end of Cumberland Estates Drive, Mechanicsburg

Done That". So Just Julie is now "Ben Wa Done That".

I'm not sorry that I forgot to make fun of somebody, my brain is done.

On On

Farrt ConnOr

9 /22/2011 H5 Run #437

Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Anal Nicole

Pints Next to the intersection of 4th and Chestnut St Harrisburg by the train station

About 18 Wankers and Bimbos met up at Pints at or about 630 last night. One of them was NOT Bang, who was missed for her TuTu antics. Brown Noser represented for the dynamic duo. He remembered the FRB medal (which he carried) and the TUTU of Shame. ID was the sexy model of that ensemble last night. After the terrorist that owned the bar complained that we could NOT have the beer out of doors, we decided to get a move on. Never mind that it was like a hazy daze in his establishment from the smokers. Who knew there were even bars that still allow smoking?

Anal Nicole went through the usual info and informed us that a BM stood for Ballet Move and NOT Bowel Movement like most of us had assumed. I was already worried about where I was going to put my stash of Tpaper if I had to shit on demand. She informed us that it was a BAR CRAWL and not an all out sprint but that didn't stop the usual highly toned bodies of Bitch Bath & Behind, Dimples, Stiff On, Tour, Cherry, etc.... from going full speed ahead into the 100% humidity.

The first stop was behind some run down building where we found a can of vodka infused whipped cream. Visitor Pelvis Chestly from the town of Black and Gold did the honors. Just like a mama bird she waited for hashers to open up their mouths in a big O before she squirted it in. As usual, the loudest chicks got the most cream--and I'm talking about the comeback kid, BackAlley Bargin. Making her spectacular reappearance with fairy wings, glitter and 70 pounds lighter, she was having a damn good time. Can spent, off we went towards the State Capital. Fuki Suki informed me of some great info about the actual capital building (where the liars and thieves reside). They actually LIED to the MONKS in Italy to persuade them to send us their finest marble for what the politicians SWORE would be a monastery. We got the goods and built the seat of government for the great state of PA. Architecturally it gets an A+ but historically, a big fat F.

We soon ended up on the roof of Garrison's Tavern. I think they only allowed us on the roof because we looked CRAZY in our fabulous tu tu's---at least judging by the stares the dinning room patrons were giving us. This establishment was recently rumored to be on the verge of closing. It had a sparse crowd but it didn't seem like it was going down the tubes or anything. Anal had it all worked out with pitchers waiting for us. I was happy to chat with PHONE SEX and Zebra Balls during our leisurely stop. Backalley was trying to take photo's, clean and steal tpaper all at the exact same moment. Tour did his down down here as he had to rush off to his Hockey Game (Note: while not technically wearing a TUTU, he did don a Predator shirt of famed player Jordin TooToo.) That is a thinking man's hasher. I followed Chief of Queef down these crazy spiral stairs to street level and off we went again.

We passed a cop who didn't seem to mind one way or another that we were there. To be safe, we all used the crosswalk and followed the bouncing white flour marks towards back towards the downtown area. Poor Backalley dropped her hanky full of glitter, cellphone, cigs, etc... in the middle of the street. I thought she was a goner for a minute or so in the dark. It was now SO hot and sticky, most of us looked like we had just wrestled in baby oil. Anal Nicole, that tricky bitch, took us in through the BACKDOOR of Stallions!!! It was pretty dead in there until we arrived. Techno music thumpin' on the video screen and playing the song "Fuckin' Bitch". It was sung by a HUGE black Tranny who was complaining about skinny bitches who dance on poles. Again, our HARE had her shit together and the beer and awesome AC system helped cool us down. Chief got all excited when two old bags walked in on our party. He said he'd have to blow the dust out of that slit and get a gallon of KY but he went to chat the ladies up. Found out they were here for BINGO!! Gay friendly Bingo downtown Harrisburg on a Thursday night---why do I miss these ads in the local paper? I believe it was here that Yorkshit's friend Just ?? decided to prove her kickboxing skills to Dimples. Let's just say he is probably swinging back in that area today to look for his lost nuts. We cha cha'd and pirouetted our way out of the bar and looked for more flour.

We now made it to the main drag of the 'Burg--2nd street and upstairs to Ceolta's. The steps up to the rooftop bar had me wishing I would have done the Bun's of Steel workout more than once back in the 1990's. Stiff on commented about how stupid they were to paint the cherry woodwork RED. It was here that Brown Noser had to bid us ado and did his down down. There was a woman in a kilt or maybe someone saw her clit, can't remember. Chief was chatting up the board-up-the-ass lawyers who stumbled upon us and we were joined by Panic Button and his lovely lady. Stiff on got an emergency text and had to bid a hasty farewell. People were looking and waving at us where ever we went. A few blew horns. One drunk was driving with no headlights right passed the cops. One last SN before calling it a night. But where--in the alley, in the sky, it's ANAL on the rooftop. Up Up we went to the 10th floor of the parking garage where we had more fabulous whipped cream shots, lots of wankers peeing off the roof and a few getting downright dangerous on the ledge--legion of dumb for sure. We had to help a few people on and off the elevator. One Indian man in particular would have rode that damn thing all night if it wasn't for the boy scout like help of ID to direct him to his hotel room in the Hilton.

Back at circle, we culminated with our best ballet moves that would have made BANG proud. Happy that Backalley is back and better than ever. Happy to give the Tu Tu of shame to Dimples, the FRB to BB&B and a big THANKS to Anal Nicole for bringing back the Pub Crawl after some recently KILLER trails!!!! ON ONN to Chief of Queef's Ass Wednesday Fat Boy Gimper Trail in Millersburg. Over the river and through the woods we go.

Just Julie

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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9 /22/2011 H5 Run #437

Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Anal Nicole

Pints Next to the intersection of 4th and Chestnut St Harrisburg by the train station

Awesome hash trash!!!

Who was frb? Glad that someone is finally recognizing that Dimples is brainless!

On on

Brown noser

Ummm....glad you read the hash trash BN. FRB was BitchBathBehind. I nominate BN for the brainless award.

Sorry I missed the Tu-tu yesterday. Sounds like it was awesome ...but then again what else would you expect from Anal Nicole? The BM checks are a gem!

BANG

9 /17/2011 H5 Run #436

Half Way to St. Patty's Day Hash

Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck

310 East Penn Drive, Enola, PA

A good time was had by all. Fun trail and thanks to those hashers who helped me climb up the hill from Hell. And to Chief, who helped me dig my sneaker out of the quicksand, I mean mud. Trashed

Well well what a beautiful day to have a trail. Many long time no see rrrrs were there. Phone Sex, where the fuck has she been for the past six months. Oh yes I saw her at the St Paddy Hash last year. Seems she has gone green. The usual suspects were there too. I had my Bag Pipe CD playing while Sister had his Van Halen CD playing. Bang told him to turn his shit off. Bag Pipes were more the St. Paddy theme of the day.

Chalk Talk was not happening since we were hashers and all. We understand how to follow a trail, except when marks are hidden. I had to step in and wip out my M'Orally Challenged Zenning Powers. Shazam bam wow and godder done. Found the trail after we were all standing, searching, waiting with our fingers up our ass to find trail. Have faith in Zenning Grasshoppers.

The trail was awesome challenging and fun. Even for pregnant hashers like Cogo. Kodick Moment ordered his dog Scout to run full force into my shin. Thanks alot since I am Aunt Mo to your baby boy due in January. Hey Kodick looked up at that Mountain we were to climb to continue trail from the 2nd stream crossing. He said "my wife is not going up that." Soon after I heard her sweet voice. I told him it looked like she already did.

That green shot was the YUMMY bomb. Flaming Earl Gay brought the rest of the bottle on trail with him so we could finish it on way to the On In. Him and I walked, drank, climbed, drank, talked, drank and finished that green Yummy shot bottle. I only remember She Came ordering me into her car so I would not drive. The next thing I remember is waking up in Tour's house with Desperate Dave next to me in bed. Egads, yes I still had my cloths on thank God. The funny thing is, he did not know who it was in bed with him either.

If anyone would like to fill in the missing hours I did not participate in, please do.....

M'Orally sober

9 /14/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #81

Ass Wednesday York Inaugural Hash

Hares: SqueezeMe

Cobblestones, 205 South George Street, York

Fifteen hashers gathered in York yesterday for the FIRST running of the York Hash Hound Harriers. We drank beer at Cobblestones, a bar that has sixty beers on tap and stops serving people if they moon others (more on this later). The pack departed through the streets of downtown York after our hare Squeeze Me was given a six minute head start. After a tit check at a busy intersection and dodging lightning bolts, we met up with our hare in Lehigh fashion at the first beer check at First Capital. We drank and sang at the bar an almost exclusively local version of Glorious Victorious. I think they liked us there. In fact, two virgins were picked up at this bar by Just John. The virgin's names escape me at this moment, but I know that the one plays a mean harmonica.

Then the hare was off again with a five minute head start and we followed the flour through the rain down several blocks where people asked, "What are you doing?" I ignored them. They'll find out soon enough.

We stopped at our second beer check, Maewyn's Irish Pub, where we discovered that Dimples caught the Hare, who was injured, on an exaggerated pub crawl. I hope they both feel like idiots. How do you get injured haring a pub crawl? Whatever. We drank from two giant towers of beer and our virgins even made there with us.

The pack eventually made it back to Cobblestones, aside from one virgin who had to leave at nine, where circle was held and it was determined that York has the longest circles EVER. Down Downs were held and I have never seen that many visitors in the circle at one time.

We did have two namings last night, so let me start with the second naming. Just Jaylene was named after her one millionth hash. She is now known as YorkShit Terrier. And the second naming, since you can't have a founder that's a "just," and for the visitors of H5 to put their permanent stamp on the York hash, we named Just John, wait for it...

TAKES IT UP THE ASS LIKE A MAN!!!!!! We're not your mother Hash, we're your mother f*&%ing hash!

Hares: SqueezeMe

Cobblestones, 205 South George Street, York

We did our namings, drank beer, and She Came flashed her ass to someone at the bar and was cut off. I believe she said, "I didn't even try to order anything." So we told that bitch at the bar to go "f" herself, because no one else would, and went back to the First Capital for the on after where we swathe newly named Takes it up the ass like a man play his wash tub bass. Those York Hashers are all right.

Oh yeah, many spans to H5 you guys are great! Good write up Brown Noser, I was gonna post it but you beat me to it.....thanks ever so much for the name, I will try to do justice to my new moniker! The guy virgin was Aaron, he is totally hooked. He's got a buddy gonna come Sunday. We made a big impression on everybody we met, some good, some bad! Ha, I shoulda told you about the cop shop next to the bistro bar. Cool that Bang baptized her self in that fountain! that woman at the bar is the worst barkeeper in York. My daughter's boyfriend once sat for 15 minutes with nothing in front of him. She must have walked by a dozen times. They do have other better guys there. On to the next thing, I plan to get up for the Half way to St. Pat's. And then the Sunday at my place. I think I'm gonna get even more beer than I figured, I got a message from Reading. some will prolly come from there. Wet Dreams from Selinsgrove is coming down, and will RA this one. I think it's gonna be a good turnout! On On! Takes It Up The Ass Like A Man (a necklace with this is gonna go all around my neck)

8 /24/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #78

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Bushrat and Panic Button

2270 Mockingbird.

Wanks and Bimbos,

Wow y'all missed a Shitty Trail last night. Bushrat and Panic Button were the hares. The pack hung out in front of Bushrat's house. Our entertainment was watching many dogs sniffing asses, yipping and barking. Then WE HAD CHALK TALK, zero. The pack took off with illumination devices, NOT. My flash light was in the car where it belongs. Bushrat said we were doing the same trail we did 5 years ago. Weblow said that he remembered that one but I don't think he was hashing yet 5 years ago. So he pretended to know this trail. :)

We climbed and climbed through deer trails, water run off gullies, mud and shit. As in we were dodging dog shit as went up the mountain. The trail ascended up and then descended down. The first beer check ended up at the On On. In other words we circle jerked. I saw Dimples holding his pee pee. I being a Massage Thareapist went into action. I told him to lay down and spread his legs. He was in pain. I said, "ya can't be a pussy all your life." His can of man was no where in site. So I massaged his pectineus and adductor longus. I knew it had to be the longus. I told him to not run because of his injury, but he had to man up and continue. A Marine code I think.

The hares left a note on the ground for trail erections. It said go down the hill through the road up over and then yadda yadda yadda. The pack continued on. There was firms, power lines, ROCKS, trees, streams, dogs, logs, rocks, rocks, rocks and rocks. Darkness fell upon the mountain landscape. It was getting darker and darker. Lets put it this way, I wish I had a dog last night. As in a SEEING EYE DOG. This trail would be perfect in the snow because snow is soft and covers unseen obstacles. Fuki Suki left early. She told us that she made yummy Bunny cookies for the On After grub. I think Fuki secretly knew that this was going to be a shitty trail. Chief, Girth, Luna and I were DFL's at the power line portion of trail. It was the easy part of trail. Easy because I could see where the hell I was. Behind me I could see a figure of a hasher comming up the hill. Maybe its a bear I thought. Then I felt a sting on my ass. Then on my knee and then OMG its fucking bees. The dark figure ended up being Brown Noser. He got stung too. Probably because he was soon behind me and the bees were already pissed. I took Chief's flash light when we entered the dark woods. I told him I would give it back in a minute which ended up to be an hour. Everytime I tried to hand it to him I fell down on a rock. I heard wild animals and birds screaming. Na it was just hashers falling down on rocks. Finally the last beer check and then the On In. For me, Girth, Luna and Chief it was the On Thank God. During trail I thought how wonderful it would be to have long legs like Bang. Then I could walk over 7 rocks instead of 2. It is a good thing that I love blood on trail.

At circle Chief had to drink for blood on trail. Chief told the pack that he was trying to comit suicide in the dark woods. The On After grub was good. Dogs and chili. What is it with dogs last night. Fuki's Bunny cookies were Yummy and kinda not done in the middle. Thats the bomb because we love cookie dough.

If you want to get fit, lose weight and bulk up, do this trail 4 times a week. It will work I know. This morning Desperate Dave stopped by. He told me that he did not go to trail last night because he knew it would be a shitty trail. Thank you Bushrat and Panic for an awesome trail. I thought to myself this morning how much I miss Bushrat and Panic Button's trails because they are always good.

On On,
M'Orally

8 /22/2011 H5 Run #433

Tu-Tu Hash - Joint H5-Reading Hash

Hares: Deathwish, Princess and Mr. Happy

Angelica Park in Reading

I did.

Although I was surprised that someone from Reading volunteered NOT to look at the boob check and "people" didn't want to get their ankles wet to grab a beer... But that's ok, I'm sure we will find a way to ridicule them mercilessly for it in song!

Aside from trail making a turn without a check, it was a fun time and we did our best to make an impression!

On friggin On

SqueezeMe

That was a blast last night...

8 /22/2011 H5 Run #433

Tu-Tu Hash - Joint H5-Reading Hash

Hares: Deathwish, Princess and Mr. Happy Angelica Park in Reading

Tour, thanks for driving us there, and sorry you had to drive us back.

Great trail, hares. Thanks for making it worth the trip.

Brown noser

8 /17/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #77

Lucky #77 Ass Wednesday Hash
Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: SqueezeMe and Trashed

Sports/trail parking lot behind Red Land High School

It was a joy to have all you wankers to our house last night... Yeah right. Lol

Seriously though, since our marriage survived we will hare again... Sometime... Not soon... And probably we will only serve "orange food" at that hash. ;)

Hope you had fun.

SqueezeMe

Thank you to Squeeze Me and Trashed for a great time. 35 hashers on Wed. night it just totally awesome. Great food by all those who contributed. Welcum to the Legion of Dumb Orangubang!!!

Deathwish

8 /13/2011 TMINMFMH3 Run #145

Full Sturgeon Moon Hash

Hares: Deathwish and Brown Noser

4075 Lisburn Road * Mechanicsburg, PA * 17055

Darn it,

I was in the middle of an amusing hash trash when my computer crashed and all was lost. Now I feel not like elaborating.

In a nut shell it thanked DW and BNeR for a great "old school" trail full of water, nice trails, rope swings, deep water, margarita shots, swift water, beer, horses and more water. Thanks for making the trail early enough that I could make it to my nieces 70's party...but I digress. Trail basically ended on DW's land where Tour joked about the development DW's land is located in being named There goes the Neighborhood, and others joked about him putting up a tent and a portajohn as his home, before it headed back to the beginning of trail and where circle was held where else but in the creek. Oh yeah, we were all good hashers and moved our cars jamming them into one tiny parking lot so the people having the 1year olds b-day party could have room to have their guests park their cars. Some bitching was heard on trail--suck it up you pansies! Excellent trail for dogs that could swim or be carried above your head (who said head?). Just Miley and Just Scout had a blast. Just Sunny seemed to have a great time as well. Congrats to DW on his nuptials!

ON-ON!

Sticky Bunz

Hey Tour hold on to those Purple Hazes for next time! I wont let them go to waste!

8 /6 /2011 H5 Run #431

Saturday Hash

Hares: 2 Finger Tuesday and Hot Crotchet

Park and Ride in wonderful Metropolis of Dauphin Intersection of 322 and 225

For All of you bimbos and wankers who stayed away on Saturday you missed and good trail.

Twenty of us showed. Pre-lube was uneventful. Just drinking and bullshitting. Hot Crotchet looks good in a wet t-shirt. Hares off at about 3:30. Two Finger went one way and Hot Crotchet the other. Two Finger Tuesday was the lead and up the steep hill right away. He tied a rope to a tree at the top of the hill for the front running bastard to throw down for the rest to use to help climb. On through the fields and high grass and then into the woods. Down the hill and up the hill in the woods and then into the borough of Dauphin. We got to see a sh*t load of downed huge trees from the tornado. It is amazing and a miracle that it seemed like all of the trees missed houses. Then we crossed Stoney Creek on the bridge and continued along the southern side of the creek away from the Susquehanna. There Two Finger Tuesday hung a tarzan swing from a tree. OranguBang and Fart Connor had their fun doing summersaults from the swing into the creek. Then trail doubled back and up the hill once more. This part was the most challenging. Thick shiggy, lots of tree branches to climb over. The trail was not a challeged for Fart. He found true trail through all of the thick leaves up to the top of the hill we went. At the top is a nice old neighborhood. Never been there before. Those people have a nice setting. Down the hill and into refreshing Stoney Creek. Oh the cool water felt good on my sweaty winky and bum. Only Bang For Your Buck would have liked my sweaty winky and bum. Too bad she wasn't there. The a beer check on an island in the Susquehanna at the mouth of Stoney Creek. We drank beer and had a good view of the Statue of Liberty. Fart was kissing the lips of a dead fish. Then it started to rain hard and steady but I don't think any one cared. We walked about one mile back to the on-in in the rain. Orangubang had fun. He kept stomping his big foot into the puddle to get Nippleodean wet. The joke was on him though. He really went back to his high school years when he snapped me with wet t-shirt on my A\$\$ - f*cker. We had circle and Just Amy got named - she is now and will forever be known as Secret Turtle Garden.

Just Mary Beth showed up for the prelube but didn't do trail.

On After was nice at the Stoney Creek Inn. Wings and pasta salad for all.

Lots of tit checks, dick checks, naughty checks, whistle checks. The only check missing was a blank check. Trail was just under five miles and a typical Two Finger Tuesday trail - long, somewhat challenging yet fair.

Sorry I couldn't be more creative but I am still tired and hung over from Saturday (oopsss and yesterday).

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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8 /6 /2011 H5 Run #431

Saturday Hash

Hares: 2 Finger Tuesday and Hot Crotchet

Park and Ride in wonderful Metropolis of Dauphin Intersection of 322 and 225

Hu Phlung Po

So sorry I missed one of 2FT's kicka\$\$ trails. I'm completely flattered that you took the time to think about me while you cooled off your hairy d*ck and a\$\$hole in Stony Creek on Saturday. I'll be sure to return the favor later this afternoon when I change my bloody tampon.

on a\$\$ wed on,

Bang

8 /3 /2011 TIUTALAWH3 #75

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator

Harrisburg east mall

24 hashers,5 virgins,4 cases ,30 pack,half gallon 70 proof watermelon vodka,2 half gallons wine,did someone say chicken??equals one hellova hash.It was nice seeing everyone out and thanks for all the positive feed back...Sorry I could make the on after.....needed two Motrin and a hot tub.....There are 3 open Ass Wednesday hashes this month.Newer hashers that want to hare a hash, ask a more experienced hasher to show you the ropes!

On H5 ROCKS On,I.D.

P.S..Hash trash anyone???

Well here I am composing yet another Ass Wednesday Hash Trash for a memorable trail. At least it was for me. In a gloomy pissy rain about 28 hashers showed up behind Toys R Us to attend one more trail of I.D.'s. There were 4 virgins that Bitches Over Dishes, Can't Taste Won't Swallow and Hung Like The Amish brought. 4-F You came to visit from Pittsburgh too. It was his 39th Wedding Annalversary and he wanted to spend it hashing with H5. His wife hates me cuz I ate all the dark chocolate once when I went to visit them. Anyway I digress. Let's stay on subject M'Orally.

Off we went. Before we got to the first beer check someone told me that the virgin Hu Phlung Pu seemed to have brought was Webelo's Mother. That was bullshit. Maybe they were just fuckin with my head(?). Anyway before the pack finished that beer check, Fuki Suki, Chief and I went on ahead. The trail was basic but scenic with alooouoooooot of Tit and Dick checks, woods, constuction sites, town houses and road. A false or two but mostly Tit checks. Fuki and I were doing paper, rock and scissors prior to baring our breasts for the wankers. Fuki just blew through the next 50 Tit checks so that I was left behind to do the job I guess. The dick checks were a waste of time. It was too dark to see anything. You see a penis is much lower than a tit. In the dark gloomy night the Bimbos could not see anything except Pu's. Maybe because he is 6 foot 6 and his penis is higher than the others. In the woods we saw an old car stripped of everything. Orang U Bang and Chief identified it as a 68 Nova with a V-8 engine. The woods must have grown all around it through the years since it could'nt drive through trees. We went through a graveyard before the shot check. Some of the stones had this wierd small metal box with a hinged door. It was explained that it was for ashes. Stiff On Toe Poke Her said it was for candles. Maybe in Romania where he is from they do that. The U.S. has fire codes that refrain from such actions. Or maybe the stones were old as shit before fire codes existed. I didn't look at the grave stone dates. When they said ashes I got the fuck out of there and apoligized to those spooks that were listening.

Before and after trail, Bitches Over Dishes car alarm kept going off. Then another alarm and then it got old. My alarm went off too. In Your Endo yelled at me for setting my car alarm off. As I turned towards him I noticed he was growing a beard. Girth was too. In Your Endo said it was because he was a lazy fuck. Girth Brooks said his was there for the play offs???? Prior to calling up circle we had snacks. Some delicious watermelon and 1 yes 1 bag of doritos that lasted about 2 minutes before they were gobbled up by hungry hashers. The smoked almonds vanished???? Good thing Hung Like The Amish brought chips and home made salsa. Stiff On decided that it would be funny to smoosh watermelon on M'Orally's chin, neck and boobs while she was eating it. Beer, what beer. It would be really cool to have a hash food fight/watermelon fight to help us forget about the beer we ran out of. That was gone too. I.D. did not expect a small army to show up on this gloomy night. Maybe if he did a circle jerk near a liquer store where he could have bought more beer and then dropped it back at the On On and then continued trail. Tour went off into the night to get more beer. Stores were closed so he brought some really yukky WINE!? I turned around and poof there was Two Fingers. Poof there was Dorothy as in Dirty Dorothy. Him and Chapped Lips decided to cum to circle. Not only did Chapped Lips drink for non runner but also for calling Hung Like The Amish, Fred (his nerd name). Wow what was she smokin that caused her to slip up like that. We also had a naming. Just C.J. is now BBB or Bitch, Bed and Behind or Bitch, Back and Behind. I told him I was going to call him Bitch for short. He is now H5's Bitch. This bitch is bunking at DC Red Dress with Anal Nicole, Licky Me and I in October. Please someone tell the pack what his name is. What is the corect BBB's.

Off I went to the On After. My GPS took me to Giligans. I felt like I was on the SS Minnow, because Giligan's was not a Dike Bar that we were supposed to end up at. It was raining at that point and the lights confused me so I went home. My schizophrenic roommate told me this morning that Giligans is next to the Dike Bar. Woops lost yet agian. I told MC about this wierd dream I had last night. I had a baby with my X-ass hole husband. YUK what a nightmare. It was a girl and looked like my daughter did at that new bornish age. I went to check on her. I locked the door but it kept opening. When I went to pick up the baby she turned her head, looked at my boobs and said "I want some of that." I thought Wow what a miricle that my new baby could talk. Either she wanted to nurse or maybe she was smelling the watermelon that Stiff On smooshed on my chin, neck and boobs. Wierd, I thought to myself. Dorothy, dead people ashes, a new born that could talk, Gilligan and a 68 Nova in the middle of the woods. Maybe it's not a dream just a bad Woody Allen movie.

Can't Taste Wont Swallow told the pack that the great Slim Jim is cumming to trail on Saturday. I am so sad that I will miss his visit because I will be at Nittany for the 1200th trail. Maybe, just maybe I will see him there. God I hope so. What an awesome treat that would be.

7 /27/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #74

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki and Chief of Queef

1451 Peters Mountain Road, Dauphin, PA 17018-9504

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Fuki Suki and Chief of Queef

1451 Peters Mountain Road, Dauphin, PA 17018-9504

Thank you to Fuki and Chief for last night's trail. It was fun and a great 1st hare for Chief. By the way the virgin Just Dave I did not bring to trail :) like he said. He came on his own (internet).

On On,
M'Orally

Hares: Dirty Dorothy, Lil SperMaid and Chapped Lips Falmouth boat access off 441

Thanks Lil Spermaid, Dirty Dorothy, and Chappy in no special order because youse are all special to us, and need a saftey helmet too.

About 20 intrepid hashers gathered on a fine Susquehanna Swelterer, trail wasn't cancelled because of snow, and we enjoyed a fine Pennsylvania summer day. In Your Endo made it from Friday nights trail with fresh poison ivy over his old poison ivy. Our Grand Mattress "Bang For Your Buck" must have been home licking her seeping wounds, or maybe Brown Noser, and needed some recovery time. I'm just envious because I missed the tu tu trail. We started trail from real near 3 Mile Island... right on hash time with a few visitors, Spank You Very Much, Grab Bag, and Just Brad who claims to have hashed for 5 years and is from Reading with his little dog Cole. All the smart hashers, about 3 of them, went to Chappy's house because of the clue at starting circle that the owners wouldn't mind if we wen't around back of the owners house and drank their beer. The rest of the pack soon found their way back and we had beer. It's really a stupid idea to bring the pack for the first beer check at the B part of an A to B trail.

Not to over estimate the intelligence of the pack, we left shade and beer and endeavored to persevere and soon found the kilted Just C. J. to have been accused by a local wilted grass owner to have put satanic flour marks on the grass that he killed. Yeah, I never seen a "wilted grass owner" before either. Ask the police that visited and they will explain. Somewhere on this part of trail I thought I heard banjos playing... <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XbtHe81fenY&feature=related> The heat took a toll on some of our hashers and Chappy too, but all made it back for circle and to re-hydrate. Here we welcomed our guest of honor, lemme see if I can put the picture on the right. No it's not Ned Beatty on the grill, but wouldn't that be a great name for a pig? So we had circle, dis-membered the virgin Just Bill, who visited us from Morgantown, West Virginia, and Tour de Puke helped us make fun of many in the form of songs. The hares and family did many down downs. A high point for the day was the naming of Chappy's daughter Just Fleshia. Just Fleshia, you're not number five if you care about my spelling, had lottsa dirt provided by Lil Spermaid mostly as she arrived for the 10 down downs she missed. Just Fleshia provided one of the best stories about something for being a Military Policeman/woman/bimbo handcuffing her 13 year old male cousin. Nobody could think of any good enough incestious names or Takes It Up The Ass Like A Seaman names. Just Fleshia got named "Seamanatrix". I think the spelling is important because it indicates a domination of sailors. This differs from the usual spelling of naval bimbos in the form of "Semen" because the former Just Fleshia dominates seamen.

On, I don't write this shit for a living, On
Farrrt ConnOr

Like Fart Connor mentioned in his summary of Saturday's events, I was singled out by a pissed off land-owner as the sole culprit of witchcraft, trespassing, and other misdemeanors. Apparently, my kilted hashing gear either made me easy to spot, or drove the land-owner to a fit of jealousy. The police were called, and promptly stopped by to investigate. Officer Clancy of the Susquehanna Regional Police Department asked me to provide my info, and said he was going to check it out and get back to us.

Apparently, the "local wilted grass owners" couldn't even tell if we were actually on their property, or PP&L's right-of-way, or the neighbor's property, (who had given us permission to run there), etc.

I realized that while talking with the police, in my state of shock and trying to conceal any evidence of alcohol, that I forgot to get the officer's contact information. Being that I didn't want to sit around for weeks wondering if I was being charged with something, I decided to call him.

I just got off the phone with the police, and no laws were broken, and no charges are being filed. Case closed.

Dirty Dorothy assured me there wouldn't be an issue. And I doubted that I would have a problem. But, until you hear it straight from the officer, you never know.

I apologize to anybody that was in attendance if JustJalein or I seemed snippy. It was a long day and the police attention tripled my stress level. Otherwise, a good time was had by all.

Looking forward to doing it all over again,

JustC.J.

Just C.J.

All of your behavior is accepted and excused. There is one thing I warn you about however.

Do not open your mouth and critize anybodys' work effort and accomplishments for a hash related event. You will pay dearly.

Hu Phlung Pu

witchcraft, trespassing, misdemeanor, criticizing, payback = acceptable hash behavior

Hares: Dirty Dorothy, Lil SperMaid and Chapped Lips Falmouth boat access off 441

who would ever consider anything associated with a hash-related event an "accomplishment"? hmmm...from my experience, a better description would be a "poorly orchestrated catastrophe."

on on,

Bang

Get used to the police thing. It will not be the last time you will be questioned by police. Take it with a grain of salt and try to move on. Or you could do what I do when the police show up--just quietly disappear and deny any knowledge of the idiots running by throwing toxic white powder.

I'm new on the message board and I think I sent this to Hu Phlung Pu directly instead of posting it to the site. So, this is a copy of my message that didn't make it on here...

"When I made reference to the the "local wilted grass owners" [a term used by Fart Connor in message #16301], I was referencing the idiot that phoned in the complaint to the police.[and his mother]

I certainly wasn't criticizing anybody in our group. Lil Spermaid, Dirty Dorothy, and Chappy did a great job with the beer, the food, and the trail (albeit super thorny and shiggylicious) I appreciate their hospitality. The new roaster looked great, BTW.

I met some cool new cool people I hadn't before, and got some new poison ivy for the top of my existing poison ivy. :)

ON ON"

JustC.J

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Asia Mall parking lot -- 1030 South 13th Street, Harrisburg, PA 17104

A pack of about 20 wankers decided they couldn't be pussies all their lives, so they braved the 100 degree heat to meet at the Asia Mall parking lot. Some beer was consumed and vessels given to Bang to transport to the on-in. Our hare, Bang for Your Buck, donned her tutu and took off. The pack followed suit, running down 13th Street, through the car dealership and down some shiggy onto the railroad tracks, where we lost trail for about 10 minutes. Finally found it and went up again to the pavement, then into some really thick shiggy (who knew there could be so much shiggy in the ghetto??), where we tried our best to avoid the poison ivy that was everywhere! A beer stop refreshed us, until we noticed everyone was covered with glitter. Bang was kind enough to sprinkle some on the beer cans so we had it all over our faces, and then on bald heads and backs of necks as we tried to cool down. Down the netting-covered hill to the street, crossed over, and into more shiggy where there was another beer stop, and then the rest is a blur of pavement, NOT going into Savannah's, homeless encampments, walls to jump down from (thanks Hu Phlung Pu for lifting me down from one with one hand on my boob. I hope it was good for you), streams, a yummy shot check behind a big tree in Shipoke, and then finally (finally!) ending in the parking lot of Troeg's, complete with a HHH, Bang's car, and no Bang. Fortunately, we did have access to the beer, and waited for her, did car backs to get some cars back to Troeg's, and then Endo and Lumpy went on a scouting mission complete with flashlight and fortunately called back to report they found Bang about 60 seconds before we called the police. We were relieved when she got back, but she was pissed that we missed the last beer stop (well, all but a couple of us did). We also revived Anal Nicole from her blood sugar dropping too low, rescued with water, some of a delicious sub (the sandwich, not a type of sex partner) and candy. Downs were given for not wearing tutus, doing stupid things on trail, and many other infractions. I forget who won the "stupidest thing on trail" award now.

It was a truly fun and exciting evening—almost as much fun as it will be when we're all getting shots of cortisone for poison ivy.

On-on-to-the-next-hash-I-can-make-on,

Trashed

Bang 4 UR Buck is a f*cking animal. There is no doubt in my mind that her disposition is a direct result of her undisclosed ability to curl and eat her own "salty sweaty pu\$\$ay", tain't and soiled bung hole.

Hu Phlung Pu

Hashers,

Yes, A woman's boob in my hand is good for me. I am always willing to help. It calms the savage beast. I don't know what I would do if a wanker needed help. If only I could give myself a bj like Bang can do for herself.

Hu Phlung PU

Interior Defector was the stupidest. He decided that he was going to mimic Carl Lewis. He took two strides, turned his ankle and fell. So his hoorah moment turned into a delay for his sorry ass and about five hashers. How many times do we have to carry this sad sack from here to there?

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Asia Mall parking lot -- 1030 South 13th Street, Harrisburg, PA 17104

We Love you I.D. Although you must stop trying to sell H5 sweat pants with 90 degree heat.

Hu Phlung Pu

Thanks for the write-up, Trashed, and thanks to everyone who came out for the July Tu-Tu on Friday. ID won the Brainless Award for his ankle-bending hash crash. I am covered in poison from my neck to my ankles. My deepest apologies to all those I offended during my final appearance at the HHH's screaming "F*ck you guys! F*ck you all!" I really had no idea how worried you all were. Soorrrry!!

Don't worry, Hu -- if I am ever able to curl up and eat my own pu\$\$y, I'll make sure you receive the first demonstration.

on on,

Bang

Nice to see the apple does not fall far from the cart. Way to follow in my foot steps. You totally rock. Be home in 2 weeks and can't wait to hash.

Deathwish

7 /20/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #73

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Puke Panther and M'Orally Challenged

Union Deposit Road & Valley Lane, Hummelstown, PA

Well the Ass Wednesday trail last night was fun I think? Puke Panther and I as the hares had a pretty good turn out. It WAS HOT, HAZY AND HUMID (HHH). There were some new boots that came. One was a dude I met on craigslist (don't say it) and damn if his name isn't Jerry. Remember the creepy Security Guard guy that wanted to f*ck me hard an lick my wee wee at She Came and JAFO's Saturday Hash named Jerry? Well this new boot was an Army dude and he told She Came that he was not a Security Guard. Good enough for me. 2 visitors Albino Beaver from Reading the kennel that does not have trails when it snows and Cunt You Hear Me Now from Pissburg, home of the dead trails decided to show up. Mine Broke's (another Pissburg Hasher) car broke down and he was unable to cum. We heard Lump Neck Muncher (Lumpy) tried to find us but then again maybe that was a rumor. Now one thing I found out after 8 years of hashing.... DON'T AUTO SCOUT WITH A WANKER THAT GREW UP IN THE TRAIL REGION OF THE TRAIL YOUR HARING!!!! Us Baltimorons with A.D.D. are not familiar with every damn turn, road, gully and FIELD. O God I can hear Tour from here, "Cuz your a shitty Hare." Puke said "After you cross the creek just go across the field". Fucker didn't tell me there were 3 fields and he was laying the rest of the trail!! As I ran to the middle of the 1st field....., I stopped with fear in my gut. What the hell do I do now? Which way is the right way? Ah yes I will rip out some of these soy beans and put HHH in flour down so they can't catch me. They will have to give me 10 minuts to continue, WHERE?!!!!!!?*&^%*%*^*&(&. So then I decided to hide like a bitch in the weeds of the hill next to field that Puke didn't tell me was there. The hill was next to buildings that Puke didn't tell me were there either. I just knew that the hashers that are really great at finding trail would find the rest of the trail and save my ass. I heard In Your Endo say "this HHH in flour was unintentional, it is a true trail mark." Great, now then I knew I was screwed and had to rise up from the weeds that I was getting deer ticks in and tell them "I don't know where to go." Trashed said "don't worry about it we are having fun?" Sounds good enough to me.

Prior to trail "Ok Puke I have water and ice. Oh also I have a Baja Luna Black freag'in yummy as shit Raspberry Cream Tequila Shot Check 50 ft from start. So they won't miss that we didn't have beer before chalk talk (so sad). Due to the weather, I wanted them to be well hydrated to avoid heat stroke. :) We finally got to the NEW BRIDGE and floated down stream with BEER and LEMON DROP SHOTS. I was hoping that would make them drunk enough and forget that I GOT LOST ON MY OWN FREAG'IN TRAIL. Puke was fine but I sucked. Tour ran and got the biggest raft and Just not the security guard Jerry I heard got the big penguin float. The rest of us either walked or took the children floaties. You know like sitting at the kid table at Thanksgiving.

The On After was at Shane's and the food sucked too but the beer was yummy and cold. Someone walked out from paying for wings. That sucked too but oh well it still ended up a fun and memorable trail. Here is to you, here is to me, f*ck you here is to me.

On On to more Baja Luna,
M'Orally Challenged

I think M'Orally's mind is still out haring trail.

On On

Fart ConnOr

I know I haven't hared much. Please let me think what she did last night wasn't haring but an illusion. See our website "Tour's guide to Haring" For a reference or refresher as needed. Bullets are given for quick and organized presentation, example SCOUTING. I also like the ones:

Always get enough beverages. (unless we end at a bar) It's always better to have too much than not enough. It sucks having to go out and get more.

Ass Wednesday hashes have been close to averaging 20 hashers. refer to the last bullet.

H5 considers beer at the beginning and end a must. Refer to the first bullet.

I have been Known to keep an extra case hidden for extra thirsty hashers. If your a co-hare with M'Orally or I, Plan to consume beer, pour it over your head, or bare your TITS at circle often.

I love hashing.....I like a new challenge and a different hash every time. Great location. Awesome to see some virgins and new hashers (one hashed with a kilt on his 4th trail).

7 /20/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #73

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Puke Panther and M'Orally Challenged

Union Deposit Road & Valley Lane, Hummelstown, PA

Awesome time....H5 rocks!!!

Pukehope your knees didn't give you trouble today.

On comedy club and laughing at M'Orally On
I.D.

7 /15/2011 TMINMFMH3 Run #144

Full Buck Moon Hash

Hares: Bang For Your Buck

1208 Allendale Rd, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

Great hash, well worth the poison I am going to get in about 3 days despite wearing poison block and washing with ivy wash after. A small price to pay for a great trail through the woods. Just Miley thanks you also for not having much road so she could stay off her leash and run and run and run and run....!

I ask you how could the cops have a problem with us with all the glitter and gold lame? Sticky Bunz

I heard that the police officers favorite movie was "Gold Finger." Wow our Grand Mistress Bang had all that and more. Gold Hat, Gold Go Go Pants, Gold Earrings, Gold Socks, Gold Shoes, Gold Gold Gold. I heard a rumor that her next trail will be in either Paisley, Stripes or Silver. Thanks for a scratch'in trail. So thick the deer ticks will not live there.

M'Orally Gold Struck

Hey Wankers,

Thanks to all who came out for the Get More Bang for Your Dollar Full \$Buck Moon trail. It was truly a \$hitty time. But really, cum out this Friday to be redeemed for all of the poison and ticks. I'm for real, girl. No PI on this trail...it's love this time -- YEAH RIGHT!

on hope you are all scratching as much as i am on,

BANG

7 /13/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #72

Kick the Keg Fat Boy Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Lunachic and Girth Brooks

1418 Mt.Wilson Road
Lebanon, Pa. 17042

A fine looking group of intrepid hashers showed up last night to do the Fat Boy trail last night. Many thanks to Girth and Luna for their hashpitality, providing enough chicken and cheesy-poofs for everybody to have their fill, along with a shiggy trail on which many of us had involuntary blood draws.

We were pleased to have I Cunt Hear You show up! Hopefully she'll be with us a few more times this summer and will bring Just Mike along when he's not too busy with the guys in the band to spend time with her. ;-)

Webelo Scout

The other hashers suck, the other hashers suck. Especially if you thought there was going to be flat beer for trail last night. You don't know what you missed. Oh well. . .we had a shitty time.

ONON

thanks to those that did cum out to play.

Luna

7 /6 /2011 TIUTALAWH3 #71

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Deathwish and Stiff-On-Toe-Poke Her

Duke's in wormleysburg

Wankers and Bimbos,

This trail desevaes a Hash Trash write up. Last night the pack all met at Duke's for drinks prior to the trail. The air was humid. I asked a woman who was watering her yard to please squirt me down. She was very happen to oblige. Seemed almost child like. Anal Nicole joined me in the sweet feeling drenching mist. The trail had train tracks (of course I showed the Conductor my tits), boring road (but just wait) and the first beer check located at Tour's house. Deathwish met the walkers and guided us to a shortcut located at Phone Sex's house. To my disapointment Phone Sex was not home or she was hiding. Meanwhile for those runners whom had shiggy like Just Jonathan who split his elbow and bled all over. He decided to run down the hill that everyone else said to themselves "why the fuck did you run down THAT HILL." He skydives and maybe he mistook it for a jump. In Your Endo took him to get stitched up. 7 was the # it took to close that bitch up. Seems Just Jonathon does not like to see the needle but doesn't mind the prick. When we did hit that beer check I could see Deathwish blowing up tubes Wow it's a tubing hash!!

The pack gladly plunged into the warm water and jumped into the tubes donated by Fart who was not there ; (. Squeeze me, Tour and
Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Deathwish and Stiff-On-Toe-Poke Her

Duke's in wormleysburg

Panic Button led the pack in songs. Our other Hare Stiff On, draggged the beer tube behind him. I think he should have dragged Crackwhorefucker as well who was waaaaaaaay behind all of us just slowly drifting down stream drinking his beer. Some of us had to double up on tubes. Dick On A Stick and She Came seemed to not mind nor did Chock and Dimples. It was shallow in some spots and our asses dragged on the bottom. So what we had beer and we had TUBES!!!! Uh oh Just Ken's ass dragged maybe too much. His keys now have a new home. It's called THE CONODOGUINET (Native American for Asshole who lost Keys in water.) Interior Deficator was first tube in so he was FRB.

Later we had circle at Tour's house. Just Ken has a new name. He now and forever will be called KEY PARTY. Tour wanted to name him "takes it up the ass like keys." Special thanks to Deathwish and Stiff On. This will always be a most memorable trail. Other kennels wish they were as cool as H5.

On Tube On,
M'Orally Challenged

PS. Dick On A Stick thought he was going to get rid of the FRB Medal and T-shirt last night. No No No this is not a Saturday Hash it's Takes It Up The Ass Like A Wednesday!!!!

Thanks to everyone who showed up last night for a sat. trail on wed. I have been off work so everyday seems like a sat. We had 7 stitches, lost keys, lost very expensive sunglasses by some dumb ass that thought it was cool to wear glasses that cost about the same as a car payment. We are the best hash ever and the people make it possible. Where is our leader? See everyone at Bubba on sat.

Deathwish

6 /11/2011 H5 Run #426

Tour De Cure & Warrior Dash Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Flaming Earl Gay

ABC Bowling Alley (inside at bar); 6454 Carlisle Pike, Mechanicsburg

For all those who were there and those wish they weren't. (How the hell is weren't much shorter than were not?) "weren't" sounds so Amish. Or some Girl Scout cookies like that.

The hash gathered at ABC Smoking Bowling Alleys for beer and trail soon to follow. OK, the stanky ciggy smoke wasn't that bad where we gathered for some FREE BEER before the trail, but I think that's cause of the great majority of non-smokers. Yeah, maybe I shouldn't bust on our smokers becasue they do a lot for our hash. Which brings my little mind to a whole 'nother tangent. I think this even goes beyond Rednecks. Who are the assholes who put a burning barrel as far from their house as possible so the smoke from their burning trash blows to their neighbors? I'm not talking about yard debris, I'm talking about plastic and shit! Where's my beer? Oh, it's right beside my mind.

Meanwhile back on the hashscape.... The hares, Wild Cherry and Flaming Earl Gay took off for why Harrisburg/Hershey is all about: LIVE HARES! After 12 minutes the pack took off. The pack got to a tit check that was adheared to by the non-rules and the pack was happy. Tour de Puke wen't around a quarry and was smart enough to have fun. M'Orally Challenged actually followed trail. We got to a shot check and hung out for a while but not long enough for Licky Me to catch up just as we left, or was it right?

Really not far after that we got to this really cool beer check. It was cool in many ways. There was like this house built over a spring. The water ran out from underneath the wall. I guess that's better than "overneath", that's when the water goes over the wall in case you need a mental description. Crack Whore Fucker missed a down down for pissing in the house. The hares, Flaming Earl Gay and Wild Cherry did a great job of keeping the H5 hash "standard" of a beer check or something like it every mile or less!

Here's another great thing about H5.... I've been to many other hash groups and nobody fucks around at beer checks like H5, unless there's H5'ers on that hash! On the way back me and Delia took a nice dive in the stream that was near us to cool off. We got back to the ABC and tried to determing the FRB. Orangubang got falseley accused. Rats, I don't know FRB. How come there's so much I don't know? Must have been that "new math" back in the 70's. Geeze, we are back at Wild Cherry's house in some undisclosed place in Pennsylvucky. Almost forgot about our visitors "Grab Bag" and "Spank You Very Much". Lemme see if I can do this right as Grab Bag and Spanks have a trail in Lancaster, PA cummin' up on July 18...

Saturday, June 18

2:00pm

Reading HHH - Boobie Hash!

WhenSat, June 18, 2pm - 6pm

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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6 /11/2011 H5 Run #426

Tour De Cure & Warrior Dash Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Flaming Earl Gay

ABC Bowling Alley (inside at bar); 6454 Carlisle Pike, Mechanicsburg

Where: Toys R Us, 1430 Harrisburg Avenue, Lancaster, PA 17601 (map)

Description: Hared by: Spank you Very Much When: June 18th @ 1400 Where: Toys R Us parking lot 1430 Harrisburg Ave. Lancaster Pa 17601 Hares: Spank You Very Much Grabbag (LVH3) What: BOOBIE HASH is honor of the new additions!! Wet T-Shirt contest to top it all off so ladies bring your white... This will be an A to A trail. Dry bags recommended.

Meanwhile back at Wild Cherry's house we had circle in his garage. Hash business was conducted and Delia was GM for a day. Deathwish stepped down as Grandmaster, due to life. Bang For Your Buck was erected as Grand Matress and Brown Noser is an RA too. H5 now has 2 RA's for when needed. Delia our GM at the time went to recruit some of Wild Cherry's neighbors. During circle there was this "BAM BAM BAM ON THE FUCKING DOOR". It was Wild Cherry's neighbor saying somebody's dog was in their garage. Fart Connor went to retrieve our Grand Dogstress.

Maybe you have to picture this... Here's Wild Cherry's neighbor bring up his 3 teenagers right and protecting them from the real world. Suddenly the real world visits in the form of Fart Connor and Delia, by the way the kids liked Delia. Fart's wearing a kilt, FREE Beer For All The Hashers t-shirt, and a bugle. Would it have been better if I was wearing my fluorescent green tu tu and leather Rumson vest?

Ohhhh geeze! KY has the next H5 hash June 25, 2011....

On On

Farrt ConnOr

5 /22/2011 H5 Run #424

Happy Birthday Wild Cherry Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Bang 4 UR Buck, Brown Noser and Wild Cherry

Kudos to Wild Cherry, Bang 4 Ur Buck and Brown Noser for an incredible trail Sunday afternoon, WHICH TRULY EXEMPLIFIED AN H5 TRAIL! It had the big three:

- 1) Mum's the word. Not once did they mention where the trail might go, how many beer stops there were, whether or not there were any shots, or where the On-After would be. You have to *run* the trail to find these things out, stupid. That's the whole point.
- 2) They brutalized the pack. There was rain, briar patches, creeks, tunnels, trail blazing, poison ivy, ticks, trespassing, etc., etc., etc. You'll know by Wednesday's trail if my falling face-first into a heavily overgrown patch of poison ivy resulted in any damage.
- 3) The ON-IN was right where we ended. Trails don't end at bars. We are an outdoor running/drinking club. If you want to go to a bar, do that later. Oh, and having pizza delivered to the corner of the Patriot News parking lot earned extra brownie points. This is one that will be talked about.

On-on to the Summer and more trails just like this!

She Came

5 /11/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #64

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: ID and Fuki Suki

Uptown Plaza, corner of 7th and Division streets

TOP ten list of things I heard of the hash in no particular order :

"What are you doing ? You can't park here ."

"It is about time you get here ."

"Did you bring my vest ?"

"Who has the poop bag ?"

"I.D. + Fuki = pretty shitty trail !"

"I believe that the hares parked here to put all of the drink checks out ."

"There were no tit checks."

"There are no rules."

"Shut up...Shut up....Shut up....Shut up....Shut up.....Shut up.....Shut up...."

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: ID and Fuki Suki

Uptown Plaza, corner of 7th and Division streets

"Oh yeah , I can drink another one I am walking home from here."

Thanks Fuki Suki and I.D. for steppin up last nite to hare what again turned out to be a truly shitty trail.

On-On

Girth

4 /30/2011 H5 Run #422

14th Analversary - 11th Stinko de Mayo

Hares: Grand Master Deathwish and All the Usual Sus

What can the GM say when he has such great people around him but Thank You. This year, more than any other year, we had people help in many different ways. Stinko is one of those events that without help from a lot of different people it would not be what it is.

Kitchen Crew- LunaChic and Two Fingers Tuesday, Fantastic job. I felt like I was in America instead of Mexico. It is not that I do not like Mexican food, but variety is the spice of life. That pig was fantastic Otis. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, late night snacks, Thank you everyone.

The Band- What can be said about Central Pa. Most Intoxicated Band that has not already been said. We love you Bubba. I think I finally heard about that damn Bird, Bird, the Bird...

Registration- Squeeze Me and She Came worked very hard to make sure everyone had the chance to register.

Check in Crew- Licky Me, Cant Taste Wont Swallow, Anal Nicole gave their time Friday to get all you wankers your haberdashery. I do not know who did Sat. but Thank You.

Parking- Wild Cherry and crew. Thanks for directing wankers where to go. You make it look so easy.

Beer Crew- What can I possibly say here but my liver thanks you for the nectar you provided. Great job with the Beer wagon.

Olympics- Brown Noser and Bang For a Buck. You two should really loosen up and try to have fun. Don't be so reserved. Maybe next year they will listen to your mega-horn. More balloons.

Hares- Trail sucked like the last 13 years. What can be expected when Bushrat is leading the likes of Dick on A Stick, Panic Button, and Wet Dreams. Bang For A Buck, your Friday crawl was prehistoric. Great costumes by all those who dressed up.

Coffee- Thank you Ho Flung Poo for making sure people had their morning fix.

Chili Cook Off-Chapped Lips once again did a great job making sure this tradition did not disappear. Thanks to all of you who entered.

If you did not win, try again next year.

Hot Tub Crew- Thanks Sister Maria for once again providing a place for wankers to soak.

Wood Crew- More wood, more wood, more wood, wore wood...

Cleaning-OrangUBang for making sure the bathrooms were cleaned prior to Stinko. Also, making sure the bathrooms had enough paper and soap during the weekend.

Recycle- Dancing Fool every year you give your time to make sure we stay Green. Thank you.

Camp Clean Up and Repairs-Before Stinko even begins numerous trips are made to the Camp for raking leaves, cutting back brush, picking up downed sticks, repairs to the Camp, etc. I cant possibly name everyone here so do not be offended. Bushrat, Lock Jaw, Interior Deficator, Fart Connors, Chapped Lips, Sister Maria, Fuzz Buster, Kodick Moment, COGO, Miss Piss, Tour De Puke, Two Fingers Tuesday, Wild Cherry, and so many more.

Well enough of taxing my brain. Let me just say how much I appreciate everyone. Next year will be 15 years. Maybe we should just stop at 14. What do you think.

Your faithful servant and puppet master,
Deathwish

P.S. i am still winning

4 /22/2011 H5 Run #421

Fairy Jesus Good Friday Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Both of them, Jesus plural, that is.

Bang For Your Buck did a discreet trail from the Post Office in Harrisburg, PA. I braved the Harrisburg traffic on a good Friday cause me and a bunch of other municipal workers were off work and were not screwing up traffic. The pack parked around a sign that said not to park there for more than 30 minutes but I guess the parking Nazis were off work and we were OK. The Po Po arrived as the pack gathered and Bang spoke to them and the nice officer was smiling and left us alone. What did Bang promise to make the officer smile and leave? The hare, Bang For Your Buck, threw flour, much of the pack dressed in tu tu's, and we drank discreetly in a post office parking lot.

The pack of about 20 wankers took right off on hash time through some of the finest neighborhoods in Harrisburg, "hood" being the word of the day. The hare was quickly ratted out by some of the locals, apparently six foot tall, hot, blonde bimbos throwing flour are not often seen in this neighborhood. Hmmm, not sure about the r\$nnng part? We were soon slowed by a beverage near, luckily that covers a lot of drinking ground. I think it was some kind of fine box-o-wine made from recycled anti-freeze with a touch of brake fluid added for color and cat piss for bittering. That's only my wine conosewers view. It was well hidden among the local trash that even the locals couldn't find it, or didn't want too.

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

So trail went on blah abha bahaaa to another well hidden beer check disguised to look like trash, or a dead thing in a bag, but the hashers found it and drank it. While on trail the pack did see some photo worthy stopping points relating to Good Friday. It was a Good Friday for me because I had the day off with pay. If I do this right there will be a Hashspace photo album that I should have thought of doing before I wrote this shit. <http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/jesus-can-go-hashing> Here's a great time to mention why H5 is so great, we are in "The Hood" and have the time to stop and take pictures, not like many other hashes that would be running as fast as they can. Oh, that's right, most of our pack was walking.

So we get to another well placed unfound shot check, except by the hashers, placed by Bang For Your Buck. It's funny how when were in places like "this", "they" don't call the police. I would have liked to have a "Bang Cam" that would record her for some un-reality show showing her placing these booze checks. The pack decides that it's about time to be getting On On as I'm starting to wonder about the time for picture taking in "the hood". Now, not to be hashingly incorrect butt... we need more black/other races hashers and "White People" jokes. So anyhow, the sun is still up but it's getting awfully dark!

You might have to picture this, there are many dressed in tu tu's and fairy wings and the coolest beer check of the trail comes up. We go to a bar! This is a truly shitty bar in that it is a stanky place where you can smoke other peoples cigarettes. Why do places like this make the best hash bars? I think the "this" and "they" theory come into play. I guess this is why the trail was not dog friendly. The cool thing about this bar was that there were quite a few races having fun in this bar. Some were wondering about the fellas in the tu tu's. I wasn't properly attired in that my tu tu was really a dress, my excuse was that it was cold and I had spandex underneath. Shortly after that My Bi Black Sheep arrived at the bar with camando tu tu and the locals investigated and were happy. Some hashers didn't understand "bathroom etiquette" in the hood bars and that almost caused problems. Just think of the reasons why "they" don't want more than one in the bathroom at a time in a 'throom that only has one pisser/shitter, and a sink. Interior Deficator and My Bi Black Sheep, Sheep in the comando tu tu, share the 'throom for not long when the bouncer lady is quickly on the situation and has the guy behind the bar hand out the 'throom key and she goes to unlock the door as My Bi steps out with a smile on his face. There were unknown thoughts of "crossing swords", "crossing streams", and who knows what else?

The pack followed many True Trail arrows as we passed some locals that looked scared. We knew the HHH's were close. Crossed a bridge and saw the HHH below with the Po Po nearby. Licky Me, My Bi, and Burning Bush stumbled the wrong way past the HHH's and didn't listen to the bugle back. Fart Connor and bimbo who got named 5 years ago forgot her name but it was something like "Biker Dyker", cause she likes women, made it back. The pack hung there a little while and decided that the Po Po weren't going to leave so we went back about 300 yards to our illegally parked cars in the Post Office parking lot and didn't play Post Office.

Licky Me actually answered her phone and was directed back and arrived back at the original start just in time to get down downs for last in. The other dis-respects were handed out and a renaming was held for she that hates cock but forgot her name and was named "Cock Sucker" to help her re-member and the pack to remember too. "Re-Member", there has to be a John Wayne Bobbit joke here. He is now a spokesman for Snap On Tool. If you don't get that you're too young. In true respect for today's trail we closed circle with the Jesus Saves song.

On the way home youse might enjoy my visual experience of this car flying 300 feet off the ground. Oops, that was a plane flying in H-burg airport.

On, this shit has no bearing on real life, On

Fart ConnOr

Thanks for the great hash trash, Fart! Special thanks to everyone who braved the cold wind to wear tu-tus and fairy wings for a graceful frolic through Harrisburg's upscale Allison Hill. No gunshots were heard by the hare, but I can't speak for the pursuing pack.

On on to STINKO!!

Bang

4 /18/2011 TMINFMH3 Run #141

Full Pink Boobage Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged and No Dimples Left Behin Giant food 4450 Oakhurst Blvd. Harrisburg Pa 17110
(on the Side rear of store)

M'O, what ever happened to the prizes? I did find a tick on the back of my knee as a consolation prize.

I hope someone gets to enjoy the shot check that we all missed. How did that happen again? Something that it was on a hilltop, but no one saw it?

4 /18/2011 TMINMFMH3 Run #141

Full Pink Boobage Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged and No Dimples Left Behin Giant food 4450 Oakhurst Blvd. Harrisburg Pa 17110
(on the Side rear of store)

Thanks for the great trail,
Sister

Special thanks to m'orally and endo for delivering my drunk ass home safely! You guys rock! I def owe u one
On on
Just deb

4 /16/2011 H5 Run #420

Poo Free Parks Hash

Hares: Hu Phlung Pu and Fuki Suki

Northeast Pool Supply.
481 Front Street, New Cumberland

Bimbos and Wankers of H5,

You weenies who claim H5 as your home hash who didn't bother to show up for Saturday Hash #420: Poo Free Parks yesterday (16 April 2011) need to kick yourselves for missing the finest that the month of April has to offer: rain, thunder, lightning, and high winds (we found out during the on-after that the entire area was under a tornado warning while we were running trail). The weather was perfect for a nice romp through northern York county and New Cumberland Borough. We didn't even need to go into the Yellow Breeches: it came up to us! Talk about service from Mother Nature: she made us all feel welcome during the entire trail by blessing us with sheets of rain from the north, south, east AND west. She spared no expense to reward us for spending valuable time chasing flour before it turned into paste and/or washed away into the Breeches then the Susquehanna then the Chessie Bay and then the mighty Pond. And our reward? Bier, commaradie, and more bier. I found out early this morning that much of the area that we were in yesterday was closed off around 10 p.m. due to the Yellow Breeches swelling with pride in our faithful hashing core of H5. What an honor!

Many thanks to my co-hare, Hu Phlung Pu, for doing an outstanding job. Thanks Hu, and everyone (including Dehlia and Just Miley) who turned out in shitty weather to make this hash the best one ever.

On on to boobies, more Ass Wednesdays, Good Friday hash and STINKO!

Fuki Suki

Thanksto the hares for bringin' the pain last night. After the last two hashes, we now know that "Bring a dry bag" is not just a good suggestion - it's imperative!
Webelo Scout

4 /13/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #61

Bring the Pain Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: No Dimples Left Behind and Chock-Full O' Sea E Penn Drive, by Adam Ricci Community Park

Thanks to the hares for a great trail last night. They brought the pain!

And special thanks to Chinese Penis Trap for all of the great items she brought to share!!!

Webelo Scout

4 /2 /2011 H5 Run #419

H5 April Birthday Pub Crawl

Hares: Chapped Lips

Houlihans, main street Hershey

Wow cool trail yesterday. Most Hashers know I don't drink very much but for some reason I was suckin down the beer, bloody mary's and wine yesterday. Yes and I hurled it allll over the sidewalk, pavement next to my car. Thanks to Chappy for putting me in the back seat of my car to sleep it off. If only that woman in the bar would have given me that 1 french frie I asked for. I said "please."

I thought my alarm went off while I was snoozing in the back of my car but it was my phone. Hu Phlung Pu was calling me to tell me I Won the NCAA Men's Basketball Tounament Poll. Ka ching!! One problem though since I am a woman in a men only poll, I need a penis to collect the cash. Does anyone want to be my penis? I can't be a pussy all my life. The other good thing is that I threw up all those extra calories. I am on a diet and that was a perfect thing to stay true to my goal. Thanks to puke, not Puke the other puke.

OnOn,
M'Orally

Hurling in technicolor? Could be a StinkOlympics event or a new art form. Just think of it, a bulimic could make a living doing this. Put out a canvas, eat colorfull food, drink a lot, barf on canvas. To get a smooth effect slap on a piece of glass, if you want a textured effect let it dry and put on the glass. Barfart. Ohhhh, put it on a spinning canvas to add a swirly effect. I'm still pissed off that David Letterman stole my idea about the velcro wall.

Way to go M'Orally! Now all you need is a stunt penis.

On On

Hares: Chapped Lips

Houlihans, main street Hershey

Fart ConnOr

LOL rolling in laughter. Shit I've had many penis but never a stunt penis. Um maybe for new position finding.

Happy Monday,
M'Orally

3 /30/2011 TIUTALAWH3 #59

Royal Wedding Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki and A Lay In a Manger

York Haven Public Access Recreation Area

Thanks to all of the wankers and bimbos who turned out for the Royal Wedding Ass Wednesday Hash last night! I've never seen such a gathering of fine wedding apparel at circle: Chapped Lips in her red neck camo attire, ID in his leather and rubber, Chief of Queef in his tux and running shorts, Bang in her velvet and lace sparkles, She Came in a stunning blusher veil and silk dress, and my co-hare, A Lay in the Manger, in a complete wedding ensemble with veil and 8' train. There were many more decked out wankers but I forget the rest. Maybe someone else can elaborate here.

Since I was busy throwing flour around the environs of Royalton I missed the State Troopers and Middletown Police chasing ID down Rte 441 because they thought he was the reason that a runaway bride (A Lay in the Manger) was spotted on the same road tossing flour while her veil and trail billowed behind her. I was also told that Chief of Queef was asked by Middletown's finest if he was the groom (great tux, Chief!).

It's funny that the Middletown Police had their underwear in a bunch because the officer who works for the Borough of Royalton not only knew what we were going to do he laughed loud and long when he was warned that some of the runners would be dressed for a Royal Wedding. Even the security guy with York Haven Power (the folks who own TMI and the rec area where we were) had no problems with our plans - maybe he knows Deathwish. The cops drove past me 3-4 times as I was laying the second half of the trail, and although they waved back each time they never bothered to stop me. I guess I needed to be chased by ID or Chief to get their attention. And I should have been wearing virgin white instead of the fluorescent yellow jacket that I had on, lol.

The site was perfect for prelube and circle: river water and swamp to play in, no restrictions on our imbibing of the nectar of the gods, woods, tons of parking, and even clean porta johns! The only people who were pissed off that we had invaded their little piece of privacy were the local drug runners (amazing how old and fat some of them are-did anyone else notice the driver of that mini-van who circled us 2-3 times before deciding that we weren't part of her supply chain?).

If they had not all been in full response dress (with all of the lights on the trucks ablaze) I was going to offer some long necks to the firefighters who were filling up their pumpers and cleaning trucks and hoses at the boat launch. But they did keep the trail from ending in the river like I was planning on doing. I think it would have been fun if we could have had a tug of war with their hoses.

Thanks again to everyone who showed up. And a great big thanks to my co-hare, A Lay in the Manger, who did a fantastic job as hare.

On on to Chappy & Puke's hash on Saturday!

Fuki Suki

Great write-up Fuki! What a fun theme for a hash! TIUTALAWH3 rocks!

on on,

bang

3 /19/2011 H5 Run #418

St. Patrick's Day Parade Family Hash

Hares: KY and Grizzly Schnizz

State Street between 2nd and Front Streets

22 JUSTS!

On behalf of H5 I would like to thank KY and Grizz for putting together an awesome morning for the kids! I had a great time even though none of my kids could be there. It always amazes me when hashers can behave. But from the looks of the crowd we had, we are quite a prolific bunch.

THANK YOU KY & GRIZZ for all your hard work!

onon
SC

So how was Tour's St. Pat's hash? Would anyone care to write it up? Surely it wasn't so boring that there's nothing to write about? Hopefully nothing bad happened that's keeping everybody mum. There's no way people are still nursing a hangover, or perhaps too many brain cells got killed and no one can remember a thing, hahaha. How was the turnout, how were the costumes?

Sister

All I can say is Luna Chick, Gerth Brooks, Sticky Bunz, Just Miley and Ruffy arrived late to trail, we were on trail but got lost when we found trail from Wednesdays fool moon trail and wondered around for 45 minutes trying to locate the trail. When we could not find it we all went back to the cars where we were directed to go NO-NO. At the NO-NO check we found a bunch of wankers, in a field with 2 ponds, who had finished most of the beer and all of the shots. One hasher took a swim in one of the ponds and Just Miley had fun swimming in the ponds as well and chasing the geese. We then all headed back to the end of trail and to tours for down downs and took a trip or 2 or 3 or 5 to the Irish car bomb garage. Sticky Bunz

Hares: KY and Grizzly Schnizz

State Street between 2nd and Front Streets

No, no. It was the Irish Car Bomb Shelter. That is a very important clarification. We were protected while we were in there.

What happens at Tour's, Sister, stays at Tour's.

onon
SC

Note that I was asking about the St. Pat's trail, not about what happened at Tour's. She Came, that is a very important clarification.

Why, did something happen at Tour's?

onon
SM

oh, Sister. Tour's could have been a little more romantic. We just didn't have enough wood for the fireplace, so the basement temperature was not the comfortable 150 degrees that you always enjoy.

on on,

bang

Trail? What trail?
SC

Hares: Fuki Suki

Shiremanstown United Methodist Church 125 E Main Street,
Shiremanstown, PA 17011-6312

Ass Wednesday

About 15 wankers show up for redemption for the TIUTALIW hash held on Ass Wednesday. It was a dark and rainy night. Our brief chalk talk consisted of essentially, "nobody new? nobody from out of town? ok, you know what to do." and Fuki Suki was off (minus her faithful hash companion Daisy). We followed along shortly and the "zig zag" across St. John's Church road in HEAVY traffic served to slow us down pretty well.

A fairly easy to follow trail quickly got us to the first beer stop, minus the cups we were promised, that we were instructed to bring with us to the second stop [noted that eff up for circle]. Lack of a suitable vessel didn't stop us from enjoying the kiddie keg of Köstritzer (A very tasty german import that is black as night, but not overly bitter). A few of us blasted past the BN that was just out of sight, but thankfully, we heard the call and returned.

Speaking of hearing... I had been thinking about this recently and it was really evident last night. A missing hash tradition within H5 is the hash whistle. "Back in my day..." it was a punishable offense in circle to show up without a whistle. Last night with the heavy traffic noise of 581, St. John's Church Road and Trindle Road... hearing someone shout On-On while at the check was virtually impossible. SO, BRING YOUR WHISTLES PEOPLE.... (note to self... hopefully this isn't something I bitch about and then end up being a continual violator. It happens).

Next up was a beer stop in the old cemetery with a growler of Nugget Nectar (we were promised good beer and not "hash beer" after all.) I'm personally not a big fan of hoppy beers so this wasn't quite up my alley, but the pack seemed to like it and that's the important thing. We were also joined by Tour who had returned from the trail backwards after snaring the hare.

We made our way from there across Trindle and pretty much directly to the end. A quick circle ensued and no really big offenses were presented. The highlight of circle was KY asking where the beer was when there were multiple glasses stacked at her feet.

On after was to the Brewhaus where we gave Dimples his three down down's he missed because he wasn't at circle... he was still on his work call. Course, you gotta admire someone who doesn't let a silly thing like work get in the way of hashing when you can easily manage to do both, you just need to stay out of earshot of the pack and you can rejoin when you are done.. Kudos to you for going the extra mile and not skipping an evening out.

It was a fun night. Thanks Fuki...

btw, if you want a happi coat, email ID.

-MFSqueeze
(who has tiger's blood... duh, winning)

i'm tired of pretending i'm not a total bitchin rock star from mars

on on,

bang (ing 7-gram rocks and finishing them because that's how i roll)

Shame on for losing the whistle check tradition (but kudos for having a

3 /9 /2011 TIUTALAWH3 #56

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki

Shiremanstown United Methodist Church 125 E Main Street,
Shiremanstown, PA 17011-6312

long-lived hash; ?14 years at this point). Alive and well in Colorado; but
still no WSHHH hash KY. Will there be a special 15 year anniversary?
Bridge Bandit

Good to hear from you... We'll see what we can do about the lost tradition.

I hear rumors that Stinko 15 will be special... Can't imagine how fast THAT event will sell out?!?

Please note that the hare had -and used- a whistle on trail last night. We ended up with a half case of the Deutscher pilsner (or as Chief would say, "pissner") so it will be consumed at the hash on April 16. And yes, Daisy was royally pissed that she missed a hash: she howled at me for 50 minutes after I got home!

On On!

Fuki Suki

3 /5 /2011 H5 Run #417

Saturday Hash

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday and Interior Defecator 6400 Chambers Hill Road

4 kinds of beer, woods, sex, 3 different shots, 4 kinds of beer (troegs too), titties, Special H5 Haberdashery for this trail only, 4 kinds of beer, shiggy, wild life, H 5 reflective vests as long as supplies last for sale (proceeds go to H5 haberdashery), there might be a dick check (no guarantees), laughter (depending if we have a dick check), fun, 4 kinds of beer, chance to see your favorite hashers, time to enjoy a warmer day, Plenty debauchery, and big smiles. Just wait till you read the hash trash!

I love hashing!

On On my way to 25 hares,
I.D.

I think it's safe to say that ID redeemed himself during this past Saturday's trail after last Wednesday's DEBACLE!!! What an epic trail guys! Great weather, great trail, and a hilarious on-after! Thanks ID and ID THEFT! lol

XOXOXO,

bang

2 /19 /2011 H5 Run #416

Saturday Hash

Hares: OrangUBang and Two Finger Tuesday

Colonial Lounge, 580 N. Mountain Rd. Linglestown, Pa

Two Fingers and Orang U Bang,

Hey I had a great time Saturday freezing my ass off in the wind. For a few moments I thought to myself when the big gusts blew me off my feet, "So this is what it's like at space camp." I will have me some Billie D Williams on a windy day anytime. He is fiine. I declined the Colt 45 though. I prefer the guy on the Old Spice commercial. He is really fine too but I wish they all were in their 20's. However there was a waiter at the On After I wanted to meet but She Came told me to cool my jets. She wouldn't even let me say "hi" to him. ; (

We that came on Saturday are die hard true grit what the hell are you doing hashers. Any Mailman would love us. Rain, sleet, hail, storms, blizzard, snow, sunshine, heat wave anything, bring it cuz we are hashers true blue. I really want to try hashing in an earthquake or tornado. Now that would be awesome. Poor Delia everytime I looked at her on trail, her ears were flapping in the wind. She is my puppy and also a true blue hasher.

On On,
M'Orrally blew!

First, I'd like to thank everyone for the birthday wishes and presents!

Now... on to the hash.

Saturday afternoon was cold and blustery, but it couldn't keep the intrepid hashers indoors!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GHpwzpaFI4g&feature=related>

About 20 people showed up to watch hats, paper, etc. Blow across the parking lot at the Colonial Lounge. After a brief circle, and a reminder about Black History Month, Two Finger Tuesday was off, followed shortly thereafter by co-hare Orang-u-bang who was still chit-chatting. After a vague amount of time had passed, the pack followed.

Right away there was confusion as the trail came to a check and seemed to disappear. Some impatient hashers ran through a false while others searched until they ended up in a local neighborhood. The trail wound through the streets and a whistle was heard in the distance. Hashers ended up violating private property at this point and dashed through yards of the locals. We then headed down along route 81 where we found the BN. It also turned out that the FRB's had caught the hare!

After down-downs we headed up past a local church and into a tree farm. Here much fun was had by sliding on the ice. We crossed more neighborhoods, and took a false trail into a swamp. Here we were asked by a passer-by if we normally run through people's

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Hares: OrangUBang and Two Finger Tuesday

Colonial Lounge, 580 N. Mountain Rd. Linglestown, Pa

yards. Standing in the swamp, we thought this an odd question, but several hashers assured him that yes, we do. We then passed by the local school (and a trash can full of dog sh*t that had spilled!) and across Mountain Road to the Cemetery. Here we had down-downs of Colt 45 (It works every time!)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0pK5HmuCMBM>

Next, a pass through Koons park and past the Koons pool and back into the local neighborhood. Here we went up and down streets. Hashers ended up violating private property at this point and dashed through yards of the locals – still on trail! More streets, and then hashers ended up violating private property at this point and dashed through yards of the locals. Trail was difficult to find in this area and some hashers decided that they were quitters and went back to the bar to get warm (Yes Sister, I know you had a flight the next day!). The REAL hashers continued on to the next check – a watermelon shot (I see a theme here!) The local property owner came out to ask if we were OK. We assured him that we were on and continued on.

We went up a dirt road and then entered more neighborhoods. Hashers ended up violating private property at this point and dashed through yards of the locals (déjà-vu!) as trail led through several yards consecutively at this point. We ended up in the parking lot of a local industrial park where the third BN was found. Somehow, despite the 40 degree temperatures, She Came managed to find the only warm beer in the bag! After this, trail wound back to the Lounge. Hooray!

Food was ordered and we went to the parking lot for the World's Fastest Circle – check with Guinness... it's true! All hash songs were played at 78 RPM. (Here's a link for those who don't get the reference - http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gramophone_record). Back into the Lounge for goodies and then on to Tours, for quick regrouping before heading over to the Drinking Bone to see the "Goat Ropin' Bastards" and "Dick and the Deer Gutters."

A fun time was had by all!

WS

Addendum: This is the first hash after which I had to throw out both my shoes and my socks!

WS

2 /9 /2011 TIUTALAWH3 #53

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday

YP restaurant on Progress Ave in Harrisburg

On short notice, a group of active hashers met at Your Place last night to get rowdy and sing songs. (No, not the restaurant – we were really at your place. Sorry about the mess...)

After imbibing a few and chatting up the bartender, the hare was off, followed soon after by the pack. While still in the parking lot we hit the first F. We turned around and were now headed in the right direction. Down the road we went in the dark, wishing we had nice reflective vests to wear and keep us safe at night. We hit a check and then a strange mark which needed to be explained to some of the pack, as they had not seen it before and it had not been explained to them. After asses were slapped all around, we proceeded to an industrial park walking path and our first BN. The beer was delicious and we then went into the woods, across a bridge and back up the street we had come down earlier. We knew then that the hare was watching our every move, which was probably why there was a mark on trail indicating that we should have sex on trail! (Which, of course, we all did.)

Trail led into an apartment complex and down the street back to YP. Was this the end of trail? I sauntered in and the bartender told me that trail would continue across the street – after a cold refreshing beer, of course! So I had one (by myself at this point, being the FRB) and left again for trail. On the way out, I passed other hashers confused at my leaving. I yelled to them that it was a BN and that trail continued on.

I crossed the Turkey Hill parking lot and past the Arby's (still being watched by the hare, it turned out) and into a work zone. Here it was tough to find trail, but found some TP in some shiggy. (Wow! There were some nasty thorny trees here, which I found out the hard way!) Then, on the side of a hill, another BN! (This would be the second Wednesday in a row that I was the only person to find a BN. But this time there was beer there! Hooray!) Trail then led me around the site and back to Turkey Hill (with conveniently placed trash cans for my empty beer cans.) Then along a retaining wall and back to YP.

Circle was enjoined and we entertained the patrons with songs of bawdiness and frivolity. After "Swing Low, we were even asked for an encore!

Get your sorry ass out to an Ass Wednesday hash!

WS

P.S. - Alas! As Sister Maria was not present last night, you'll never know what important details I might have missed in this writeup.

2 /5 /2011 H5 Run #415

Chinese New Year Hash

Hares: M'Orally and Fart Connor

Saturday was indeed a hashing day on the outskirts of Lancaster. Unlike last year the snow was managable (only 2 feet in some drifts

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Hares: M'Orally and Fart Connor

and piles), and there was just not enough water (both flowing and falling from the sky) to make us happy. Both Barney and Daisy enjoyed the tunnel because it netted them a free ride, and the little one is on his way to becoming a hash dog some day.

Help: Somehow I lost the patch that Girth gave me in circle ...if anyone who was at the hash finds it I'll gladly trade you a bier or an option if you'll return it to me at the next hash or the Superbowl Steelers Party at Arooga's on the Camp Hill Bypass. Otherwise I'm gonna have to figure out a way to get another one from Girth (any ideas, Luna?)

Hats off to Morally Challenged and Fart Conner for one damn good shitty trail!!!!

On On,

Fuki Suki

Thanks to all those who came out on a damp February day to celebrate the Chinese New Year "Year of the Hare". M'Orally Challenged, Fart ConnOr, and Delia enjoyed LIVE haring the trail through about 6 inches of slushy snow with a light rain cummin down. The fact that the hares didn't get caught only attests to the fact that no hash fucks around more on trail than H5.

On On

Fart ConnOr

A hardy group of hashers gathered on a cold rainy day to celebrate the Chinese year of the Hare.

<http://pages.infinet.net/garrick/chinese/rabbit.html>

The meeting place off of Hempland Road was appropriately consecrated. After a quick circle, the hares left right on (hash) time. After the typical 720 second head start, the pack followed after. We quickly found the first BN in a nearby field and refreshed ourselves. A few FRB's took off across the field and were about ¼ mile away when it was discovered that the trail went in the opposite direction through a drainage pipe under Route 30. We carefully skirted the running water and moved through the pipe to exit into a similar field on the other side of the highway.

Trail then paralleled the highway through a slushy grove of trees and then entered a neighborhood. After circling through several local streets we came upon a BN at Just Craigs house, where Fart Conner, practicing a Lehigh Valley style BN, was waiting for the pack to arrive. We enjoyed a lengthy hydration break while the hare was off again to mark the rest of trail. After another 720 seconds (give or take a few), we followed down the street. We entered a cemetery and I knew we were on the right path as I found a bunny decoration the hare had dropped. We circled a local park and then crossed a slush covered field, only to re-enter another drainage tunnel under the highway and then crossed another slush covered field. (Yes, we entered "Mountville" through a dark, wet tunnel. How appropriate!)

By this time, my shoes were a little damp, but it didn't affect my hashing spirit!

Next it was up Cherry Road (again – how appropriate) to the beautiful Mountville Inn, where we amazed the local patrons with our wonderful singing voices. Trail then led across an icy bridge and then to some train tracks (gotta hit those train tracks) and back to the industrial park and the HHH.

After a brief, but efficient circle, the gang then retired to a delicious Chinese meal where we all stuffed our faces and downed a lot of hot tea.

WS

2 /2 /2011 TIUTALAWH3 #52

Lazy Ass Wednesday Groundhog Day Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki

398 North York Street, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

A group of hashers gathered in a cold parking lot next to a warm bar to prelube with some delicious beers. Our hare, Fuki Suki, left right on time while the late cummers discussed how many men one would have to pleasure orally before one contracted cancer. After deciding it would be between 100 and 1000 a day for several years, the pack was off.

The trail wound around the aforementioned bar and up the street. The pack found flour and then simply a series of checks. (The hare admitted to pre-laying some marks so as not to get lost. As it turned out, we found those marks and followed them before she got there!) The trail seemed to lead through several Mechanicsburg streets up to Main Street, where a true trail arrow pointed toward the G-Man. And there it ended. No more marks were to be found. Thinking we may have missed something, we returned to the last check, but could find no additional marks. The pack then returned to the G-Man, thinking it might be a BN, but alas, it was not. We then returned to the start, where Tour said "Hey! Here's a bar! They have beer and wings!" and promptly went in. Not knowing that the rest of the pack would also pussy out in the same manner, I went on to find the trail.

Returning to the last flour mark, I did manage to find the real trail and after several checks and turns, actually managed to find a BN! Hooray!

But wait... where was the beer? It has to be around here somewhere... Nope. No beer. Oh well. On-on.

I continued to follow trail, almost being flattened by an 18 wheeler. Trail then seemed to lead in a familiar direction and turned back on

Hares: Fuki Suki

398 North York Street, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

itself making a loop. Well, I have had enough of this. Alone on trail, cold and thirsty, I returned to the bar. There I found the pack finishing up circle! As it turned out, the hare had come into the bar shortly after the pack and had gone to pick up the BN before I had arrived. Down-downs were consumed (me for being DFL and almost missing circle.) More beer was consumed, food was eaten, and beer pong was played.

Get your ass out to an Ass Wednesday hash (so I won't have to do it alone when the fair weather hashers go into the bar because it's too cold and trail was too hard to find!)

WS

1 /22/2011 H5 Run #414

Saturday Hash

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday and Cums in the Oven Soccer field on Gravel RD in Palmyra

About 20 hardy hashers showed up on Saturday to celebrate the season. Temps at the start were in the teens as the hashers stood around trying to shell peanuts with gloves on. After all the hashers were shuttled down the hill, for fear of not being able to get back up, circle was held. We were introduced to virgin Just Heather (who likes to be on top, and thanks to her sister's good advice, would be hashing in a fashionable pair of heels) and visitor Redwing Hoover from sunny Jacksonville (via Baltimore.)

The hares were off and we thawed out a couple more beers to drink before we followed. Off over a field of snow and through the tree line to the railroad tracks. Along the tracks we found an SN with a lemonade type drink to warm us up. Interior Defecator then told us that he had already caught the hares! Trail then led along another field and up to a highway (past a "Dance" check) and into the woods. There we found our first BN (and a "naughty" check!) After cooling off on this hot day we wound through more woods and around a quarry. Up a hill with snow angels (and a beer which the hare claimed was "placed" on trail and not dropped) to a cemetery and another BN. While completing the dance check in the cemetery, I spotted the hares and joined them for the rest of the trail.

We went along a steep bank and then down it on our rears, and along a creek Next we went trough a field to the road berm where more snow angels were made. Then up the road to a farm where the last BN was found near some small hills of detritus. The trail then led back to the road and to our cars – about 5 miles in all. Circle was held at Overtime Sports Bar where hashers were thawed and a good time was had by all.

WS

1 /19/2011 TMINFMH3 Run #138

Full Wolf Moon and Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Bushrat

Carls autobody

A few intrepid hashers (including a couple of visitors!) met last night to cavort under the Full Wolf Moon. Amid the cold and snows of midwinter, the wolf packs howled hungrily throughout Linglestown. After exchanging pleasantries, and waiting for late-cummers, the hares were off. The pack started slowly, but wound through the streets until finding the first BN near a baseball field. But alas...no beer was to be found!

Only slightly discouraged, the pack continued on, winding through more streets, until returning to the opposite side of the same ball field and another BN. This time the hares delivered with liquid refreshment. We sat in the dugout and rehydrated until interrupted by the local constabulary. The pack used the evasive tactic of running-away-in-various-directions, which worked wonderfully. We crossed Rt. 39 and proceeded into less populated land. Across a playground, and into a field we proceeded. There we were greeted by a wondrous sight! The full moon cast its glow directly ahead of us, lighting our way. Several hashers were overcome by emotion and had to howl.

We followed the hare's footprints through a farmer's field that had fresh manure laid on it just before the last snow. Now that the snow had begun melting, the manure was in prime shape to hash through to maximum effect. This lasted about a half mile, as we noted by the footprints that the hare had had difficulty keeping erect (on his feet, that is) in the slippery snow-manure mixture. Finally we came to a water hazard, followed by a road, giving us a chance to clean off our shoes. Just around the corner was another BN and a chance to re-group.

Next we hashed down a short bit of well used road with no shoulder, dodging traffic, and then up a hill. We bypassed a perfectly decent cemetery and went into a neighborhood. Down a few streets we came upon a SN with spiked hot chocolate to warm us up. Yummy! Then through Koons park and back to the HHH. After a short circle (where the hares drank more than their share for hash-crashes and a missing BN) we proceeded to the Eagle Hotel for food and more drinks.

WS

1 /8 /2011 H5 Run #413

6th Anal FREE BEER For All the Hashers Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry & Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

Thanks to everyone that came out to the 6th anal free beer. It was a blast, only a few minor injuries. Thanks to all the cute semi naked people - who doesn't like to see Bang running around in a bikini???

Thanks to my buddy and co hare Wild Cherry for again opening up his house to the tornado of people. Thanks to ALay for everything, especially cleaning up the next day once all our sorry asses drove home to sleep it off.

Here's to another year done and the warm fuzzy thoughts of Stinko only a few short months away....

ONON

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Doodle and GlassAss

Add my thanks to Wild Cherry for exposing his real estate to the ravages of 100+ hashers. His living room floor was quite comfortable.

A Lay did a fantastic job of vomit control and post-hasher cleanup. She can come to my place any time (I promise no vomit). I hope Tub Slut heals quickly, but he deserved a smack in the head for his constant bragging about a 29" waist.

I expect to post my FBFATH pics on my HashSpace account this week. I secured everyone's permission to post, but if anyone has any second (sober?) objections to any pic they are in, e-mail me and I'll take it down immediately.

What a shame this is the last FBFATH (just as the last two were).

On on to Stinko and PGH-H3's weekend 2-4 June,

4-F You

On Saturday, 1/8/11, over 100 Wankers and Bimbos met in Wild Cherry's garage for the annual FREE BEER FOR ALL THE HASHERS hash. (The last number I heard was 103, but that probably went up as the NRB continued to filter in.)

After some hobnobbing was done and general greetings were exchanged, chalk talk was done in a fashionable pink, and Cock-a-Doodle Don't and Wild Cherry were off. Trail went off across the field and we came upon the first beer check about 150 yards from the house. After that we crossed more fields and it was not too far until we stumbled upon a shot check stocked with some delicious spiked hot chocolate.

Next it was off down the railroad tracks and under a trestle for the second beer check. We passed along a creek and had to hoof it down the lane to the bridge about ¼ mile away. This was much too far for some hashers who decided to brave the water. We passed dangerously near the waste water treatment plant (phew!) and back onto the tracks for the last BN. Then back to the HHH at Wild Cherry's abode.

A subdued circle was conducted, and this was followed by nutritious snacks. Hashers then broke up into groups to play Parcheesi, recite poetry, and discuss the nuances of flower arranging. A good time was had by all, with the possible exception of Wild Cherry himself who fell on the ice and hit his head on the cement, and Tub Slut who won the Red Badge of Courage. We all wish them well.

WS

P.S. – A special "Thank you!" to Back Door Man for staying up late on Saturday night!

Cute write up.

My question is.... HOW is Wild Cherry doing from his fall? I was in the kitchen, trapped in a corner as there had to be at least 30 ppl crammed into the kitchen at that time. I heard a very loud BANG- Oh wait! isn't she always loud? JK Bang.... And I swear I saw a flash of light coming from the back door. I thought maybe the hot tub blew up or something. What was interesting was about 5 ppl actually got up to see what happened, and 4 turned around to come back in and party some more, saying- Oh- Wild Cherry slipped and fell. I assumed it must not have been bad, by the reaction.

Thanks WC, and Doodle once again for providing us with a fun filled day of entertainment, fun, beverages, and all the hard work of cooking for everyone.
A.N.G.E.L.

Thanks for the write up WS!!!!

I forgot to mention in my last post...TONITE IS THE BSC CHAMPIONSHIP GAME!!!

OREGON DUCKS #1

GO DUCKS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ON ON
Doodle

Some of the trail info is missing in the below writeup. Allow me to try fill in some blanks.

After the spiked hot chocolate check, the trail crossed the train tracks and went across a field, where there were dick and tit checks, and then directly to the next beer check. Those short cutting on the train tracks were separated from the beer check by a body of water and had to go around quite a ways to get to it. Unfortunately, some decided not to back track and continued down the tracks. From the beer check, the trail appeared to go up the trestle to the right, but the FRBs who took that soon came running back the other way toward those that had bypassed the BN. This caused a bit of confusion on the part of those leaving the BN, as could be heard " What

Hares: Wild Cherry & Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

the f@&#? "

The next check was on the train tracks - road crossing, and the false continued on the train tracks. True trail was found on the right and went a half-mile down the road, where upon it turned left over a bridge and left again for a 180-degree run back along the other side of the creek. Some short-cutters upon hearing the FRBs call of On-On went through the creek, while others coming later, having just left the last BN, short-cutted across dry land, skipping almost a mile of trail. The trail curved to the right a paralleled the train tracks on one side and a large pile of rocks on the other side and wound up at the next shot check, yum! Most hashers short-cutted atop the large pile of rocks and hesitated whether to climb down to the SN, especially as trail leaving the SN went back up. Could it be that they'd had too much to drink in such a short time? Perhaps. By then the FRB's found trail back on the train tracks, so everyone made a dash for them. Some, like Tour, decided they knew the way back to Wild Cherry's house from there and short-cutted in along the tracks (I noted that Tour came out of the bathroom freshly showered as soon as the FRBs got in).

However, trail crossed the tracks and continued across a field next to a warehouse, where there was a tit check. Despite calls to the pack, a few hashers, followed by the rest of the pack, bypassed all this along a spur of the train tracks. This becoming like a "railroad hash" - Doodle & Wild Cherry did you have this train track theme in mind when you set trail?

Nevertheless, from the tit check the trail got on the tracks and to the next beer check, where group photos were taken, along with many shenanigans, as those who stayed to finish the beer and shots at the other checks were quite loaded by now.

From there, the trail went left across a field, then a playground and continued through a development, which we soon found out had paralleled Wild Cherry's development.

Thanks to the topless Titsburgh bimbos for promoting their hash weekend 5 weeks after Skinko, so that all H5ers can make it.

Sister

I'd like to thank Wild Cherry and Doodle for another over the top Free Beer. Awesome Spectacular and Definitely HOT!!! I'll never see some of the things I've seen this weekend again and in some cases THANK GOD! If you need any help for clean up or repair. Other than doing construction and destruction, I am bio and hazardous waste trained. Call me!!! I have some time on my hands and Uncle Sam is paying me anyways.

Wild Cherry fell? Perhaps not.

Tub Slut came rushing in from the back door with blood gushing from a gouge above his right eyebrow. Luckily, Chapped Lips - a trained ER nurse - came to his rescue, sat him down and treated his wound. Apparently he said the sheet of metal atop one of the heaters out back just got lifted off by the wind and flew into his forehead as he sat in the hot tub. He's lucky - it could have been worse.

If anyone has a story about Wild Cherry falling, feel free to indulge.

Sista

Thanks for filling in the missing information, Sister.

It's much clearer now. Don't know how I could have possibly forgotten all that. I must have had one too many delicious hot chocolate shots - but just one!

Can't wait to see your pictures!

WS

Well imagine me(I.D.) at circle with allll the enviromental stimulation (tits) and Hohemain trying to give all the hot Bimbos a tonsilectomy with her tongue...and and such... going on.....that I losing focus...Com on man...I'm not on any meds either.Yes, I still have the loot.It will be there wednesday

Im not as baad as M'Orally!On Ass wednesday On,
I.D.

P.S.I thought Wild Cherry was going to the Hospital by hearing and seeing the impact of his head and the threshold of the slideing glass door.It was very disturbing to me.Hope you feel better soon Wild Cherry....cause I know it still hurts.Thank God that H 5 has many and the hottest nurses around.I believe "The Bitch" was following him around after it happened .I went looking for Anal too...go figure.

didn't see it happen, but I was standing in the kitchen talking to Squeeze Me and I said, "If you go out by the hot tub, be careful. It looks like a lot of water sloshed out of it and froze on the patior." About 30 seconds later, Wild Cherry walks out the patio door and THUD, he fell. I think he hit the back of his head, and A Lay I believe was attending to the blood on the back of his head. I saw him a little later in the garage and he seemed a little dazed. I asked him if he had a concussion and he said he might. So I gave him the mini-mental I used to give elderly people when I was a social worker. He knew the date, the president, etc. When I got to the "Start at 20 and count backwards by 3's until you can't anymore", he did it, started going into the negative numbers and told me that since he's an

Hares: Wild Cherry & Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

engineer, he could do that even if he was comatose LOL.

That's all I know. Hope he's doing okay too. I'm sure cleaning up his house was fun yesterday. There were drunkards a-plenty there. I agree that I saw lots of sights that will forever be burned in my memory. For example, I could live a full life without seeing Tubslut in a green Borat costume again. LOL

-Trashed

The loot was in the basement where the strippy cup was being played.BTW.. Have you ever heard me say... that the Pittsburgh hash is one of the BEST hashes in PA?????I mean when playing strippy cup...why wait till the end of the game to get nakid....I love that kind of spirit!!!! oh and I'm not missing thier AGM June 3-5!!!! Flicker Flicker Flicker....Donkey thanked M'Orally for the sexual favor and said since I didn't have my checkbook with me ...that if i sent the check today,I'd get the free beer discount price....I Hope he remembers which BJ that I am talking bout.

Pittsburgh is one of the greatest hashes in pa!!

I.D.

I'm lucky. It could have been me!

She Came

Another dramatic moment ocured during my brief visit. Salt Lick was lucky that I was standing at the bottom of the basemenet steps when she came floatig down. just like the down of a thistle. Her head hit me instead of the floor. She just said that she was OK because I wa soft, and then spent about 5 minutes apologizing for her alcohol abuse gaffe.

Even a shshort 1 hour visit was fun.

Ruffy

greatly aplogize to all. I can be the designated driver from now on. This divorce has opened up old wounds and I am extremely sorry. A little too much freedom after 20 years. Hohemian

Thanks to everyone who came out for FREE BEER. I would also like to thank everyone who helped put it together. Thanks to Doodle and Glass Ass. A special thanks to A Lay for cooking a lot of the food, cleaning the next day and looking after me after I hit my head. Head, who said head.... Someone told me there was something wrong with the hot tub. I went out to investigate, slipped on the ice and hit the back of my head on the concrete step. Both A Lay and Trashed gave me the concussion tests and I passed, but as Trashed said, never give an engineer a math test to see if they are cognizant, I probably could have answered those questions if I was knocked out. Yesterday and today my entire head hurts, I am a little nauseous, I am sleepy and everything is a little foggy. Yesterday I wasn't sure if they were hangover symptoms (Yes, Tour some people actually feel like that after drinking all night) or from the fall. Since they continued into today I thought it best to see a doctor. I have an appointment this afternoon. Thanks to everyone who expressed concern. I will let you know what I find out.

Wild Cherry

I would like to add my voice to those thanking our host, Wild Cherry, Glass Ass, Doodle, and A Lay. The thought of facing a cold, icy, snowy, January, for me is, only made tolerable by the anticipation of Free Beer. LONG LIVE FREE BEER !!!!!!!.

On a personal note, I would also like the thank Anal Nicole and Chappy for

the excellent and prompt medical attention. I love you guys!. I still have a headache, but no infection. and I was able to hit the New York City Hash on my drive home with no problems. Last, but not least...Fart Conner. for the Borat Mankini. I now own a bathing suit, which I will proudly wear for the Brooklyn Hash and Polar Bear Plunge in Feb. at Coney Island. I was asked some years ago by mismanagement to bring a bathing suit to this event, and I DID. Never wore it, but I did bring one, but I left it beside a swimming pool at a hash in Bay City, Michigan. Same story...brought one... didn't wear it. so I couldn't justify buying something I got no use out of.

On-on to Stinko and more of the same.

sorry to those offended by my rants and dishonoring and disseminating.....thoughts of others....it was never my intention to hurt others feeling so ...Fuck Off....hashers should have a little more thick skined....Thank you for dishonoring me behind my back and in private emails.....so noted...I deserve it!

1 /8 /2011 H5 Run #413

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Hares: Wild Cherry & Doodle

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

p.s. some personally shit should be kept private....what a bunch of great smiles I seen this weekend....those i'll never want to forget!
shut your fucking piehole
I.D

Yep. Sounds like you won't be starting in the NFL this weekend.

Wild Cherry - Out

A Lay in a Manger - Questionable, but remains a game time decision.

WS

I just got back from the doctor's office. He thinks I suffered a concussion. He didn't see any point in doing a CT scan. There is no way to tell how long the symptoms will last, so I am not sure how long I will be out. The doctor told me to avoid car accidents, ice and anything else that might result in a blow to the head (head, who said blow to the head, I guess I can't take some of that). And, yes, I am back at work designing bridges. Drive Safe!

On on

Wild Cherry

Thanks for the update WC! I hope you start feeling 100% real soon! Try to rest!!! :)

OnOn,
Cums

Don't hold back I.D. bring the pain!!! I have a football helmet for you WC. No really I hope you start feeling better sorry to hear you busted your head. Thank you all very much for bringing the pain. It was a great trail and great spread.

Semper Fidelis,

No Dimples Left Behind

My smack on the head 2 days later.2Pics from Tubslut

You should really use the second picture for your christmas card next year.

You've seen the picture, obviously. Does it really look like I'll live till Christmas?

Take care of yourself Keith! I knew it was not going to be good, but I'm glad you are okay. Thanks for letting us all know you are never going to be the same again, but will be ok. :-)

I'm glad you went to the doctor!

BnT

Keith? Who's Keith?
She Came

1 /5 /2011 TIUTALAWH3 #50

Feast of the 3 Kings Vigil Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Brewhouse Grille, 2050 State Road, Camp Hill, PA 17011

Ahhh. Another fine Wednesday night – perfect for hashing!

About 15 hashers met at the Brewhouse Grille where, after a beer or two, marks were explained to the lone virgin. Then our hare, Bang-4-Ur-Buck, handed out some greetings to celebrate the Feast of the Three Kings and was off into the night! After the traditional 12 minutes, the pack was off! First we went through the underpass and ID thought that we might be going to his house, but assiduously avoiding the local cemetery, we headed in the other direction to the first beer-near along the side of the road.

Next was a winding trail through a bit of shaggy and some streets and then to a choice – crossing a train track with one parked train and one moving train, or through an underpass with a flowing creek. Being the intelligent bunch we are, we all chose to avoid the trains and get our feet a little wet. After Brown Noser scared our virgin by posing as a stack of tires, we crossed the road to find our second beer-near.

We proceeded to another set of train tracks and, keeping alert for more moving trains, we kept to the tracks until arriving at the HHH, where songs were sung and beers were consumed by about 20 hashers (yes, the party had grown since we had started, thanks to a

1 /5 /2011 TIUTALAWH3 #50

Feast of the 3 Kings Vigil Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Bang 4 Ur Buck

Brewhouse Grille, 2050 State Road, Camp Hill, PA 17011

few non-runners. No Magi were seen in the crowd, however, despite the hash being in honor of them!) Then into the Brewhouse Grille for munchies.

Get your ass out to an Ass Wednesday Hash!

WS

Happy 12th day of Christmas everyone! If you make it through today, you've officially survived the holidays!

On On to FREE BEER FOR ALL THE HASHERS!!!!

baaaaaang

12/22/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #47

Ass Wednesday Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Bang 4 Your Buck

Snappers Bar & Grill, 120 East Allen Street, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

Here's a song in honor of Bang and the Tu Tu Hashers:

(Sung to the tune of Winter Wonderland, with no apologies to Richard B. Smith):

Runnin' 'round the streets of M town,
Lookin' for bier to do some down-downs,
A beautiful sight, we're hashing tonight,
Followin' the trail in our tu tus.

Damn it's cold, and kinda windy.
But the moon makes it pretty
And easy to see the flour as we
Go followin' the trail in our tu tus.

Folks don't have a clue why we were yellin'
"R-U," "Bier Near", "Oh Shit", and "On On" too.
They'll never understand the lure of glitter
as it sparkles from the moonlight in our bier.

When we crossed the floured H's
And down-downed with the blessed nectar
We toasted the hare by laying our asses bare.
We followed the trail in our tu tus.

I agree with WS: GET YOUR ASSES OUT TO THE ASS WEDNESDAY HASHES!

On On,

Fuki Suki

As the cold wind blew last night, intrepid souls gathered in Snappers bar in Mechanicsburg. A few were seen wearing tu-tus! After explaining the hash marks to the lone virgin using pen and paper (I believe her name was spelled Just Tarah - her brother, the newly named Queen of Sharts, made her cum!) , the pack was off!

The trail was exceptionally convoluted and wound through the streets of town. After getting separated from the pack, I eventually found them enjoying cold beer just off the alley. Being in a festive mood, the beer was dosed with glitter, which we promptly all had all over our faces (just like sucking c*ck.)

After more running around town, the next beer check was held near where an AA meeting was going on. We had a drink in solidarity.

After avoiding the local train traffic, down downs were held in the empty lot next to the Library, where everyone NOT wearing a tu-tu did a social. We then all retired to Snappers for further libations!

WS

Get your ass out to an Ass Wednesday Hash!

Haha...nice write-up WS! Thanks to everyone who braved the cold for trail last night and special thanks to everyone who wore their tu-tus! Congrats Queen of Sharts!

Merry Christmas H5!

12/22/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #47

Ass Wednesday Tu-Tu Hash

Hares: Bang 4 Your Buck

Snappers Bar & Grill, 120 East Allen Street, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

on on,

baaaaaaaaang

12/21/2010 TMINMFMH3 Run #137

Full Cold Moon Hash

Hares: Sister Maria & Girth Brooks

Behind Mt. Gretna Lake

Merry Christmas

The Full Moon trail was quite the hash to both remember & forget . Those that remember will never forget it . I for one had a wonderful time .

I know it takes alot to hare a trail . The reward cums from those around you .

Sister ! Thank you ! I cunt have done it without you . I owe you one or two for fulfilling the co-hare position . Is that a position !

Hares what happened to me ! I scrambled to get the BN's , SN 's out in time . Way too much beer for the six virgins , one dog and six experianced hashers . This time of year with so many hashes to go to , we were glad to see the people cum together for us to , bring the pain !

We gathred for circle around 7 or so to take the virgins on a very cold alcohol ladend trail .

Little was clear in my mind what had been said . I seem to be confused even though I was 'splainin trail .

Never the less , because we had no time keeper our 12 minutes were by guessing what time it was . Off I went in a hurry w/ Sister Maria to lay some checks to confuse the pack . Mission accomplished by bringing the pack to astand still for 15 - 20 minutes .

I had plenty of time to accomplish what I thought should be re-layed at a later date . A springtime trail mayhaps .

Turned out that 'till I cleaned up the fist shot check and I found that the pack consumed the homemade Christmas Cookies and Hot chocolate spiked with 100% peppermint Shnapps along with a bottle of Baja Luna . Off I was to the first BN , a full case of three types of beer , which the pack missed by only a few feet. I then located the the pack at the next BN back on trail under a huge bright full moon.

I took the check back to the next and last SN where I had earlier walked up on a car that was rockin' in the new year a little early ,if you know what I mean .

Only Luna & Fuzz remained to consume the Baja Luna & Butterscotch Schnapps . The virgins (Anal Nicole made them all come) , all left by the time we returned to circle to find all the H5er's to close with circle. Down - downs were married with song , announcements were made and the veterern H5 group left to get a piece.

On-On till we meet again

Girth Brooks

12/15/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #46

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator

Gullifty's

Four hearty souls showed up for last nights Takes it up the Ass Like it's Wednesday hash.

Cums in the Oven, Fuki-Suki, Bushrat and myself dared to meet at Gullifty's at happy hour to drink half priced Mad Elf and other fine products while Interior Defecator (after much deliberation) took off to lay trail.

After the traditional 12 minutes, we exited to the parking lot and proceeded into the neighborhood on the scent of flour. After a few checks, the first beer near was found chilling (no ice required) in an elementary school playground. We decided to carry the beers with us, as standing still was not the best course of action.

On trail we ran into the mysterious Smoking Man from the X-Files.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Smoking_Man

We then had another beer check at the fabulous Chateau' de Hottub (although we did not take a dip and remained in the driveway.) The trail then retuned to the Gullifty's parking lot and the gang of four met ID in the local Chinese restaurant, where beer was downed, and wings and Oriental delicacies were consumed. Also, each hasher received a stocking to hang by the chimney with care, which we personalized and were then filled with candy!

Get your ass out to an Ass Wednesday hash!

Webelo Scout

12/15/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #46

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator

Gullifty's

First, I'd like to say. THANKS to all that showed (they weren't scared bitches)...I didn't think it was that cold....I was a little warm. Secondly, that was the fastest I seen Fu(c)ki Su(c)ki hash. I don't know whether it was because she didn't bring Daisyor or she was secretly thinking she'd turn into a popsicle. Third There was half price rum and coke pitchers too! Glad you all enjoy your stockings stuffed. Oh and there also was two NHB's M'Orally and Ruffie Great job last night Guys!!!! Does anyone else think that Santa has a hard time getting down the "chimly" On TO TO On I.D.

12/8 /2010 TIUTALAWH3 #45

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday

DOG HOUSE on paxtion st (Underdog)

Thank you again, Two Finger, the master of trails! for an awesome trail last night. For those of you who are missing these Wednesday trails, get off yer asses and hash!

Don't forget--STINKO MEETING TONIGHT AT 7PM AT TOUR'S.

onon

She Came

12/1 /2010 TIUTALAWH3 #44

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Two Finger Tuesday and Cums In The Oven Shanes Bar

Wow, what-a-trail!

Not only did we have a hasher down before the first BN, but we had a virgin down after the first BN: a rolled ankle that swelled up to twice its size in about two minutes - sounds serious! So we lost our virgin, including the two hashers who brought this virgin, seeking medical attention. Little did they know, after only the first hour of hashing, what they were about to miss.

Two Finger and CITO outdid themselves. Not only did they provide beer at the bar before the hash, they provided five, count e'm 5!, BN's, consisting of a pub crawl of Hummerstown, including being served by Litt'l Spermaid at Chick's Tavern, the highlight of our tour, where we met the former bass player of Honeypump, who was asking about Tour and has hashed with us before - he knew our hash names.

At the On-In, we got up on the elevated dance floor, where Luna took on RA duties and performed them well. Circle was interrupted by the DJ entering and doing a rendition of Sweet Caroline, whereupon he received his just reward - So good, So good, So good! Girth self-gratified himself by giving himself his 100th run patch, and all was well.

On On!

Sista

11/24/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #43

Ass Wednesday Turkey Trot Hash

Hares: Fuki Suki & M.O.U.N.D.S.

344 Herman Ave, Lemoyne 17043

Well now, as fate would have it I managed to get to the pre turkey day hash hared by Fuki-Suki & M.O.U.N.D.S last night . I certainly would not be disappointed by this turn of fortune which allowed me to attend . Spectacular weather and a few great hashers were in store for a trail to never be forgotten (at least for me)! Just Jordan a virgin also was there.

We all met in the rear of Fuki's place to the warmth of a bonfire. The size of which was minimal but somehow quite adequate to warm our extremities. We consumed all the beer we could drink for the anticipation of circle. We even had pretzel rods to eat. OH-BOY !!! Circle started right on hash time sevenish or so with out Mounds . Fuki was determined to give us all what we came for , no matter what. So off she went into the chill of night without her little dog too!

Mounds showed up about 90 seconds after her co-hare was off, and she quickly went on her way.

We drank more beer and I grabbed another pretzel rod for the trail. waiting...waiting....waiting

On-On we were. (by the way don't run with pretzel rods in your hand) A well marked trail with plenty of artificial light made trail a snap to find the BN so strategically placed that only a dumpster diver would have found it. There we were when from around the corner who should appear ? Our lovely co hare telling us, of all people, that we were all fuxxed up! This was the last BN on trail not the first .

WHATEVER!!!! MY BAD!!!! Beer is Beer! WE had our share and left for a NO-NO trail.

To make a long story short, we missed one beer check, consumed one under a surveillance camera at a warehouse and had beer behind the local police station. Back to the bon fire we returned to find a feast of turkey with sides and desserts, plus BEER! YEA !!! Circle was short and sweet . Beer was consumed by all.

Thankfully no police were called . Thanks to Fuki & Mounds & have a great Thanksgiving all of you, as we remember to consume all the food and beverage and give thanks to all those who make it possible.

Fondest wishes ,

Girth Brooks

11/20/2010 TMINFMH3 Run #136

Full Beaver Moon Absurdity Day Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator

1701 Cedar Cliff dr. camp hill

Hey Thanks Interior Deficator and brother Just Larry!

Hares: Interior Defecator

1701 Cedar Cliff dr. camp hill

This is just a short synopsis of a shitty trail. ID's other brother Barry didn't attend this hash due to intelligence. The hares took off right on hash time, 6pm, the published start time was 5pm. Tour de Puke wasn't there to offer words of advice. The moon was out for our redistricted Fool Moon hash time a day early. All the locals were off the public park type path that we weren't, (Is that really any shorter than "were not"?). Stick that in your grammar check.

So, no shit, there we were, at the first beer check and we heard fire sirens and thought something of it, until we left the beer check. Oh yeah, it was dark with an almost full moon. The trail was marked with lots of flour that was easy for Delia to follow in the moonlight. About a third of the pack was made up of the well prelubed over achieving who did the Selinsgrove hash earlier in the day and had put in about 5 hours of driving with an extra hash attached. A second beer check by some watery stuff and back up to a neighborhood, without any "hood" and a shot check in front of a house for sale. Now here's a great thing about hashing in the dark, Hu Phlung Pu can piss in somebody's front yard and not be seen. Oh yeah, and the hash can drink shots on the street.

The about maybe 3 mile plus trail went pretty much out and back, that might explain why Brown Noser and Bang For Your Buck took the No No trail and caught the hares. On the way back me and Delia were assuming our usual role as being almost DFL's at the last and third beer check for those who are math impaired and I'm discussing hash trivialities with Miss Piss and Stinky Pink when I suggest that we move on before the Po Po comes. For those of youse who don't know what the Po Po is, it's the police. Right then a nice Dodge Charger cums across the singing bridge that the last beer check is beside and to the wonder of all it is the police. Miss Piss tells them that we are only following flour and all is well.....Two Finger Tuesday had to give more information, something about assuming Interior Deficators nerd name. Who knows what a "singing bridge" is?

Leading but not being a DFL, me and Delia arrive to ID's abode to see a police officer from another district, as the "singing bridge" we crossed was in another district, and this nice officer is doing his job. As I understand Weblows Scout helped explained the situation and all was well. This might be a good time to point out that the police are only doing their job and some civilian called and they have to check things out and write a report to explain why the fire department was called out for white stuff and "people" yelling "ON ON". I guess the fire department has to file a report too. In that respect our house family does donate to our local volunteer fire department.

Apparently all returned safely, beer was consumed, and hashers pissed in ID's bushes. Circle consumated around ID's indoor hot tub and down down's were issued to those deserving and those who deserved more. Maybe most importantly, Just Bridgette, was named "Hot Crotchets", pissing off those such as Brown Noser. I won't go into the fine points as to avoid confusion for those there or not there, or myself.

Ohhhh, this is important.... Interior Defacator served some awesome food and lots of it.

If you have 18 minutes to kill this is what this trail was like:

<http://www.tcm.com/mediaroom/index.jsp?cid=1439>

Arrrrf Arrrrf

Farrrt Connor

Hares: Cums In The Oven and Two Finger Tuesday

Behind hotel, Comfort Suites
320 Milroy RD
Hummelstown PA 17036

Arrrrr

Me and Delia returned to our home hash for the Fool Moon Trail. Two Finger Tuesday got us off on trail right on hashtime about an hour after the posted 5:30pm starting time. M'Orally Challenged was wondering where she was because she was the first one there and was confused because nobody else was there. I'm not going to try and recall the about 15 hashers who showed up for a warm full moonlit night for a hash.

Hares: Cums In The Oven and Two Finger Tuesday Behind hotel, Comfort Suites
320 Milroy RD
Hummelstown PA 17036

The pack found the first beer check and the trail went to hell as we went to a public works project and the inhabitants were wondering why people were wandering about in their backyard shiggy for an hour. Most of the pack stumbled through thorny shiggy with no fucking trail at all and managed to find trail. As for Fart Connor, Delia, Hu Phlung Poo, Fuki Suki, awww shit, the former Just Jim, I'll remember his name later, we said "fuck it" and went back to point A.

It should be mentioned that Fuki Suki abandoned her broken down car at a nearby Rutters Market to attend the hash. Fuzz Buster brought her and her little dog Daisy to the hash with the promise from Orangubang. Shit!!! I just got called into work. Photos on Hashspace..... <http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/fool-moon-hash-102310>

On On

Fart Connor

Two finger Tequila I never heard of but I did drink it last night. Fuzz and I are two bimbos that can "Can Of Man" that shit. I had 8, yes 8 shots. That water was not very cold to me after I sucked that down. Two Fingers I learned the hard way NOT TO USE CHERIOS ON TRAIL. Now you need to learn NOT TO PUT SALT PACKS FOR TEQUILA SHOTS IN A BAG OF MELTING ICE. I not only sucked lemon down my throat after the gulp of Tequila out of the bottle, but I had to suck the salt out of the McDonalds 8 salt packs.

Crack Whore, Fuzz, Dipples and I are the only H5ers that finished that Full Moon trail last night. Not enough rocks, stream, Tequila, slanting hill, tunnels, shiiiiiiiggy or bridges. The others hashers missed a really great long as shit should have been a day hash trail. My vision was very blurred in the tunnel. From Tequila i guess. My knees thank you. I thought that Dipples and Squeeze me's trail was a challenge. No baby Two Fingers has my vote for don't try this at home trail.

I have to thank Crack Whore for actually going through the long walk in the cold stream with me. WE WERE ON TRAIL! CW you were behind me, right.? Dipples you and Fuzz walked along the shore line. So Marine, can't you handle a cold stream? I was a "CAN OF MAN" last night hoorah. Fuzzy thank you for letting me sleep it off in your cold car at the On After. Dipples you found so many Tit checks last night. Or was that pretend? Fart thanks a bunch for letting me get out of my last in down down by just letting me show my tits for the remainder of circle. After sleeping for a while in Fuzzy's car and then her driving me back to my vehicle, I stopped at McDonalds for a peanut butter McFlurry and went home. Wow I think I remember having Fun.

On On,
M'Orally Knees help

10/16/2010 H5 Run #406

Fairy Festival Hash

Hares: Brown Noser, Bang 4 Ur Buck, Tour de Puke PNC Bank Parking Lot, 29 Hunter Lane, Camp Hill, PA

The pack arrived at the start to be greeted with our fairy hares. Wings and wands were doled out to those who had none, chalk talk was completed as we welcomed visitor Just Ben and virgin Just (sorry, blanking on his name, Cory or something). Just Ben got molested by M'Orally at the start. Apparently she can't resist military men. Fortunately this time her victim was over 21 so she wasn't hauled off to jail. Most of the pack dressed up. Notable costumes included Wild Cherry dressed like the Keebler elf and Tour dressed like a "different" kind of fairy. He reminded me of the gay cop on Reno 911 with his short shorts. I was a little bummed that I had forgotten to buy body glitter to wear yesterday, but fortunately, Bang never leaves home without it, so she hooked me up!

The pack is off, with Bushrat, thinking he can outsmart the hares, taking off in a completely different direction than the rest of the pack. I didn't see him again til circle. The pack follows the trail goes around a nearby apartment complex, to the first beer stop in the woods, then a nearby neighborhood that empties out to a big field overlooking the city across the river, then continued around and down to the river. Except we lost trail. I mean REALLY lost trail. Like for 20+ minutes the pack is wandering under the tunnel, across 11/15, down by the river, up and down the nearby streets, on the bridge, and nada. Finally someone (don't know who because I'm never the FRB) decided trail had to go across the bridge, and sure enough, about ¼ mile down the bridge, flour was spotted. Apparently Bang had been laying it on the handrails, where it promptly blew off. So, across the long bridge we went, down 2nd street and restaurant row, with many a homeless person and shady characters in sight. Beer near at The Pub, YAY! Where we were treated to pitchers of beer, some Jay-Z on the jukebox, and Fuzz sprinkling us with fairy dust. Then, our chariot arrived, a school bus, where we boarded and sang The Days of the Week and other rowdy songs. The bus dropped us off back across the river at a gas station, where trail continued. Off to another beer stop (because clearly it had been about 10 minutes since the last one and we needed more alcohol), and at this one, there was a strange sight of Just Ben sucking beer into his mouth than fountain spitting it into M'Orally's mouth about 5 feet away. Off the pack went again to the shot stop (some tasty Long Island Iced Tea shots!) and back to Tour's house.

Circle was held, with the normal infractions, we had lots of good eats (party subs, pizza, wings, etc.), an intense game of flippy cup, shots, dancing, Squeeze Me and Dimples grappling, then Chock Full and Squeeze Me grappling (sorry about your overhead light, Tour, we made a contribution toward a new one in your tip jar LOL) and as the night went on, well if you weren't there, you missed it! As Dimples would say, "Don't Ask, Don't Tell. YEAH!" There were a few casualties from all the alcohol, so we were treated to three hashers worshipping the porcelain god. We were also joined by A Lay, complete with a broken leg from Wednesday's trail.

As Squeeze Me and I walk toward our car, we encounter a loaded fellow hasher, who was aimlessly walking around saying he couldn't get his car out of his parking spot at the bank. We decide that was grounds enough that he shouldn't drive home! So we deposit him in

10/16/2010 H5 Run #406

Fairy Festival Hash

Hares: Brown Noser, Bang 4 Ur Buck, Tour de Puke PNC Bank Parking Lot, 29 Hunter Lane, Camp Hill, PA

a more sober hasher's car and off we go.

A great time was had by all! Now I need to figure out how to get all the glitter off my hair and body before I have to act like a professional tomorrow. I look like I spent the weekend in a strip club!

Thank you to Bang, Brown Noser and Tour for a great time. And Happy Birthday, Bang! On-on to the next hash!

Trashed

Head First,

How is Sunny doing after being attacked by that pit bull? I hope you're both recovering well!!

FS

Thanks to Trashed and Morally for the write-ups. And special thanks to everyone who came out on Saturday for the Fairy Fest! I can't think of any other way I would want to spend my birthday weekend than running around Harrisburg in pink tights and fairy wings! Love you guys!

Bang 4 UR Buck

10/9 /2010 H5 Run #405

4th Anal Tioga County Flaming Foliage Hash

Hares: Rubber Dickie

Tioga County, PA

KY & Rubber Dickie,

Thank you for the splendor of Fall, the hayless-ride, the bizarre wind-turbine trail, the magic bus, the visit of the rare Tioga County black Cheyenne bear, the first four-wheeling experience (sans neck breakage), too much beer and food, and of course your incredible hashpitality! We had a GREAT TIME!

She Came and Just Piper

9 /8 /2010 TIUTALAWH3 #35

Rosh HASHanah Ass wednesday hash

Hares: I.D. and Crackwhore Fucker

Sisco's pizzeria and spaghetti 3716 N 6th street

On trail stood a ridge used as a beer check, the ridge having a view of all surrounding locations. X was marked on trail below ridge and two trails were run off X. Some hounds ran nearest entry other ran farthest entry to ridge top... those hounds already at Beer check could see this phenomena taking place... so hounds yelling BN were looking lol two directions lmao.. as hounds were descending and hounds were ascending to beer check... collision effect... This was a trail experiment interestingly enough and my reward was a double down down. Guzzle! ON ON!

Hey! Is the writer of this hash cluster fuck description Crackwhore Fucker? I'm just pissed because I can't get out and hash during the week.

On On

Fart Connor

(See how that works, and wankers know who to blame.)

Shitty trail, shitty trail, same old thing and I've missed it so! H5 Rocks! Thanks for the warm welcome on Wednesday! After so many years away it was nice to see some old familiar faces, and great to meet the new ones too. I'm in Mechanicsburg and hope to get out more often - just can't drive in the dark so if you're going my way and have room for a passenger let me know!~ DRIED UP BUSH

7 /24/2010 H5 Run #399

Saturday Hash

Hares: Puke Panther and Chapped Lips

bainbridge inn

Ahoy Wankers!

And a shitty trail it was. The best laid plans of the hares started badly, not all their own fault. Fart Connor messed some up by not double checking the google directions and sent some to the wrong place, Tub Slut blindly followed his malfunctioning GPS device and ended up going toward New York state at Hash Standard Start Time of 4:30pm. Some arrived later but still in time for trail. The hares were off and the local Police stopped by to sit in the parking lot for a few minutes and then left.

The pack was off on HSST about 5:30pm and sort of followed the first trail some about was it 4 years ago? Only this time we didn't take the curvy trail that the deer couldn't hardly get through, specially if they had a big rack. We didn't lose anybody on trail, unless they are still out flailing about in the woods. We went about a mile from the starting point of Falmouth Access, 2 miles as the pack meanders, going through some well marked H5 ROCKS, that phrase can be taken in more than one way. Somewhere near Dude Where's My Mullet's parents house most of the pack lemminged into the neighbors property. It was neat to see the property owner come out on her ATV followed by the dog and laughing at us wandering around till we found trail, the dog wasn't laughing. Now we had to give up our 200 feet of elevation as trail went back to the river where there was the third beer check under the bridge of Rt. 441 under the supervision of the Fish and Game Commision. The beer check was within sight of the southern entrance to Three Mile Island Nuke Plant. Trial went into the Susquehanna River where it's prolly better to be drunk so you can whirl like a dervish on the slippy rocks, or just fall in and float. Our visitor, Grab Bag, wisely blew off trail and said "Fuck it" and short cutted back to the start and went home. By sheer coincidence trail led to a shot check sort of in the middle of the river, that's relative to those lazy asses that didn't

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Puke Panther and Chapped Lips

bainbridge inn

do trail and are reading this instead. Bout this time Delia noticed that the sun was below the hills and it was gonna get dark soon. She woofed the pack On and we covered the about a mile to the supposed saftey of the river bank, it was dark now and half the pack was still out on the river. I did make sure to keep blasting on the bugle. Now some may wonder about the Bag O Shit that Fart Connor carries, in that Bag O Mostly useless shit I had 2 flashlights, Marsha Marsha Marsha also had a light too. Two Finger Tuesday and Cum In The Oven bravely volunteered to stay behind and I gave them a light and they flashed the rest of the pack in. Wow, for once I'm not in competition for DFL! Me and Delia make it back, she is Alpo'ed, and a happy dog. It was great to have a dry bag with a kilt and a long sleeved shirt as it was dark with late summer cool.

Here's where the hares 4:30 start time, actual HSST 5:30, came back to bite them in the ass as it was dark for an hour. What the hell does that matter? Chappy and Puke Panther planned the start time so we could have circle and make it to the Bainbridge Inn, in Banbridge, for wings before karaoke started. FAIL due to no fault of the pack, we fucked around on trail less than usual, I could tell because I wasn't in line for DFL and didn't have time to take many pictures. Due to darkness the pack took about an extra hour to make to the end of trail. A Lay In A Manger was laying around after trail. Two Finger and Cum's stragglers came in and the about 6 DFL's came across the HHH's arm in arm. Fuki Suki was glad she didn't bring/carry her little dog. Circle was held, the hares did many down downs, and Puke Panther was dismembered for having a birthday. Fart Connor needs a cheat sheet for circle songs. We had 2 virgins, MC and Just Otis. Girth Brooks and his awards bitch, Lunachick, awarded many for being stupid enough to hash with H5. Hey! Where's the FRB metal and the "Sacred Vessel"? And while I'm on the thought of lost/misplaced shit, where's my Jesus Shaves box and Obama and McCain gargyle? No Dimples Left Behind was FRB, again. Swing Low was sung and the hash left to get a piece, of chicken.

On In at the Bainbridge Inn. There seemed to be a larger than usual crowd there and I soon discovered that one of the locals and birthday girl Lisa was gathered with her friends to celebrate her 50th birthday. It was Puke Panther's 50th birthday too. Shit, we should have sang "Happy Colonoscopy to you!" For some reason Fart Connor was the only one in a kilt at a redneck karaoke bar. It's funny how many women are curious about weather it's a kilt or a dress and wanna know and the guys that are with them are sort of pissed. Lil Spermaid helped to explain the kilt or dress thing. Many danced badly and no fights were had and we departed the smoky bar. Thanks Chapped Lips and Puke Panther!

On On

Fart Connor

Hares: Grandmaster Deathwish and the Usual Suspect Camp Stinko

Many, many, many thanks to everyone who helped put on still another excellent Stinko weekend. I enjoyed seeing old friends and making new ones! If you weren't there you'll have to satisfy yourselves with the stories. To anyone I might owe an apology to, I'm very, very sorry. I didn't mean to (fill in asinine act here) and it will, hopefully, never happen again.

My favorite line from the weekend came Sunday morning:

She Came – "Webelo, you look like shit!"

Webelo Scout – "Thank you. I worked very hard to achieve this look."

For my beauty secrets, see this link and apply liberally: http://www.troegs.com/our_brews/java_head_stout.aspx

Again – Copious thanks to all the Stinko staff!!!!

Webelo Scout
On-On!

WS -

What a beautiful poem! Did you write that? It's right up there on a level with one of my favorite poets, Robert Frost.

4-F You

I bet Frost never intended for it to be used in an internal debate if you should go to bed... or continue drinking though.

Hares: Grandmaster Deathwish and the Usual Suspect Camp Stinko

SqueezeMe

Wow. What a great weekend. Stinko just keeps getting better and better. Thanks to everyone for making it so much fun. A lot of planning and hard work goes into making Stinko the legend that it has become. Thanx to our Mis-management for their leadership and vision. Thanx to all the H-5ers who make it happen. Thanx to all the hashers for cumin'. A special thank you to Shaqueal O' Squeal for being my Stinko-wife. WooHoo.

ON-ON

Unhitched Cock.

I too, had a great time at stinko! It was great meeting new hashers, seeing old hashers, and hanging out with all of you. We had good food, thanks to the kitchen Bitches and their endless dedication. Good beer thanks to the Troegs and Yuengling families. We had an excellent trail thanks to our Hares for planning and executing all of that. Thanks to all buying raffle tickets to support Le Tour de Cure. Thank you to all of the lovely nursing staff who took care of my broken face, including Chappy, Anal Nicole, Marsha Marsha Marsha, Cock n Face, and Dude. Thanks to all that took pictures afterwards. Big special extra thanks to the beautiful A Lay in the Manger for putting up with my stupidity and nursing me back to health at home...the mustache ride will be closed until the end of the week:(Bummer to all that had to step out or couldn't make it this year, but thanks for giving others the chance to experience all of this!

On-On to the next hash and the next stinko!

Type-Anus

Yeah but, do you have to back to work this week with Stinko trophys? Take care ya all. Monday is a recovery day!

On On

Fart Connor

Sunday night we got noteworthy injury #6: Skid Mark twisted his knee bad while keg bowling.

Can anyone recount the others?

When's the first meeting?

Sister

wow number 6...I only knew of one...geezie ,I miss everything
ID

Lost lost lost.... what has been lost.....??? Seems to me alot of things were lost this weekend,,, Where did they go??? Bigger question is where did all this shit cum from???? As i cleaned out the On-After Rv yesterday I came across some very interesting objects....

An ugly mug that distinctly resembles wingnuts.. It broke my mirror when I set it on the counter...

A red cooler that contained a huge rubber fist and some anal beads,,,, Cant taste i believe this is yours as per the tape across the top bears your name.

A tall fluted glass that falls over everytime you fill it with beer,,, hmmm sounds like it has spent some time in dead man walkings hands...

A rocks glass that continuously tells me it loves me,,, could it have been in Slim Jims hand so long this weekend that its issuing echos from the past....

A shirt that says Farfrompukin... oh and the boob imprints really look to be Anal Nicholes size...

a blue penn state shaving bag,, containing a large bottle of anal ease, some nipple clamps, a pair of eyeglasses, three condoms, batteries, a set of anal beads, ping pong balls with a wierd brown residuee,,, im not sniffin them...

I also have sountless chairs that were left behind. If it is missing,, it appears I might have it.. Contact me if anything listed here is yours or your looking for something not listed....

Dude

Ok so I came across a few more items as I was stashing shit away....

A 50 run bandanna from the S.H.I.T. Hash...

I was eating lunch consisting of leftover stinko foods and came across the tip of a finger in a bag of cucumbers,,, Two finger see me we might be able to stich it back on...

Hares: Grandmaster Deathwish and the Usual Suspect Camp Stinko

A blue mug that doesnt hold beer very well and everytime I put it away it magically appears back on the counter,,, O.E. It seems to me that it belongs to you...

Virginator was cleaning up around the hill leading to tent city and came across a plant that has leaves that resembles type anus.... could this be a face plant.....

A victorias secret bra siz ggg,,, If no one claims this Im gonna turn it into a sail for my kayak..

Well I guess thats about it then..... Again if its missing and your looking for it see dude to get it back.. If not claimed im just gonna stick it in the warehouse till it is..

Dude

Dude -

Can you use a smaller typeface in your e-mails? I could actually make it out with my nose a full three inches from the screen.

4-F You

I concur...and I'm only 37

Can't Taste Won't Swallow

Hares: Lunachic

Hershey Parking Garage, Rt. 422 beside Hollihans

It was a rainy night in Hershey, and it seems like most of you Passed Over doing the full moon trail. How dare you, fair weather hashers.

Trail started right on time. 7:00, with 5 hashers in attendance: Wild Cherry, I.D. Fuki-Suki, M'orally Challenged, and Girth Brooks.

Out from a perfectly dry parking garage, the pack found there way to the Park Side where they enjoyed frosty mugs of yellow necture. Seemed a long time to finish that pitcher, with all the hashers but one leaving the bar, they headed on the next leg. To the church where Grizz and Lock Jaw said I do! Across the golf course, to Milton Hersheys home. There the pack found a Passover Check, over looking the beautiful Hershey Factory.

Next stop, was a run behind the Old Hershey School, past a Gym, where there were people working out. Down the steps to a well guarded BN. The little dogs across the alley barked their ars's off. And the pack was quickly off.

ONON to the school complex, where the pack enjoyed some sports. I hear there was a neck to neck, chest to chest, photo finish of Girth and Wild Cherry, sprinting towards the end of the track. After a bit, they wove around and found a shot check, jello shot check at that, beside the tennis courts. I hear there was a large police van that passed the pack by. Good thing, they could of all be halled away.

By now the rain had picked up, and the hare made a bee line back to the parking garage. This is where M'Orally found the pack again.

Circle in 1 minute, how about right now. FRB was I.D. DFL was Fuki-Suki, accusations were made, announcements, and the usuall debatchery took place. Circle ended with Swing Low, and the pack quickly went back to park side for some good eating. The bar was happy to have us. Hoping to see us again. Maybe with a larger pack.

So all you fair weather hasher, you missed yet a shitty Luna trail. So get your ars's out tonight. Why? It is ass wednesday, and YOU NEED TO HASH.

ONONON

Hares: Lunachic

Hershey Parking Garage, Rt. 422 beside Hollihans

Lunachic

Sorry I wussed out. Have a head cold cant seem to shake and a job interview this a.m. Wahhh. ON-ON UC.

best peach Schnopps and cherry jello i had(i had three because yas weren't there)!

On on the the ass weds trail
I.D.

3 /21/2010 H5 Run #390

St. Patrick's Day Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke and Unhitched Cock (Virgin Lay) 480 Lewisberry road, new Cumberland

that was one shiggylicious trail there wasnt a down down for blood on trail....there was a down down for not bleeding on trail.great job
tour and unhitched cock!i think uc has the names
on on I.D.,

It was an awesome trail! Great virgin haring, even though he ran out of flour! Yeast of Burden

well whoevers name isnt on the list really missed out on one great trail.. We didnt just bleed... A few lost entire arteries on trail.. Great
job UC n TOUR... ON-ON to KING OF THE MOUNTIAN 2 where shiggy is bold and hashers run scared... sent from my garbage ass
technocrap phone...

3 /17/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #21

St. Patrick's Day Bubba Pre-Lube Hash

Hares: Anal Nicole

Pints (formally Tara Station) 4th and Chestnut St

Wednesday is a hashing day and boy did we ever. The group assembled at the point so named by our gracious hares Anal Nichole &
C.O.G.O. And we had a virgin .Specific details are not recalled due to abundance of good friends and fine drinks.

I know that I have awoken in my loft (so to speak) with fatigued legs and a sort of hung over feeling. All is well though! A new day is
here.

We wound our way through town from pub to pub drinking everything we could get our hands on. Stopping by to meet the homeless
in a condo under the state street bridge(I think).One of the yokals even chased after us for awhile. His senses turned him back to his
circle of homeless hooligans.

We spread the word to quite a few that night about our debauchery. Time will tell if they have the gumption to join us someday or
night .

Then after a brief circle we honored the hares for a trail that was shitty, those that were FRB , DFL and some awards were presented
, we made a BEELINE to Coelty's to rock the town with "Bubba" featuring us all getting drunk.

Special thanks to Anal for an awesome trail , Tour de Puke for the band ,and Lunachic for a night to remember.

ON-ON
Girth Brooks

Waaaayy funkigroovey night... After passin at at a few places that didnt include my own bed.. Did anyone get the plate on the
telephone pole that ran into me?? Bubba rocks... H5 brings down the house once more... My liver is perfectly pickled..

3 /6 /2010 H5 Run #388

Saturday Hash

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet, Orangubang, Virginat UPS Harrisburg

VIRGINATOR..ORANGUBANG..AND myself..me..dude...would like to thank all the shiggy crazed misguided hashers who showed up
today..you wonderful idiots are the reason we love haring. The weather couldnt have been better..the mud couldnt have been gooeier
the shiggy be no thicker.. We really enjoyed haring that one and were thoroly pleased the hash gods looked down on us with favor on
such fine day.....On On....your haring addict and personal pain in the ass.... Dude...

2 /27/2010 TMINMFMH3 Run #128

Full Snow Moon Hash

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet and Girth Brooks

2161 n. union street, middletown pa, 17057,,H.W. Wilson roofing

Hash Trash, "Fool Moon trail Feb. 27, 2010

So anyhow about 15 intrepid hashers gathered at a well defined starting point easily found by a few. If I remember, Fart Connor, Two
Finger Tuesday, Just Lindsey, Tour de Puke, Weblows Scout, Orangubang, Virginator and virgin son "Just Nico", Virgin Auggie,
Lunachick, Glass Ass, Doodle, Deathwish, Wild Cherry, Interior Defacator, and 3 dogs Delia, Beer Slut, and Abbey attended the hash.
There, She Came, stick that on your attendance sheet.

Promise of a dry, flat, no shiggy snowy winter trail in hilly Pennsylvania. The lying sack o shit hares took off right on hash time. This
was no "Dude Where's My Mullet" trail, it actually went somewhere to beer! We talked Dude's virgin "Just Auggie" into blowing off his
date for Saturday into doing the trail. He got an honor down down for that. Here is what makes H5 ROCK, there was time for me to
take pictures along the trail. One of the things that I enjoy so much about hashing is me and Delia visiting other hashes. Some times I
have time to take pictures, some others I have to r*n like as fast as I can't just to be DFL! Every hash has it's own personality. Get the
hell out and visit other hashes.

Trail went to the inevitable railroad tracks but there was an added bonus, a cave! This place looked like "Dude Where's My Mullet"
might have lived in it for a while. Oh yeah, there was a beer check here too. Rats, Fart Connor should have gotten a down down here

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet and Girth Brooks 2161 n. union street, middletown pa, 17057,,H.W. Wilson roofing

for not falling down. I slid down backwards and didn't fall down, maybe you had to have been there.

From there we r@n along the railroad tracks to a rope swing into the cold waters of the Swatara Creek, past a True Trail with a red circle around it with a slash through it pointing across the Swatty, and past an old canal lock from back in the good old days. Here is another thing so awesome about hashing, you get to see things that are off the beaten path.

Our next point off the beaten path was this old farmhouse where "Dude Where's My Mullet" sort of grew up. That might explain why there are holes in the walls of the house and all the boards in the attic are missing because there were rumors of Playboy magazines hidden there with ghosts. The beer check was actually hidden in the silo and some took the arduous journey to the top. Hmmm, I wonder if my Hashspace pictures will go here: <http://www.hashspace.com/photo/albums/dude-and-girths-fool-moon?id=2021388%3AAlbum%3A1931618&commentPage=&page=1> Copy and Paste and stick that in your browser!

We highly trespassed around this quarry that didn't have a fence around it. Hey! How come the quarry that is near the house I grew up in the 70's has a fence around it? Oh, I might have something to do with that but that's another story. So anyhow there was another beer check at the edge of the quarry

The pack made it back to Point A with Orangabang as DFL and circle was held. The RA sucked and many were dis-honored for acts not to be described to the public. The packs ADHD ran out before Just Lindsey could be named because this was her 7th hash.

Not much was mentioned of the involvement of "Girth Brooks" in this hash but he was equally responsible for making this a great hash.

On On

Farrt Connor

It was way super cool trail....beautiful scenery and BEEEEERRRR...Oh and Mr. Girth was a huge involvement in the trail,,,he carried extra flour and even dropped a little of it.....h5 should thank him for his legendary contributions to the hash,,,,without him that trail would have killed someone,,,dude no dont send them over the cliff,,,dude nahhh we cant have a water crossing in february,,,oh no way dude not the quarry,,,put the fence back dude its there to keep people out of the quarry,,,dude dont borrow heavy equipment to build a swamp,,,see h5 should thank him,,,On On to saving lives....good job Mr. Girth...the pack was spared..well almost...Dude

2 /20/2010 H5 Run #387

Chinese New Year Hash

Hares: M'orally Challenged and Fart Connor

Centerville Family Dental, 803 Estelle Dr., Lancaster, PA, 17601

The snow was just short of knee deep as M'Orally Challenged and Fart Connor and Delia the dog, the hares took off. The pack missed the first beer check that Fart Connor carried on his back because it was in a hollow tree that Fart went on one side and the pack went on the other side. Some even stopped at this tree to measure it's girth, that's sort of funny because Girth Brooks did the measurement. With that in mind I don't know how the pack didn't catch me because as I got to the end of the fence that the pack was on the other side of I could see them but the snow must have slowed them down too. At least the pack found the second beer check at Fart's house, I must have just barely got on the way to miss the pack because there was a long line of vision to cross. The hares had carefully picked a trail to keep the pack off heavily traveled roads as much as possible. Some wankers r@n across Route 30 instead of the storm sewer that the hares had for safety. There was a rumor that an unmarked vehicle tooted a siren but the hashers took off and were following the well marked trail to the safety of an abandoned bridge over railroad tracks with a beer check on it. Shortly after that the pack went within 3 feet of a well marked Shots Near with a skeleton and a bottle of Captain Morgan in an abandoned truck tool box. I know that because I picked that up on Sunday. To make it clearer, the pack walked right past a well marked Shot Check. A circle jerk and the pack is on the way back with one more beer check left. I linked up with the trail that M'Orally had set and just for shits and giggles followed it back to almost the last beer check where I encountered M'Orally just finishing her own circle jerk and we marked the trail to the HHH. We had circle. I wondered about the portable fire pit that I bought and thought that the Chinese lawyers must have fun putting handles on a fire pit.

Thanks for the intrepid 20 plus that came out to tromp through the still almost knee deep snow. Did I mention that trail went through an easy 4 miles or a hard 3 mile trail with at least a mile and a half of snow travel. We had awesome Chinese food.

On Arrrrr

Farrt Connor

Thanx to Fart & M'Orally and all the wankers who braved shitty trail. Great Fun!!! UC.

1 /30/2010 TMINMH3 Run #127

5th Anal FREE BEER For All the Hashers Hash

Hares: Cock-A-Doodle Don't and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

On-On ,

Thank you Wild Cherry & Doodle especially for the shittiest of trails on Saturday.

Great turn out & I was super-fortunate to be a part of it.

Thanks to Grizzly Shnitz for having everything in order and turning over the duties of Awards Bitch to me, the new awards(would I be an awards bastard?). Whatever . * Awards will be given when I can hash with you, if you there in so do deserve, my records do so indicate and I have such to distribute to the so deserving hasher.

On-On ,

Girth Brooks

!). Wild Cherry and Doodle can make a hell of a trail,,,without even trying.....

(. Free beer is always a GREAT thing...but we knew this already..

1 /30/2010 TMINMFMH3 Run #127

5th Anal FREE BEER For All the Hashers Hash

Hares: Cock-A-Doodle Don't and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg 17050

*. It is always best to chek the dress code,,,you might have to wear a suit and tie,,,and it's always best to be prepared.

&. Don't follow virgins on trail,,,no matter how hot thier ass is it just won't get you to the beer...

^. G.I. is still kikin HEY BUDDY GOOD TO SEE YA

%. always carry a secret stash of flour in case the hares don't leave enough boob,,dik cheks to satisfy the masses...I DIDN DO IT I SWEAR..

\$.Wild Cherry"S garage is desperatly needing an addition....

#. NEVER DRIVE HOME<<<STOOPID FUKERS what were you thinking when you hit that car and ran...like we didnt see your stoopidity...dambasses.

@. Frozen margaritas are better then frozen mangonitas,,,yes they arte still there yes they froze,,,no they are not swollen any longer...

!..H% KICKS ASS.. H5 is one rockin ass hash house and I love every one of you. No matter how small or how big your tatas are and no matter how much you bitch and moan,,,H5 just rocks and always will.
Dude Where's My Mullet

*even though Stinko isn't for a few months, you can still "pitch a tent" just don't do it in a hot tub filled with men!
Type Anus

1 /27/2010 TIUTALAWH3 #18

First Anal TIUTALAW Snuggie Bar Crawl Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke and Panic Button

Ceoltas Irish Pub, 310 N 2nd Street, Harrisburg PA 17101

The snuggly hash was great. 20 "monks" were in attendance. It is amazing how intimidating this type of dressed people in the burg, gets so much attention. One bar we needed to go up stairs, so we didn't offend anybody in their nice suits. One bar we got "kicked" out of after we spent well over \$100 there, to top that off your one and only Luna got called a Hag. The asses who had us removed from the bar, had so much fun with it that they decided to follow us into the next one. Gutts! No just pain in the asses! Boy I wish I would of brushed up on my spells. Some passer by-ers thought the group was a great idea. Others I heard say was laim. But all in all, the whole night was a success. Warm hashers, plenty of fun, and the usual ass holes that are not in our circle. I'de say we should do it again. Nobody does it better than H5!
Lunachic

Tour got kicked out of a bar by a gay guy, and then the gays followed the hashers and tried tokick them out of another bar! At least that's the way I heared it!
Sent from Jon's iPhone.

guess it's true then... It WAS gay & lesbian week last week. Fuzz said they got hit on in Vail too. Going out in snuggies during gay & lesbian week was just asking for it.
Sent from Sister's iPad.

1 /23/2010 H5 Run #385

1st Anal Antithesis of the Keystone H3

Hares: Yeast of Burden and Marsha, Marsha, Marsha 7 Hazelwood Path Mechanicsburg PA 17050

I had so much fun yesterday, that I figured I'd write my own trash. Thank you to everyone who came (aggggg) out, and if you are missing something, I have assorted stuff that was left behind. Just send me an email and let me know what you are looking for, and I'll check the Pile O Lost Stuff.

The Pack began gathering for the H5 1st Anal Antithesis of the Keystone Hash House Harriers Hash at 2:00 PM on Saturday.. The Keg was tapped, and cold beer was flowing. Roughly 40 of my closest friends, four cherries, and two of my favorite Hash Hounds showed for the event.

Bushrat (founder of Keystone) arrived wearing the coveted Keystone Inaugural T-Shirt, and BlowFlex, one of the first Keystone Hashers also came (agggggg) for the festivities.

Brown Noser showed up with a cane to help him complete the notoriously difficult trail, and of course, Bang looked stunning as always.

Hashers drank a ton of beer, and then circled up for instructions. The Hare's (Yeast and Marsha Marsha Marsha) explained the Marks (including a new one - CC for Cherry Checks), and then explained the "rules" of the Hash. Yes, we are proud to say that we are Dead Lay Hares. In true Opposite style of Keystone, we set a pre-laid dead trail. Fuck You's were passed out to those that boo'd, and they were warned that any running would result in massive punishments of Down-Downs (see, I wasn't fucking around - you will walk and you will like it bitches).

The Cherries were introduced (Props to Birth Canal, Nippelodeon, Orangu Bang, and Blow Flex for popping some cherry ass). Please let them know that this was not a typical trail...

The hares pointed the direction of the trail, and the Pack stood in dazed confusion for about 5 minutes. WTF? They didn't know what to do with a dead trail...

The Hare, Marsha Marsha Marsha, starts the trail as the FRB so that the dumb ass pack will follow. Then half the pack actually

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Hares: Yeast of Burden and Marsha, Marsha, Marsha 7 Hazelwood Path Mechanicsburg PA 17050

shortcutted the start (what? It's only 1 mile). As Brown Noser pointed out, "You just shortcutted half the trail".

After about 50 feet of Shiggy, we cum (AGGGGG) to the first Shot Check of yummy yummy spiked hot chocolate. The pack drinks, and cums (AGGGGG) to the second shot check approximately 10 feet from the first. We drink again, and now people are feeling good. Yeah baby.

We stop at the third Beverage stop, a Beer Near in the woods, and have a few brews. Ok, everyone grab some trash and roll. The next Beer Near is manned by Ruffy and Desperate. If you can't go on trail Ruffy, we'll bring the Trail to you! Fuki Suki Rice Wine is enjoyed, and we are off in a slight stagger towards the creek.

Cause for Blindness drinks a 100 year old Corona that she finds on the side of the road - even though people are carrying at least 3 gallons of beer with them.

Rum Cherries are found by the creek, and the pack works on killing about 200 of those bad boys along with a good bit of their brain cells.

The final Shot check is on Hill Road, where we run into Auto Hashers Panic and Siren. I greet Siren with a hug and an apology for smelling like beer and pee. The pack is now staggering up Hill Road, then through my neighborhood, scaring small children and civilians who also happen to be my very respectable (and now wary) neighbors.

Morally gets a ride in a beautiful car (ummm sorry KY - I can't remember what the hell that thing is again). Morally always gets the best rides!!!

The pack staggers back to my house, with Cause in the rear. Food to feed the masses is spread (yeah baby) on the Flip Cup table, and we eat until we can eat no more. BTW, massive props to Marsha Marsha Marsha, Bang, Trashed, Anal, Ruffy, Nippolodeon, Orangu Bang and everyone else who contributed to that feast. We all needed the food - that's fo sho.

Circle commences and it is good. Brown Noser sings a special Keystone song to Bushrat, Titties are shown, the hares drink, and drink some more. The few caught running are treated to a special down-down.

We have namings, we have namings... Welcome Fuki Suki (pronounced FUCKY SUCKY) and Jizz & Juice. Now, you can never leave us, don't even try.

The Cake is brought out, and it actually has Happy Birthday Fuck U! written on it! Wow- that's a Fucking cool bakery. I smash my face into it, and then kiss as many girls as I can. BTW, Blue icing does not come out of Blonde Hair very easily. Maybe tomorrow I can get it out...

Hashers play a drunken round of shuffleboard and then the flip cup tournament starts. WE KICKED YOUR ASSES MEN (even though Orangu Bang tried to cheat - WE STILL BEAT YOU LIKE THE LITTLE BITCHES THAT YOU ARE!!!!) Girls rule. Panic Button couldn't even save your asses from the beating that you received. Ha ha Ha Ha Ha.

Then the dance party began...

It was so much fun, me and Marsha Marsha Marsha will do it again next year. It was the BEST birthday party I've ever had.

Thank you everyone for cumming (agggggg) and I hope you all had as great of a time as me and Marsha did!

Love you, and oh by the way, Fuck You, You Fucking Fucks!

Yeast of Burden

Good writeup Beast!

It was noted Head First left the premises conspicuously before down-downs for running could be administered.

How could anyone not notice Bushrat's new flashy shoes? I was blinded by a beam of light as soon as I approached him. There was so much silver and reflective tape on them, he was like a walking beacon! Even the dogs were barking. Anyway, his excuse that he wore them at a previous hash was obviously lame, because they had never been drunk out of. What was that, the Keystone hash?

The bottle of sake was labelled "Faki Saki". I know because I poured it. "Faki Saki" is pronounced Fuki Suki, but methinks the name should remain true to the label. (<http://www.geekswhodrink.com/blog/index.php?blog=119&p=7454&more=1&c=1&t=1&pb=1>)

Kudos for a great trail & on-after party.

Sister

I can back-up Bush-rat's testimony that he wore his new Saucony Xodus trail shoes to a hash, last wednesday's trail, and he had his cane (which looked new as well, two down-downs for that!) One down-down for me, for knowing the make and model of his shoes, but I wouldn't be named what I am if I didn't know that....did I mention that shoes also have vibram soles and retail for \$90? Available at Inside Track, with three locations in the area.

I need to do something else with my life, perhaps memorize the ABV for all of the beer I drink:)

1 /23/2010 H5 Run #385

1st Anal Antithesis of the Keystone H3

Hares: Yeast of Burden and Marsha, Marsha, Marsha 7 Hazelwood Path Mechanicsburg PA 17050

Type-Anus

It was a great day. Morally chased down a 427 Shelby Cobra replica, scoring both a ride and her ankle (you can literally fry pork chops on those sidepipes). Also, Fart and I found an old PA Game Commission sign that said that Yeast's back yard was at one time a game preserve, no hunting allowed. It was kind of ironic, given that townhouses were everywhere, but that's progress. Necrofeel-u-up.

12/26/2009 H5 Run #383

Saturday Hash

Hares: Deathwish

West Shore Plaza in Lemoyne

Sorry if you missed the cookies, coffee, mistletoe and adventure...we had us some namings! Just mike, visiting from Vegas is now known as Bed the Bitch and Be Gone, Just Angie, who's leaving for Vegas now and forever Takes It Up The Ass Like Elvis. Finally, Just Kimberly, forever encumbered with the handle: A-Lay In A Manger. Congratulations, and sorry about your luck to all! Full or partial report to follow?

Type-Anus

You mean there really was a hash on Saturday? I cruised the West Shore Shopping Center from 2:15 to 2:45 and didn't see a single hasher!

4-F You

Of course there was a hash - it was foggy, misty, cold, and there was beer to be had. Not to mention the SN that was six cars away from the start. M'Orally managed to divine the start location and still be on time.

ON on,
Tight Lips

It's a good thing you didn't find the hash because two other hashers had to do a "down down" for a similar blunder.

but you really blundered. That means the whole bed pan gets filled with beer.

Hu Phlung Pu

12/23/2009 TIUTALAWH3 #14

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Lunachic

Underdogs on Paxton Street in Harrisburg

'Twas the night before the night before Christmas.. And all through the bar-house not a hasher was stirring (45 minutes after Trail time) because Hare Luna hadn't even shown up yet!!! Cold, Yes. BUTT, still a great night for a lively tromp through the snowy neighborhoods and on the bike trails surrounding Paxton Street. Redeeming herself for her tawdry (I mean tardy) arrival, Luna showed she knows how to lay 'em. Fun, tricky, great beverages, a little pampering of the pack (Yuengling Longnecks!), and a great bar for a start and stopping point made for a perfect first trail of winter, weeknight out. Oooooops - I meant Sh1tty Trail! No Virgins were present for this almost too-close-to-Christmas Trail, but non-returned sibling Sticky made a surprise appearance, feeling triply compelled to come to her very own sister's birthday Haring. After the experienced Pack elected to skip chilly chalk talk to squeeze in a last round of cold beer in a warm bar before disappearing into the darkness, Chief of Queefs stayed behind to guard the table and remaining draft while nursing his bionic hip malfunction.

The often H5 trod-terrain provided challenges aplenty for the Pack to follow flour, (footprints), and toilet paper successfully to all of the checks. Although, the gigundous boob-check outline tromped in the snow was apparently tip-toed through by all attending Bimbos who refused to un-layer their high-tech cold-weather gear just to shoot the Wankers a quick flash. The Pack took its time to enjoy the lights, but stayed tight and on task - even yours truly didn't fall behind on trail. Despite the quickly changing mix of re-frozen slush and un-trodden snow pack, no slips, trips, or falls were reported, except for Weblows Scout who accidentally on-purpose fell on top of Sticky mid-Snow Angel. Yet another indoor Circle - seemingly a regular benefit of winter, Wednesday hashing - yielded a few turned barfly heads toward the clatter of singing, but nary a policeman came into sight. Merry Christmas to all on this good hashing night Butt Pirate

12/16/2009 TIUTALAWH3 #13

Ass Wednesday Hanukkah Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke

PNC parking lot, 5 hunter lane, camp hill

Greetings to all Ye Merry Wankers!

Once again, I'm going to fill you up with the happenings of the hash, crack open a beer and light the menorah. Wednesday's Hash, the annual Hanukkah Hash, hared by Tour De Puke! It's just like being there, but without the booze, running, cold or the fun! Sing a merry hash song if you'd like!

We, the few and mighty (23 of us) gathered for circle at the PNC parking lot and trotted out into the cold night shortly after some warm up singing, dancing, and a botched, but lovely version of Adam Sandler's "Hanukkah" song, which continued on trail. Soon after the discussion of symbols and rules, Tour crept into the night with his bag of flour (hopefully kosher!). 12 minutes later, we shot out into the night with the speed and precision of a young mohel's first circumcision. (www.moyelmd.com) Starting with a little confusion and running amok, we found a progression of white dots and rudimentary scribbles of chalk on the pavement, leading us shortly to more confusion and the first Manischewitz Near! Hashers returning from last year will notice the trail being very familiar from the start to the first stop...good recycling! We headed down the hill from our flavored jewish wine stop and onto the railroad tracks, long train runnin.' After running down a false trail and returning to the check, we waited out the train, that was rudely obscuring our trail. We continued

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12/16/2009 TIUTALAWH3 #13

Ass Wednesday Hanukkah Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke

PNC parking lot, 5 hunter lane, camp hill

over the tracks and down some shiggy and up the road through businesses and some lovely decorated upper-crust housing. We wound up in sports fields of the area's snottiest learning establishment for a another round of Manischewitz, cream grape, and blackberry to name a few. We met up with our Hare, drank up and ran out and back to Tour's house for down-down's, bagels, accusations, and a few namings. Congratulations to Just Jim, now Chief of Queef(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quiffe>), and Just Robyn, forever to be known as Chockful of Semen! In the midst of all this we were treated to a solo performance of a Hanukkah tune by Tour De Puke, awesome job! After a few more too many, I passed out on Tour's couch and the rest was history. No matter what you are before, at the Hanukkah hash, everyone's a Jew! My Yarmulke (<http://www.skullcap.com/>)is off to AC/DC for his super-jewishly festive hash attire, complete with the Star of David on the front, menorah on the back and candles down the sleeves...what a fine lookin' Jew! Oy Vey-He's such a messugenah!

Add your own view, expound on this, or refute if you'd like!

Type-Anus

Very funny. Either you're really a Jew, or you did your homework.

onon
sc

He watched a LOT of Seinfeld... SqueezeMe

12/12/2009 H5 Run #382

National Ding Dong Day Hash

Hares: OrangUbang and Two Finger Tuesday

Twin Ponds West Shore

Good Morning All wankers and bimbos!

Because no one else has given this cold Saturday's event it's proper write-up, I shall do so!

We, the few, the proud, stupid and cold, gathered up and ran amok behind the Twin Ponds skating rink at 1 o'clock and did the circular thing, explaining the unexplainable to all but hashers. Soon the Hares, Orang-u-bang and his partner-in-crime, Two-Fingers ran off with bags of flour and promises of beer and debauchery on trail. Within 11 1/2 minutes we set out to chase them down and follow the dots o flour through busy highways and an even busier shopping center...past Best-Buy and Kohl's, no time to do your X-mas shopping, sorry. We ran up and through a slight sampling of shiggy and onto the Hummer test-track, where we discovered some mysterious symbols of a penis, and the welcomed, familiar BN symbol marked in purple and white. Drinking commenced, and we slid down off the hill and through the shiggy in pursuit of the hares, behind and through more retail giants of commerce. (what the? No Beer Near at Wegmanns?!?) Under bridges and through the traffic we ran, freezing toes and fingers in our shoes and gloves. We ran through housing developments, finished and unfinished, into the woods and weeds to our next beer stop. As we continued through the frozen mush, and briar bushes we became confused and separated. Brownie and I continued through and pursued the trail that eventually led to more flour as we ran along the creek. (missing the bunny on trail!) Running through many backyards and a little more shiggy, we came out of the trail, under a bridge, not occupied by trolls, nor homeless, but our very own Hares that had finished laying the trail and had set-up camp, along with beer and a warm fire. We were soon joined by I.D. and Bring Em Hung, who had started trail an hour late and backwards. Brownie and I soon started off to finish off the trail, completely missing the true-trail arrow leading us to Hooters, our fourth Beer Near.

After losing hope, Brown-Noser and I started making our way to the point of origin of day's hash, when we were approached by two stranger's in a car, our Hares. Brownie quickly decided to scuttle his plans to finish trail and auto-hashed to Hooters, leaving me as the sole FRB. I took it upon my self to drive back and inform the remnants of our group about the Beer-Near at the Hooters, and returned to the parking lot to drink beer and eat pretzels on my own until everyone returned and circle began.

After some complaining and crying that it was tooo cold, circle ended, leaving some unfinished business....accusations, actually unheard. We again joined up at the Ye Olde Ale House for some good friends, beer and food....A great hash day. Cudos to Orang-u-bang and Two-Fingers for a great trail. Extra congrats to Deathwish for showing up in his PJ's to see us off, and for joining up with us at the on-after...hope you're feeling better!

This portrayal, of course, was my view of the day, dear readers, your results may vary!

Type Anus

Feel free to expand upon, add your own comments, or insult me for leaving anything out. Special thanks to Trashed and Squeeze Me for watching our kids so that we could hash! We owe you:)

Type Anus

12/9 /2009 TIUTALAWH3 #12

Ass Wednesday Hash

Hares: Lunachic and Interior Defecator

Tap Room 1402 North 3rd Street Harrisburg, PA 17102-1908

H5'ers,

It was a dark and dreary (nearly) winter's night... Can't someone just PDF the police report instead of making me write this Hash Trash??? OK, there was NO flour. That's right NONE to mark the first 200 yards of the trail... No-No! Not this again... Even the police tell you not to walk through this neighborhood. How about r'nnng/walking around obviously LOST??? I'm sure when Luna first Hared down here on Third, oh so many decades ago, this was a NICE part of the city. How poetic, the first BN of yet another bass-

Hares: Lunachic and Interior Defecator

Tap Room 1402 North 3rd Street Harrisburg, PA 17102-1908

ackwards trail was H5's fourth-favorite downtown drop-in spot populated by regular patrons that like to drive (it) the wrong way up a one way street. "You aren't supposed to come for another hour." Says the friendly barmaid. Hey, if I want to be insulted, I can go home!!! The Pack pours back out of the always amusing Brownstone on trail to go attract some OFFICIAL downtown attention... Apparently, on this particular foggy and slushy weeknight, all the regular criminals were warm and dry inside watching freshly stolen plasma TV's (I can't even afford) leaving the boys in blue with NOTHING better to do than freak-out about some guy dotting the city streets with big handfuls of quickly, snow-melt-saturated flour. Life lesson: The cops NEVER think something is as funny as you do. Crackwhore, "Just shut up!" Let former trooper J Jim sooth the mad cop, and let the other half-dozen officers who think it's funny be distracted from acting concerned while they get a load of M'Orally's jog bra – and goose pimples. While all those in the pack that actually need to keep their records clean slowly drift away.

Ok, after strolling innocently enough around what was left of THAT unfortunate snag, and picking-up trail again, I really have nothing at all to report because apparently the front of the pack shortcut to the O-A soon after finding the SN somewhere in front of me, and the soon-released-trio short-cut straight to the end immediately after their brush with Haz-Mat behind me. In the time honored tradition of the not-present Sister, I dutifully tried to follow ALL of trail - ALL on my DFL-Lonesome. Thankfully, almost every check was expertly re-marked (in reverse) by the conscientious Bush Rat. Except for a few very wet and dark alley intersections... Well, about four that slowed me down a bit. I was so happy to see a bonafied boob check down on the Riverwalk (even though I hadn't seen or heard another hasher for almost 45 minutes) BUTT by the time I arrived at those chalk orbs, unbeknownst to me, Circle was likely already underway. My spending more time searching in vain for the nearby, but already removed shot check, and then REALLY trying to find marks for what would have been the trail from the river to the Tap Room, made me miss everything back at the On-After except for the chicken soup. Did Just Jim get named? Hey, Hare ID! How would you like to have been cuffed wearing your Happi-coat and kilt? A night in the Pokey might have taken on a whole new meaning. BUTT, taking our motto of, "Safety Third" seriously, I did make it a point to witness (with my very own eyes) that southern visitor Just Angie got safely out of the hood and onto I-81 southbound. No-No. BP

12/2 /2009 TMINMFMH3 Run #125

Full Cold Moon Hash

Hares: Bushrat, Deathwish and Just Brian

Angie's, 1360 Eisenhower Blvd., Harrisburg

Why go out to play when it is cold, dark and raining? Here's why: A Hash-been legend haring a combined Full Moon/Ass-Wednesday Trail as he counts down the final days to his surgical metamorphosis into a bionic Bush Rat??? That's why! It all started in a warm and dry bar laughing at the stunned look on the face of ID ogling a never before seen masterpiece of barmaid breast engineering. And how often does H5 get marquis billing? "Welcome TMI – Bar Open" in lights! No kidding. All signs of the 8-ball were pointing to "YES" for tonight's trail.

The loyal-est of loyal H5'ers trickled through Angie's door already damp in hopes of catching a quick cold one before the certainly, soaking wet trail. When the possible stain of a sausage boil-plus only one was broken by the arrival of Luna (that freed Yeast from the lone V@gina curse) hares Bush Rat and Dick-on-a-Stick were soon released into the drizzling darkness. Yeah! Fuzz is here! Or, wait! Wasn't that Deathwish that appeared late on trail, flour sack in-hand providing helpful suggestions on finding flour to you-know-who? Dick was on trail with us!

The rain certainly had its way with the pitiful puffs of flour. The ten pack members searched diligently through the wet grass, mud, flowing streets, and rip-rap filled gullies at each check. There were no virgins on this trail. Only the dedication of every experienced hasher following these hare who they were CERTAIN would leave a proper mark SOMEWHERE kept up the search for quickly disappearing signs that the trail was not already lost to the rain within the first half-mile. Their struggle against darkness was rewarded with the shittiest of shitty, scratchy, muddy, slippery and fence crawling challenges. How many water crossings? NO SN in a cemetery??? ("Oh, Thanks BP.") Two fence holes BOTH nearly too small for the likes of Girth and the oversized BP... The twisting trail along the seamy underbelly between industrial and residential led to the most amazing underground tunnel/drainage ever On-On-ed: a 100-plus yard long super-hashers highway that was a gauntlet for the altitude and balance impaired. What could have been a dark, dank BN became a surprisingly welcome and dry place to sit at the 50-yrd line to watch the carefully engineered storm water flow by.

Left behind by the hashers at this mysterious and momentous location? Chalk-roglyphs of three, strange human-like forms provide proof-positive that this sterile, subterranean world had been visited by strange-named "others" from a different dimension, or was Crackwhore really just one of their own who would easily blend into the Eisenhower Hood???

Suddenly, back to reality! There was far-off talk - echoing spookily through the tunnel; Cops! Haz Mat teams! The trail ahead has been compromised! Lights off! No talking! Move now! Out of the tunnel! Stay to the left! Would one of Bush Rat's final trails become the next, legendary H3 Anthrax headline? Do we fight, or flee? Hang together or apart? Are they even looking for us? What better way to appraise the stealthily by-passed responder mayhem than from the vantage point of one final, soaking Beer Near watching the chaos of flashing lights and the jumble of hardware?

Tour convened a blessed indoor circle where non-runners Ruffy and Chris-the-cat-sitter waited with cold pitchers of Yuengling. The regular patrons did not seem to mind the singing or debauchery. And, there was a naming to do. Bush Rat hovered close fending off

Hares: Bushrat, Deathwish and Just Brian

Angie's, 1360 Eisenhower Blvd., Harrisburg

trivial, silly, or terribly insulting name suggestions for his fellow Marine comrade clothed always in Red: Just Jason. Many excellent topics and names were proposed and discussed... including those that highlighted this newcomer's habit of keeping an eye out for stragglers. BUTT, Bimbos took the helm and would not let the reported vision of a legendarily narrow bottom said to be adorned with the cutest dimples escape the circle's focus. Just Jason will hereby be known as: No Dimple Left Behind. And thus, another Circle was adjourned to go get a soggy PIECE.

BP (pics later)

My tongue wasn't out and i wasn't drooling. I also wasn't the one try to take pics of them at all kinds of angles either. THAT was a nice rack though. Its good to be a hasher! Great trail last night by the hares. Circle was a hooters..i mean hoot! was there rumor of a rogue friday hash in circle... was it going to be posted on the web site...or just kept on the down low. dam did we drink a lot of beer. On On to another thought. luna and I scouted trail for the next ASS wednesday hash (dec 9th) in harrisburg. BEER Cool trail BEER and food....more info to cum.

I.D.

p.s.

pb sent me the pic asap

Butt Pirate . . Interesting that ID was drooling. Send me the pics if you can. That way they may come in handy later but I'll also know what size bib to get him.
Just Valerie

11/28/2009 H5 Run #381

Bushrat's 10th Anal Post Turkey Day Family Hash

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

Wow Thanksgiving is almost here. For this years Family Hash we are going to be at a tree farm with hay rides, fire pit for hot dogs and marshmallows. Yes there is a Turkey and Eagle trail. Beer is allowed at the pavilion and any food we want.

Fart Connor is in charge of getting the H5 Charlie Brown Christmas Tree. Please bring an ornament that you don't care for to put on this tree. The H5 Charlie Brown Christmas Tree will then be bagged and then burned at Stinko de Mayo.

There is more.. because you all can pick out your own Christmas Tree for your holiday festivities. Its a great time to be with friends, eat and pick out a tree. No no hash cash does not pay for your tree. ho ho ho
morally

I have a request for the family hash on the 28th: Can we agree to keep this truly family friendly?? This means keeping profanity to a reasonable level, but more importantly, no nudity and no partaking in chicken? The last one I went to (St. Patty's Day hash), all these things were present. I certainly don't mind them at a regular hash, but I don't think it's appropriate to subject my 9 and 7 year olds to them.

What do the rest of you think? Can we come to an agreement on acceptable behavior and let the pack know at circle? We don't do these family hashes too often; I would think we could tone down the behavior a bit.

If not, that's fine, our family will stay home or we'll send one of us and leave the other home with the kids. I just wanted to see what the consensus is so I can make a decision whether or not to bring the kids on the 28th. It sounds like a good time!

Your fearless co-founder,

Trashed

I'm glad you asked,

The McCurdy Tree Farm in Dillsburg, opens that Saturday. It's opening tree day just like in Baseball. There is going to be Non Hashers among us, because its a freag'in Christmas Tree Farm and so like it's Getting Your Christmas Tree time. I don't remember CHARLRIE BROWN using profanity. Now the school teacher may have if you could understand her. The only possible one that used profanity I believe was Lucy. The only nudity is going to be from Snoopy (does not where clothing) or Delia (at times she does where clothing).

Activity possibilities include:

Drinking Hot Coco

Petting Zoo baaaaaa (sheep sound I'm not sure how to spell)

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

Anyhoo

The pretend you are a snoman family by putting your face in the holes thingy, you know, from behind it and if you look at it, like you are a snowman from the front.

A really cool slide that is very HASHER and HASHER CHILD FRIENDLY

Bon Fire to roast Hot Dogs and Marshmallows

Wagon Rides (they help bring the tree back but you can ride it the whole time if ya want to)

GIRL SCOUT COOKIES nuf said when you say that because ya can't beat girl scout cookies

Sooo, I hope that helps us all remember what Linus said, you know on the stage when he was in the spot lite saying what he said. It was really good what he said, very moving. Thats when the Peanuts Gang went outside to Woo woo woo and the tree became beautiful, MEMBER!! In other words, Yes there is no need for discussion because it couldnt be anything other than kosher (in case your Jewish and don't celebrate Christmas).

Fart is in charge of Chritmas Carols in circle (deer God Fart don't put antlers on Delia). McCurdy Tree Farm Closes at dusk too.

On On,
M'Orally

PS The area around the tree farm is Beautiful and they have a pond too

Hey, at what point do we do the hash, as opposed to everything else below?

Incidentally, I found their website at <http://www.mccurdystreefarm.com/> and the attached tree coupon.

PS: Fuzz said you can carry around a jug of Bloody Mary's while you look for your tree.

On On!
Sister

Thanks Sister for letting me know about my trail,

The Charlie Brown Hash will start in the familiar order that we usually do. Now this trail will be of course not as long as many others because we are searching for a Charlie Brown + your own tree. No way will it be 4 for Eagles. The rest is up to the hares. The Turkey will be a fabulous stroll through the rolling hills of the tree farm. It is the Turkey trail that will have the strongest say into what ugly tree makes it as a genuine Charlie Brown Christmas tree. It will most likely be free since its a Charlie Brown tree, if you catch my drift. Turkey trail will of course make stops at such places as the petting zoo. Hey ya never know, maybe the Eagle will too.

Walking with Booze should probably not be able to be visible to the point of "hey those people are drinking booze". If it is in containers that dont show the contents that is perfect. Now if you all start dancing on the wagon with lamp shades on your heads, I'll bust your ass. This is not a beer drinking free for all people. It is a "hey I want to get pictures in the snowman family thingy with hashers and then sled down the slide like we are all kids." As far as smoking, well hell Chicken travels, so chicken up prior to trail away from non hashers and KIDS!!!!

This is a business and I would be fucking embarrassed to tell people that "hell we all got kicked out of a Christmas tree farm." Think smart!

We will all step back in time when we were kids and went searching for that perfect tree. For those who always had fake trees, you have the option to bring your own so you will fill the same. We will even hide it for you so you have to go find it, then you will truly feel part of the jolly tree goodness.

Now does that answer your question Sister?

On Tree,
M'Orally

Re: Item 12. No. Some people are still confused. Please explain if/how that this is different from past years' Thanksgiving family hashes. Do we still need to bring cans of vegetables for the stew? What about bringing the turkeys for the fryer and leftovers for the feast? You alluded to turkeys and leftovers, but were not specific enough. Are they really allowing you to do all this in a tree farm? Do they know what they're in for? Will they allow some 50 cars to be parked in their 30-car parking lot for up to 6 hours, blocking other customers access? Will they become pissed off and ask us to leave? If we cannot hang out in the parking area, just where can we hang out? I don't mind getting a tree, 'cause we're at a tree farm, I just have a problem visualizing how this is going to work.

PS: What's the hash cash?

Sister

Hey Tharrrr!

Thanks to the 50 plus that came out for today's Family Hash also known as an ADHD convention, <http://www.adhd.com/index.html>. That's short for "American Deficit/Hyperactivity Disorder" I think that this is exponentiated for when a group of hashers assemble. I wonder if the group IQ goes lower too? I had trouble getting my mind around the idea of not being able to start trail from where the

Hares: M'Orally Challenged

cars are parked. If you wanna buy a Christmas tree go here:

<http://www.mccurdystreefarm.com/> and buy a tree. Tell them you're here from the "Family Run" and I don't know what will happen. It might be like from the Arlo Guthrie Thanksgiving classic "Alice's Restaurant" where they might think hashers are some kind of organization.

I guess it's safe to say now that "ID" and "M'Orally" really scouted the trail and the only thing Fart Connor did was to learn the easy trail. Oh yeah, Fart did one more important thing, that was pounding on a civilians door and getting permission to cross his 6 feet of grass to access the woods. Oh wait, Fart donated the fine Charlie Brown tree to the hash too.

The well mislaid plans of the hares came to fruition as the pack came together, how do you think the family hash came about? McCurdy's saves us a special trip and got the pack to near the starting point which was deemed close enough by the hares and a new On On was designated. M'Orally and Fart figured that getting the pack this close to our proposed, hmmm, proposed is a bad word, designated, that's the ticket word starting spot was as good as we were going to get. Getting the wankers to cart hashshit another 250 yards was going to use up their attention span. The hares adhdapt again, we're starting trail from here, just like Henry Fonda did at Normandy in WWII, that was "The Big One" that Archie Bunker was in too.

The trail only started right on hash time due to the best laid plans of the hares. Shapely M'Orally, Fart Connor, and NFHN Delia are off throwing flour as trailer loads of Christmas Tree harvesters are riding by looking at us. Can you picture Fart Connor running, only slightly faster than walking, with Delia throwing out flour, ooh, I dropped a participle. Nobody seemed concerned about Anthrax. I see Dancing Fool arriving just in time to shortcut by waiting for the pack. It is such a rush doing a LIVE HARE trail! It's like double ADHD. Me, Delia, and my bag of flour are going as fast as we can to get to the first BN and can hear the pack calls of "Are You?" as I get close to the first BN on the Eagle Trail. M'Orally had correctly marked the Turkey Trail so the Turkeys didn't meander onto the Eagle trail. I need to keep moving as the pack is upon me and the BN is the only thing keeping them back as I need to be out of sight.

I later hear that at this Beverage Near with some fine "Old Milwaukee" NO ALCOHOL and other drinks a band of Christmas tree pickers came by as we were enjoying beverages. After that what a way to slow only an H5 hash down, put out a Girl Scout Cookie check! This has to be an H5 Standard. I'm telling youse, that saved my ass from getting caught. As I was leagally trespassing I could hear the pack and it must have been getting to the Cookie Check.

Me and Delia hotfooted it to the real BN and felt better and just r@n around the corner where we were out of sight and R@n really slow and crossed the stream to meet up with the Turkeys who were already back and put down the HHH. My feet were cold. The Turkeys were already back and me and Necrophelmeup went back on trail, across the cold stream again, to wait for the Eagles at the only check with beer. We grab a beer and wait. The first person I remember was Lockjaw getting to the BN and pausing and found the beer. We wait a little while and, I think, Weblows Scout arrives and says that he hopes there is real beer here. Delia is released and greets the pack and much rejoicing is imbibed. We kill the beer and make the short journey to the screwed up circle is to be held and all was well.

M'Orally followed up on plans for the kids to have hot food and we had circle. Many were dis-respected and we all left to get a piece, of Christmas.

On, the tree, On

Fart Connor

I for one thought it was an excellent family hash. Every thing a family would want and more. H5 does know how to behave. Thanks to the Hares, and the Farm and all of the hashers who attended this blustery day of hashing and no beer. ONON to the Full Cold Moon

Luna

Hey Fart,

Question: What was hash cash? GlassAss paid hash cash for himself, me and my son, Just Timm. He was told \$7.00 per person and so we paid \$21.00. Someone told us later that hash cash was only \$5.00, so I am confused.

Thanks to both hares for a nice day on the farm! Thanks to everyone who came out later for my birthday and the band that never happened. I had no idea we had so many pool sharks amongst us!

11/28/2009 H5 Run #381
Hares: M'Orally Challenged

Bushrat's 10th Anal Post Turkey Day Family Hash

ON ON
Doodle

Doodle,

Hash cash was \$5 for growed-ups and \$3 for offspring. Squeeze was the toll-taker and I was the roll-taker. If we ripped you off, it was only to fatten our pockets. We'll get to the bottom of this.
Sent from my iPhone-Jon Heinly

H5 Kids and parents and friends, and sheep,

WOW thanks for a great Hash. I will keep the ornaments the kids put on the tree because they are very special,

Thanks Charles Shculz for helping me with the tree.

M'Orally Hot Dog Nazi

Props to Fart and M'Orally Challenged for a cool trail and a fun circle, even though there was a refreshment stop on trail that had non-alcoholic Old Milwaukee!! Props also to the hares for finding fun creative ways to do the down-down songs with virtually no swear words, and making it a fun with things like using cookies for a refreshment stop -- and even though there was only one beer near! The hot dogs and munchies were much enjoyed by everyone.

And Fuzz Buster, again, I really liked those "official" beer drinking gloves of yours!

Happy birthday again to Doodle! Pics from the trail and the happy hour at ABC's to follow on my hashspace page later tonight.....

11/14/2009 H5 Run #380

Queen of the Mountain Hash

Hares: Webelo Scout and Queen Latrina (Virgin Hare) Doyle Hotel, 7 North Market Street, Duncannon, PA 17020

No wonder women yanked their children inside as Girth Brooks ran down the middle of the street in Duncannon.

I was running a block behind Girth, when I saw women come running out of their houses, snatch their children, and run inside.

Sister

A good thing this didn't happen to some of the stragglers on trail:

Five charged after bizarre kidnapping in Perry County
November 14, 2009, 6:09PM

Five Duncannon residents were charged with kidnapping and assault after state police at Newport alleged they abducted an 18-year-old, duct-taped him, beat him and dropped his unconscious body along Pisgah State Road this week. Keith Hammaker, 32, Derek Williams, 21, William Leach, 22, Mary Greenawalt, 38, and Adam Loudon, 23, were all jailed on \$50,000 bail.

10/31/2009 H5 Run #379

Halloween Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator and Fuzzbuster 1701 cedar cliff dr camp hill

spoke with orthopedic surgeon this evening in Ruffy's room and he said the Fibula was really shattered and required a lot of 'bracing' up. Ruffy is in some pain as they had to 'ream' out the marrow of the bone to insert the metal rods and drilled in from two directions. She is on a morphine (sp?) drip and said her whole leg including ankle is hurting from all the drilling and hammering. The doc indicated she would have to have some rehabilitation time before going home. She will likely be sleeping on first floor in her camp cot and using her half bath off kitchen. she will be on crutches for up to six weeks. Doc said she wouldn't need a cast as the 'bracing' will keep leg straight and supported. She might be healed in time for her B'day Dec.28th!!

she can be reached on her cell phone : 579-8783 but requests no visitors for a couple of days until the pain becomes more manageable.

They seem to be giving her excellent care and attention. Very friendly staff.

Ddave

Fuzz & I visited Ruffie about 6:30 last night. She was a bit groggy, but in good spirits. She'd just had her operation and was icing her leg with an ice bag over the cast. Interestingly she has an air-inflating sleeve on her good leg with a pump/valve that alternate on/off to keep circulation going (externally induced circulation).

We talked about the trail and how she was following Squeeze Me in jumping across a water obstacle (funny I don't recall that obstacle)

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Interior Defecator and Fuzzbuster

1701 cedar cliff dr camp hill

and happened to land with her ankle between two rocks in the mud. She heard a snapping noise and thought it was her umbrella hitting the ground. Then she saw her foot just dangling there and knew something must be wrong, but didn't think it was broken. It didn't even hurt that much. She kept her foot in the cold water to keep it from swelling and then got carried out.

Fuzz & I had to leave to catch a movie. Anyone have the rest of the story on how she got out and to the hospital?

Sister

Desperate Dave,

I have a portable potty if she needs one. Has yet to be used. Very nice.

Hu Phlung pu

Gopher & I were behind her. Basically- Squeeze Me knew Trash was in the area dropping off their boys, & he called her. Trash met Ruffy & Orangubang, as he basically piggy backed her to the top of a hill beside the park we came out at near the small stream. This small stream entered the yellow breaches about 20 ft away.....

Angel

Yeah, that's pretty much it. I was relatively closeby and got there within a few minutes. I'd be interested to get Ruffy's opinion on it, but **in hindsight, an ambulance probably should have been called. They would have been able to transport her more comfortably, she** wouldn't have had such a hard time getting in and out of the car, possibly temporarily splint it, etc. Obviously my car and I are not fully equipped for situations like this LOL.

On the positive side, I think she got to the hospital fairly quickly, though I did piss off the hospital staff by pulling up to the ER where the ambulances were supposed to park. Can't win them all, I guess!

On-on to a quick recovery for Ruffy.

Trashed

DD,

Tell Ruffy I know how she is feeling right now. I remember a Saturday back in April of 02, jumping over a small stream of water, getting my foot stuck in the mud, being carried out of the woods, and rushed to the ER. Some hashing tricks shouldn't be repeated. The doctors can do amazing things with broken bones these days. Recovery will be long and miserable, but tell her to relax and listen to the doctors, and everything will be fine.

Oh yeah, if she would like my hash name, I will gladly give it up.

Broken Boner

My thoughts go out to Ruffy, I'm sure we're all hoping she's back up and hashing soon, or at the very least by the time skiing season gets going.

On a lighter note, it was great to see you all again! It's certainly been a long time since I've been around but luckily the H5 hasn't changed much in my absence.

I just wish the trail had been longer, it seems like we were only out there for a half an hour or so. The rain was a nice tough though. :-P

How did the night end up? Sadly I had to take off to go to another event but it looked like the party was getting pretty fun by the time I found dry clothes and left!

-MaryAnne

thanks for the offer; Ruffy is now arrived for indefinate stay at KY's/RD's house in

10/31/2009 H5 Run #379

Halloween Hash

Hares: Interior Defecator and Fuzzbuster 1701 cedar cliff dr camp hill

hershey as they have bath and bed on one floor and KY is home much of the time.
She is on meds and sleeping a lot. she was given a walker and crutches and given
some instructions/rehab therapy and told not to drink too much and No Running!

Ddave

10/17/2009 H5 Run #378

Bang's Big Bang Theory Birthday Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry, Brown Noser and Bang 4 Ur \$ 2020 Technology Parkway, Mechanicsburg

Due to the shitty weather the hares have decided to shorten trail. Trail will start at the same time and place, and still have plenty of beer
and alcohol. Trail will be less than 3 miles and there will be a nice cozy fire and hot tub to warm you up at the on-after.

Wild Cherry, Bang For Your Buck, Brown Noser

TIMELINE OF THE BIG BANG'S THEORY HASH

Extrapolation of the Hash actually began using the general relativity of when we all gathered in time for chalk talk. Expansion of the
cluster of hashers that gathered in the very beginning, formed what would be known as the same group that, would end in their own
time. An infinite amount of density and relativity circled up. The moisture and the temperature seemed right.

The key principal effects of this big bang began as Brownnoser caused a cosmic inflation by introducing the Virgins. Wild Cherry laid
the signals of trail upon the flowing aquatic asphalt. Conserving as much of the flour like substance as humanly possible. The
breakdown of which was inevitable by a tremendous amount of elementary particles that filled the region with its moisture. Introduction
of the Virgins continued with Bang for your Buck finding out tidbits of data which contained elementary particles of each and every one
of them.

Energy density was high by this time. Fundamental forces were in full effect. The hares were on their way.

The separation, of this nucleus of these three, created a frenzy of reaction which evolved into a mass of decision making. The
cosmic distance ladder would prove to be a time and space contingency.

The coordinates were off the charts as we began our trek into the massive area. With separation of the cluster in many different
directions unity was located at the great sing of BN.

Accelerated by that which may lay in the distant horizon, the pursuit to locate further pleasure was on-on. The co-operative
movement was both elusive and isotropic with many colors revered. Co-moving distance was expanded , Bn 's were consumed by
black holes. Observation evidence was inclusive that a Big Bang was in effect.

COSMIC RADIATION

Transported by recombination of fuel, heat, and explosion the cluster moves to a spectrum of beings. Here the transformation of
inflation of imagination produces cosmic systematic uncertainties. A term limit of down-downs were produced for relevant reasons.
Galactic evolution and distribution was shared by many. Now super clusters were forming. Pertinent readings of increased beer levels
rose to the point of intoxicating levels.

SPECULATIVE PHYSICS BEYOND THE BIG BANG THEORY HASH

More expansion will take place due to the movement of this movement.

On-On

Girth brooks

Nice write up! What the hell does "isotropic" mean? <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/isotropic>

Fart

Isotropic is derived from the word "Isotropy" , uniformity in all directions.

Questions? Don't worry about it! Have a BEER.....

Girth

Hey to all you wankers who attended Bang's Big Bang Theory Birthday Hash,

THANK YOU for making my birthday crazy, unforgettable, and AWESOME!!! YOU GUYS ROCK!

also, thanks to WC for letting us destroy his house and hot tub, to Squeeze Me for the poster and pics, and to Girth for the great trash!

love<3,

bang

10/3 /2009 H5 Run #377

Sister & Girth's H5 Excellent Adventure Hash

Hares: Girth Brooks and Sister Maria

Angie's Bar & Grill, located at 1360 Eisenhower Blvd, Harrisburg, PA
17111

Girth's and Ted's Sister's Moist Excellent Adventure?

A wonderful Autumn afternoon boosted itself out of the doldrums of a day less hungover as a pack of about 35 wankers assembled
in the environs near the PA Turnpike & 283, the exact location will be kept secret due to those thinking with their dipstick.

Hares: Girth Brooks and Sister Maria

Angie's Bar & Grill, located at 1360 Eisenhower Blvd, Harrisburg, PA 17111

The pack took off right on Sister's hash time of 1:30 with one virgin, Just Bob, and I think 6 visitors of which I can only remember 5. Recent transplants from RI, that's Rhode Island for those postally challenged, Fuck and Lamb Chop, Just Monica with her dog Daisy, Muffalotta, Cause For Blindness, and my mind is lacking for the last. The pack meandered through well marked and challenging trail and found of all things a Beer Check with beer! For hashing in such an urban area the beer was well placed at the end of a false trail. This would be the theme for the trail as the second beer check was placed in a likely fashion only in highly posted territory that was guaranteed to free of archery hunters at a sportsmen club. At this second beer check Fart Connor openly violated the technology "rule" with a call on a cell phone to "Bring Em Hung" because it was his birthday while in the Marines in Bum Fuck California, I think Bring Em Hung cut off Steven Sagal's ponytail. Anyhow, because we knew we weren't going to scare any archery hunters, the pack sang wonderfully the Happy Birthday Fuck You song to Bring Em Hung. We backtracked to the road where trail continued along the road as Deathwish assured us that there were no hunters in there. Should you be sentenced to this run on sentence? Hmmm, what would a scentence be, it would prolly stink. What's the Campbell's Soup commercial with bad enough grammar that I was jealous that Fart Connor didn't think of it? Oh yeah, something like this: "Here are the farmers that grow the vegetables in Campbell's Soup cans."

So anyhow, a possibly flustered hare put a SN on the side of a bridge instead of on the ground where the pack could find it easy, that made it easy for the pack to blow by the SN. The pack made it to the third beer check beside a church and a cornfield, it was automatically assumed the guy by his station wagon was calling the police. As the pack drank beer Deathwish went to talk to guy with the station wagon. It turned out that the guy in the station wagon, I didn't want to use the word "he" because you might confuse the guy on the cell phone with Deathwish, was the janitor just talking to someone and wished us a fun trail. Deathwish said that the janitor, see I didn't use the "he" word, had more shit in his car then Dancing Fool, only because the janitor's car was bigger.

Meanwhile back at the HHH in a woody field the pack assembled, FRB, Brown Noser, the rest of the pack, and then M'Orally Challenged the DFL joined the hares Girth Brooks and Sister Maria. I was advised not to toot too much on the bugle to avoid attracting attention. Circle ensued and many were abused for various hash crimes, real and imagined. Of importance were the induction of Muffalotta and Cause for Blindness into H5 and they will no longer be visitors. As circle was being conducted the Police were suddenly noticed descending on the pack! Five in uniform and one in plainclothes. Deathwish yelled to the pack, "Don't run"! The nice police informed us that some neighbors complained that we were making too much noise in a field at 3:30 in the afternoon, they didn't mention our singing but I'm sure that's how they zeroed in on us. They were bristling with weapons, guns, tazers, 8x10 color glossies with captions on the bottom downloaded from a satellite, and killer K9's. It would have been sort of funny if the police would have got there after the pack left with all the trash picked up but then we wouldn't have seen the episode. With the assurance that we would be quiet the police asked directions how to get out of the field and the naming of Just John was held. Due to a hot tub incident at Interior Defecator's of Just John and some bimbo who got out of the hot and she said, "He only got two fingers.", Just John got named, "Two Finger Tuesday". That's just one finger short of a shocker.

We then cleaned up, had good food, and me and Delia left early to go home and write this shit.

On On

Fart Connor

Third beer check? Fart, that was the fourth beer check. Did you guys miss the third beer check (or did Fart lose count)? It was behind the warehouse on the left side before you went up the hill by the golf course. I set it outside the posted sign so the hunter couldn't say anything. I also laid trail to it directly behind the warehouse.

Girth - When you went to pick up the beer checks, did you pick up the third beer check or is it still out there?

Hares: Wild Cherry

11 Flowers Drive, Mechanicsburg

Hey All!

For youse who wern't there yesterday, I guess you wern't there, so fuck you! I didn't really mean that and we missed you. You did miss an awesome trail though. There was some doggie drama though due mostly to Delia with some help as a co-conspirator named Prezly. I didn't quite put my leg in the middle.

I think the best moment of trail was when the pack came upon, no it wasn't a group jerk off, a True Trail Arrow pointing the wrong

Hares: Wild Cherry

11 Flowers Drive, Mechanicsburg

way that the pack devised was pointing the wrong way. You might not understand that unless you have ever done a "No No" trail. I wonder what Sister Maria would have done? WWSMD

So the hare, Wild Cherry, got pulled over by the police for r*nnng too fast and being covered by the white shit that he was throwing out. What kind of lives do people who call the cops, who deserve our respect, lead who feel the need to call because somebody is throwing out flour? Heyyyy? How come wankers r*nnng in a kilt with a green tuxedo shirt, tricorn hat, bugle, dipstick, and a dog don't get pulled over?

So anyhow the DFL's got back to Wild Cherry's and some virgins are roasted in circle and great food was consumed and hot tub olympics splashed. Tour slept with Delia.

H5 FUCKING ROCKS

On On

Farrt Connor

Tour slept with Delia.????????

So did VW & I in Big Rig's closet several years ago. Man! She gets around!!!!
ANGEL

Great trash, Fart! We also can't forget though that Orangubang was sporting his brand new and still bleeding on-on foot tattoo! That's hash spirit right there!

Trashed

Maybe he was just blowing smoke up his arse? Also useful for sufferers of exposure to sitting on ice in the circle.

On On!
Sister

Hares: Deathwish

Marysville

Trail was long.

1 Beer Stop? There must be a reason for that...

It didn't rain (contrary to Siren's belief)

It really is possible to go uphill both ways (I now believe all those "back in my day when I had to walk to school..." stories)

And running out of flour and sense of direction is an excellent reason to end a trail!

All in all... an f'n fun time was had by all!

-SqueezeMe

Hares: Crack Whore Fucker (Virgin Hare) and Interior Lemoyne

we want to thank cwf and id for a great night.
tell them to piss on or piss off.
just lisa or just vince

Hares: Deathwish and Dick-On-A-Stick

Parking lot at top of Lambs Gap Road, Mechanicsburg

Hares: Deathwish and Dick-On-A-Stick

Parking lot at top of Lambs Gap Road, Mechanicsburg

The group assembled for what would be a Fartless trail. Since missing his awesome presence, I have decided to write this trail's trash as an homage to the great Fart Connor in order to cope with his absence. Fart, never leave us on our own again. Here it goes:

ARRRRR You Wankers?

Several Half-Minds assembled on top of state game lands off of Lambs gap road. I have known several hashes that have traveled on-on Goats gaps, but never on a lamb. Wait, aren't some Hashers on the Lamb? Chalk talk was Conducted by the hare, GM, all around designated asshole, Deathwish, and a Monkey Wrench was thrown at the pack when Dick on a Stick picked up another flour bag. What did two guys say when they ran into a bar....OUCH!

After 12 minutes the Pack was off. Toward a check back thirteen and down the Lamb's gap to the first beer near. The Pack rejoiced then realized that the pack was lighter than when it first began (light in the loafers?) because Bushrat and Type A-nus were trying to pick up some ESP from the hares. They eventually ran back into the pack, going the opposite direrection.

The Pack continued on some bike trails to the next two beer nears, through six boob checks, and back to the start of the trail where we were greeted with baged luches provided by our hare. Each bag had it's own saying. My personal favorite, "Use this bag to cover your ugly face." It was a dude that looked like an elephant...what was that movie called...oh yeah...Dumbo?

Three virgins were named at this Hash, Just Steve is now known as Necro-feel-u-up due to working with cadavers (which is different than working with caviar. You only make that mistake once.) Just Dave is now known as Crack Whore Fucker. I can't remember why. And a Just, (whose hash name is so good, I already forgot her real name) is now known as, Rin-Tin-Sin, due to draining the Anal glands of dogs. Run for de hills Delia!!!

Also, it was announced by our G.M. that there will now be openings for wednesday night trails for whoever is interested in getting over the hump in style. Deathwish and Yeast of Burden will be hareing the first official, unofficial trail SOON! Deathwish goes to see his doctor, Yeast of Burden. Doctor Burden says, "you really need to stop masturbating." Deathwish responds, "why?" and Dr. Burden says, "So I can examine you!"

The Hash concluded with several songs, thirst quenching, tit showing, impersonating, and all around rowdiness, that would have been controlled, if only Fart Connor was there. Anyway, Fart, I hope you enjoyed this tribute to your hash trashes. It is not nearly as entertaining, but it was fun to write. Hope to see you at the next trail. Oh, and Tour wasn't there. No one cared.

On-On
Brown Noser

Now that was a great f**%@ing hash trash to read!!!
Loved it!!!!

A.N.G.E.L.

Hares: Lunachic and Girth Brooks

1418 Mt. Wilson Rd. Lebanon

Arrrrr You Wankers?

For all of youse not on trail you'll never know. The H5 group assembled right on time in surburban Mt. Gretna for trail somewhere around hash start time of 2pm so the trail started right about on time at 3pm. Luna and Girth's neighbors were kind enough to represent the assholes that put a burn barrel for their trash, redneck trash, in the farthest corner of their yard so their neighbors, Girth & Luna, get to enjoy their toxic asshole waste.

Hares: Lunachic and Girth Brooks

1418 Mt. Wilson Rd. Lebanon

So anyhow we somehow manage to get on trail and after not long on trail the pack runs into a false that leads to a BEER NEAR. Yeah! The tasty libations are consumed and H5 fucks around like no other hash. Meanwhile back on trail, the pack goes past a perfectly good bar. The people of Colebrook are in wonderment as there are wankers walking/running on the road instead of on the perfectly good Rail/Trail project. Up a hill and into the woods where you're not 'sposed to have alcohol soaked watermelon. Awesome trail for a warm Pennsylvania day. Sticking to the mowed paths less traveled the pack crosses the Conewago Creek on a wooden bridge and here is another beer check! It was neat that M'Orally Challenged went under the bridge in the water to cool off and found this "Not A Geo-cache" in a plastic container. Luckily Fart Connor carries lots of shit on trail and a Sharpie was one of those things that was used to sign in the book by M'Orally Challenged. Fart also provided the condom that was left in H5's memory. The 4 dogs on trail, Marley, Sunny, Miley, and Delia enjoyed the water. Meanwhile the pack didn't see any sheep. Why do Scotsman wear kilts? Sheep can't hear zippers.

So the hares had well laid True Trail marks to be sure the pack didn't do a No No trail to another beer check and then back to the Grith and Luna abode. Circle ensued and many were abused for acts of stupidity. Gopher Poker exhibited exceptional hash behavior much to the enjoyment of A.N.G.E.L.

I know I missed a lot but thank you to Luna and Girth for all the fun we had today, oh wait, it's yesterday, no, it's today, Saturday. Next week the Upper Chesebuck is having a hash somewhere in Maryland on Aug. 15.

On, shitty hash trash, On

Fart Connor

Hares: Licky Me and Just Courtney

120 Fickes Lane, Newport, PA 17074 (Look for the sign off of Front Street)

frtcnnr@comcast.net included below]

Dearest Hashers.

For those lucky enough to attend the trail and miss the "Baked Bean Wrestling", fuck you! Me and Delia did a pretty good job of keeping up with the pack till after the second alcohol check, something about booze in mason jars. Me and Delia arrived way early with WOOD. By the way, Fart Connor has dubs on "More Wood" type phrases. Oops, that wasn't at the alcohol check but Licky Me's abode in Perry County. Lotsa' trail shit was found because I was pissed because for instance "Just Steve" found this really cool plastic sign from a Texaco station and I think Flaming Earl Gay found a "Self Serve" sign, prolly from the same service station that didn't spill anything into the Juniata when it overflowed. So maybe Butt Pirate was making sure my ass didn't drown in the crossing back from where we lost trail to the other side of the Juniata where the A to B bar was. I remember falling down a lot as we ascended the embankment to trespass upon the railroad track back to the B spot at what turned out to be the barrrrrr! That might explain the poison Ivy on my arms and legs. Here, for as much as I hate cigarettes, is what I like about smoking, that might depend on other sources, but in order to run on this run on sentence, the great state of Pennsylvania has decreed that as long as not much food is being served you can still smoke stanky cigarettes in some bars and my dog, Delia, can go in too. I stumble back to Licky's and circle is waiting because the RA is DFL.

Tour de Puke and Deathwish help out a lot with circle as the RA is hammered but did manage to find an umbrella on trail. I'm sure with the help of M'Orally Challenged, Just Ken got named "Shit to Shore", something to do with being in the Navy shipping department that shipped porto-pottys. Just Courtney got named "Cum By Yarn", I can't help but think that Flaming Earl Gay came up with that name. If I remembered that my memory must be getting better. Just Steve didn't get named because the RA was too messed up.

Licky had lots of great food to be consumed and soon it was time for the baked wrestling. My best redneck pants blew out the duct tape but I still had my spandex on.

On to baked bean wrestling. If this works there will be a really ugly picture that isn't too huge. On the other hand, no not the one with lube, a little larger wouldn't be too bad.

7 /25/2009 H5 Run #372

5th Anal Perry County Campout Hash

Hares: Licky Me and Just Courtney

120 Fickes Lane, Newport, PA 17074 (Look for the sign off of Front Street)

On On

Fart Connor

7 /11/2009 H5 Run #371

Butt Pirate's "High Balls" Hash and Virgin Haring

Hares: Butt Pirate, She Came and Webelo Scout

628 Walnut Avenue, Harrisburg, PA 17112

H5-ers,

What the F do I know? Can I write a Trash on my own Virgin Hash???

WTF! Who cares? The most excruciatingly planned HASH in history goes literally so F-ing 180 degrees – totally F-ed up and **everybody ends up happy except the Virgin Hare Butt Pirate who spent HOURS researching F-ing maps, aerial photos, satellite images, (talking to landowners), figuring distances and times, scouting with Co-hares, and planning which specific HIGH BALLS stops would be the very best to keep the pack together and keep them properly motivated and willing to forge ahead???**

And, who F-ing cared??? NOT the 40+ H5ers, visitors, and Virgins who showed up and ran the F-ing trail BACKWARDS. (For the want of one single mis-placed spot of flour...) So AFTER the lightning scares a deer that leaps across the trail scaring the SH1T out of BP and then BP (no Sh1T) falls over the following frightened Fawn, BP's Trail-illegal phone rings while BP is breathlessly marking the start of the very hardest, rocky, swampy, and shiggified ascent – It is inside scoop from non-returning, unnamed and rarely seen Just Lindi – "We arrived at the first HBN and are drinking Gin and Tonics, BUTT the cooler says stop #4." F!!!! Deathwish commandeers the prohibited phone from Just Lindi and informs totally freaked and panicking Hare BP that "SERIOUS" technology-on-trail down-downs will be paid. Like THAT is BP's biggest problem.

Having the Pack get to the (literal) pinnacle HBN #3 stop at least an hour earlier than carefully planned left the poor, rock-scrambling Virgin Hare Butt Pirate clutching his oxygen-deprived chest (and rain-sodden sack of flour) as he hears UP AHEAD in the distance the half-pack already approaching the Manhattan HBN #3 from the EZ Mountain top trail when they should have been Pussy deep in Beaver Creek 1.652 miles DOWNhill.. and CHASING BP. WTF!!!

BP risks major coronary trauma to barely arrive at the planned most-awesome-est-ever, Mountain-Top High Balls Near just in time to find the rain-soaked and already Manhattan swilling half-pack peddling BACKWARDS!!! Who F-ing cares??? Half lubricated by the Pre-Chalk Screw Drivers, energized by pretzels and cheesy-poofs, and running freshly effervesced on Stop #4's Gin and Tonic, The pack could care less. Although talk of sirens heard in the distance and a left-behind Hasher that was allegedly grasping his chest on the steep ascent (which was supposed to be a EZ-doable DEscent) was some cause for concern. The Virgin Hare BP, not knowing what else to do to "save" his first floured trail, dropped his rain-heavy camo shorts and went for his backpack-hauled kilt.

Seemingly hours later, when the second wave of BACKWARD hashers (who had lingered at HBN #3 much to long - then gone On-On) Co-Hare She Came and BP humped the HBN goodies BACK down the mountainous Trail hearing distant sounds of, "On-On" descending through the Blue Mountain woods to the west. BUTT, this did NOT account for the first group of hashers that discovered third-hare Weblows Scout Auto Hashing his lung-coughing and sick self BACK to a premature and very thirsty arrival at Point A.

WTF??? WS figured with every one Hashing Backwards, who needed the HBN #1 Rum and Coke stop under the Bridge?? He picked it the F-up! Sorry Backwards group #2. Much auto-rescue attempting, and forbidden Texting later, the straggling Reverse Hashers arrived at Circle JUST in the nick-of-time before "Swing Low" was sung. By this time the assembled Hashers could care less as they had consumed ALL remaining and prematurely pick-ed up HBN's in whatever combination was palatable and were beyond worrying about those lost on trail or sloshing down the creek. They arrived a scratched and muddy bunch..

Circle was wrapped. Hares were repeatedly abused and the pack made its way to the On-After to top-off a Hash-Perfect Saturday. Who F-ing cared? The complaints and accusations of who F-ed up Trail made for a lively and very well lubricated set of Hares and Hashers who proceeded to the Eagle ON-After for food and more drinks – like they needed them.

Your no longer Virgin Hare - BP

Hey Butt Pirate!

Saturday, June 18, 2022

Page 141 of 208

You didn't mention directly and thanking Weblows Scout and She Came for helping you set a new trail to set standards for H5! That could translate to "How to fuck up a trail", or how hashers can fuck up a trail. One of my highlights was as we trespassed accidentally and there was this property owner in a wheel chair named Bob, good thing he wasn't in a swimming pool. He was sitting there watching hashers going by, what else was he going to do, I didn't see a gun. Fart Connor, Flaming Earl Gay, and Ruffie were talking to him for a while, oh, and Delia too. "Bob" told us that we looked old, but he did admire that we started from the fire company. There's a representative crew for H5 for the public. Doin the rest of the No No trail at the end in the little cooling run was awesome. The song that you and Just Lindy did in circle was cool too. Other facts were disclosed: http://www.cracked.com/article_15643_5-scientific-reasons-zombie-apocalypse-could-actually-happen.html

Thanks Butt Pirate
Love Fart Connor

H5er's (and @ss kickin' Visitors),

Thanks for making my Hare Cherry Poppin' such a F-ed-up memorable moment.

Mentors and Co-Hares She Came and Weblows Scout Rock!

BP obviously didn't get shots of Y'all doing Trail BACKWARDS except for at the Blue Mountain, Blue Ball Rockin' – High Balls Near so **let me know if you have any or post any.**

Otherwise, here's some of mine on Hash Space:

<http://www.hashspace.com/photo/photo/slideshow?albumId=2021388:Album:1552395>

Your no-longer Virgin Hare,

Butt Pirate

Butt Pirate- WTF?

I'm sorry I missed it!

Now can I get my flop flip?????

Love,
A.N.G.E.L.

H5'ers

Yes indeed, BP's transgression of having Technology on Trail (She Came made me do it!) was witnessed by none other than H5's GM, Deathwish. When DW snatched Just Lindi's cell phone in the middle of delivering her horrid news, DW heard none other than Virgin Hare BP on the line – still totally dumbstruck following Just Lindi's (almost) sobering news that "We just found the first cooler and it says HBN #4 on it" – Butt Pirate's BACKWARDS High Balls Hash was NO-NO!

BP does not recall Circle accusing the very nearly DFL Just Lindi pay for HER part in the same technological transgression by way of a Down-Down. Maybe performing a rousing rendition of HER totally tasteless song starting with, "Ten pounds of t1tty in a loose brazier" (sung in drunken duet with BP) was payment enough.

BUTT, you closet –Techno Geeks might enjoy a peek into the post-witness texting exchange that (maybe) helped the last (drunk and getting drunker) gaggle of H5 stragglers r*n and splash the rest of their way to the end of BP's High Balls Hash Trail - BACKWARDS:

7 /11/2009 H5 Run #371

Butt Pirate's "High Balls" Hash and Virgin Haring

Hares: Butt Pirate, She Came and Webelo Scout

628 Walnut Avenue, Harrisburg, PA 17112

6:04 Just Lindi to BP - We are Totally lost!

6:07 BP to Just Lindi - 2 bad... Go downill –get in creek. Go down

6:19 Just Lindi to BP - There's no 7tp kleft at nbr 3 – that's your ASS

6:45 Just Lindi to BP - We're on Compton road – totally blitxwzed

6:50 BP to Just Lindi - Get in creek. Go downstream. Out at 39. Go to fd.

6:51 Just Lindi to BP - On our way

6:55 Just Lindi to BP - Downstream?

6:56 BP to Just Lindi - Yes if U C 39 – SHORTCUT.

7:16 Just Lindi to BP - Wher ar tttt?

7:17 Just Lindi to BP - We're at sasasga'rg

7:18 BP to Just Lindi - All @ circle - get here

Once again, with Luck and a little forbidden technology, the Hash did not leave a man, or woman, behind.

BP

4-F You thinks Butt Pirate has a bad case of Bob Dole disease, speaking of himself always in the third person. 4-F You finds this somewhat disconcerting. 4-F You hopes to hash with H5 again sometime during the first week of August.

On on,

4-F You

6 /27/2009 H5 Run #370

Reckless Abandonment Hash

Hares: Tour and Wild Cherry

Willow Mill Park (Some maps call it Silver Spring Twp. Park),
Mechanicsburg

Excitement in Mechanicsburg?

So the pack this day was dumb enough to park in a park surrounded by fences, sort of like the cops already got there and only had to close the gate. We gathered at 69 Willow Mill Park Road, that's right 69!
http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&source=s_q&hl=en&geocode=&q=69+Willow+Mill+Park+Rd,+&sl=40.251363,-77.027893&sspn=0.033409,0.068321&ie=UTF8&ll=40.258733,-77.040854&spn=0.008351,0.01708&z=15&iwloc=A It was a nice warm day 'specially for the trial that Tour de Puke and Wild Cherry had planned. About 40 hashers gathered for todays festivities beside the Conodoguinet Creek, did I spell that right Flounder? Hashers of all sizes, virginal status, geographical status, and mental status watched as Tour and Wild Cherry demonstrated marks, one of which was SHSH which would have looked like an H5H5 if you were doin' the trail backwards in the No No direction, More on that later. One of our virgins was Just Adam, he was kind of quiet and took things in. There was a really cute virgin that attended with her dog and boyfriend, Izzydun, the dog, and Duzzycum, or something like that. I'm crappy with names so don't forgive me. We had visitors from Reading, Delaware, Maryland, DC area, The G-spot somewhere down way south, and an H5'er sometimes from Ohio. One of our visitors from Hockessin, Delaware, Skidmarks arrived to get his three year growth of hair cut because of Girth Brooks winning Skidmarks's hair cutting raffle and Skidmarks having to get a job because of many years of college. Great to see so many out on a nice warm hashing day. There were also three out for the day with more than 5 hashes in their gullet. They were Just Dave, Just Jenn, and Just Janelle. In relation to todays trail it's funny to be watching "Dirty Harry" with a helicopter with a loudspeaker yelling at a criminal, yeah, I left a participle dangling, and the criminal running away.

So the trail started right on hash time and the pack took off and ran past a group that was there legally and seemed confused and yet entertained not enough to call the cops. We hit a false and came back and a kid in the group was handing out bottles of water like at a Type A event, Ruffy took one with thanks. Soon there was a creek crossing to be enjoyed and the pack ascended a hill many times taken before, then the trail took a whole new direction. We went to a dead end road and came to a check, was this where the SHSH was? I could hear Deathwish as he found trail paralleling the road still in the woods. Awww, come on, now Clint Eastwood is under a Jesus Saves 30 foot high neon light in San Francisco. Meanwhile back on trail, sort of, I was checking by a nice busy highway. Skidmarks followed me and then saw Deathwish out by the road. I followed and the rest of the pack sort of Lemminged and

Hares: Tour and Wild Cherry

Willow Mill Park (Some maps call it Silver Spring Twp. Park),
Mechanicsburg

followed the road in the direction that Pump Kin Head guessed correctly, as hash trail time would eventually tell. If the pack would have followed the hares trail they wouldn't have seen any NO TRESSPASSING signs. I blew off trail about here which might have been good as me and Delia were on the way back saw the local police on their way visit hashers. I could see the cop looking at us as we went the other way. Yeah, 30 minutes on trail and the police were on the way. Do 'ya think the police enjoy when the hash comes to town? About 10 wankers go back on trail toward the start and run into the pissed off property owners. Criminal looks at Clint EastWOODs gun and says, "My, that's a big one". We follow back through non-posted property, even if you look for signs, and cross the Conodoguinet back to the park. Here is where me and Delia were hanging with the virgin, dog, and her boyfriend. Virgin and boyfriend respectively, Izzy and Duzzy, the dog is yet un-named. During conversation I find out that the cute virgin's dog is deaf. A little later the virgin reveals that the dog is also blind too! That might explain why she had to drag the dog along. If you didn't see this, It would 'prolly piss off some civilians who didn't know. Hmmmmm, deaf, dumb, blind dog? Can it play pinball too? We should name it Tommy. Cute virgin was too young to get that one. She did get that being the dog had to be dragged, it should be named "Cigarette". Hey, what old black and white movie had a character named "Cigarette"?

The rest a the pack found its way to trail by blatant trespassing to what I hear was a really cool place with a cool tower that you can see from Rt. 81 as I have passed by there many times and thought the place looked cool. There were also dried up canals imported from Mars. I didn't hear about anybody climbing the cool tower as the eccentric property owner came out to visit the hash.

Somewhere near this time a police officer pulled near the pack and kicked on the loudspeaker and announced to the pack that they should all come back to the car and get in it as they were all under arrest. Through the cries of "On On" the pack couldn't hear and eventually made it safely back to the park. Bein' I blew off trail I had the rare opportunity to see the pack as it finished the real trial. FRB was Chew Caca, a visitor, so we waited for the first H5 victim to cross the HHH. Back Door Man was the next prospect but he blew off the last 25 feet of trail to go back to his car. Finally an unsuspecting Interior Defacator is the first H5'ver to cross the HHH. I wanna see something nasty happen to the Geico Gecko, like him getting squashed in his little red car. Ruffy and Just Bart are reported as Just Missing and the rest go back to Wild Cherry's house for food and circle.

When Wild Cherry's neighbors see a bunch of wankers at his house do they bring the kids and Christians inside and turn on the air conditioning or heat really loud? We got ready for circle with pizza, cookies, and beer. The RA lead a really shitty circle for a shitty trail. Many were dishonored for deeds of drunkenness and cruelty. Apparently nobody had been "Ned Beateyed" <http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/RapelsFunnyWhenItsMaleOnMale> That's as close as I could get because there isn't a definition on Wikipedia. Thanks to all who came out for the trail. We had 3 namings. Just Dave got named "Pole Smoker" because he'll smoke anything. Just Janelle was named "Book Hooker" having something to do with being a librarian. Just Jenn was named for to do with having something to do with getting her car stuck in the mud and not wanting to get named something anatomical that she was stupid enough to relate to the pack. There is some debate as to whether she got stuck on purpose or not. She got named "Mud On Ur Nipples Dries Slowly" or M.O.U.N.D. S.

For those who I missed fun of making of forgive me, it's getting morning early in the late.

On Arrrrrrrrr

Fart Connor

Hares: Bushrat and Purple Cooter

Giant Food Store on Rt 39 between Rt22, and Hershey Park Drive

Thanks Bushrat and Cooter for haring my hash in my absence! ON-ON, KY

Hares: Girth Brooks and Uncle Fester

Top of the hill in a stone parking lot.

On Saturday afternoon, about 35 assorted Hashers (including some very schmoopie virgins) showed up on a hill above Lawn, PA. After a quick bit of instruction in circle, and being told that trail would NOT be going down the obvious walking trail adjoining the parking area, the Hares were off. The pack (including those very schmoopie virgins) followed down the hill to a quick SN with plenty of French Kisses and other delights. Next it was off across some corn fields and back up the hill to the aforementioned walking trail where the trail would NOT be going, and a BN. At this point the trail became unclear and a large group, being unable to divine the true trail, headed back to the parking lot where they were met by some late cummers (Rough Butt and, of course, M'orally Challenged).

After some intrepid hashers sorting out the questionable marks, the pack (including those very schmoopie virgins) was back on the aforementioned walking trail where the trail would NOT be going, but in the opposite direction. After an odiferous trek through some swampland, we crossed the turnpike and ended up at Dinosaur Rock, and another BN.

Then the trail wound through the woods. Woods, woods, and more woods. There was plenty of shiggy here for everyone to get their share. After about a half hour of slogging through the muddy, thorny forest, we emerged on a road and it was straight up the hill back to the parking area and circle. Plenty of down-downs were to be had (including one for those very schmoopie virgins) and the pack then retired to the Colebrook Tavern where there was no karaoke.

Faithfully Submitted

Saturday, June 18, 2022

Page 144 of 208

Hares: Girth Brooks and Uncle Fester

Top of the hill in a stone parking lot.

Webelo Scout

I finally have a computer again and am happy to be reading about the latest hash. Sorry I missed it but was in the Finger Lakes area doing a different kind of DOWN DOWN with Anal Nicole and others unknown to hashing

MarshaMarshaMarsha

Ummmm?

So what kind of Down Down's were youse doing In the Finger Lakes area? Fart Connor

I'm glad I wasn't the only one questioning that...

SqueezeMe

Yes. Inquiring minds want to know. And want to see the pictures.

4-F You

No pictures! What happens in the Finger Lakes, stays in the Finger Lakes!!
marsha marsha marsha

A bimbos' weekend away at the "Finger" Lakes. A lot of sore genital areas

4 /10/2009 TMINFMH3 Run #117

Full Pink Moon Hash

Hares: Webelo Scout and Flaming Earl Gay

Center Street Grille 4 Center St Enola, PA 17025

Wankers of the H5 Full Moon,

Always a Bridesmaid and I had a blast cumming out to join you for a fun, well-lubricated hash on Friday. After a five-hour car ride, there's little better than a good jaunt and lots of beer. I learned something that day, as I usually do whenever I end up in HBG: never, ever, ever trust Bushrat when he points you down the trail. Also, never count on Flaming Earl Gay to know where trail's supposed to go. (Thanks to those who indicated true trail our misdirected butts. The other poor folks like Lunachic and Butt Pirate would otherwise would have been condemned to be eaten by ravening badgers and fieldmice.) Come to think of it -- I learned three things! Always count on Tour de Puke to shortcut like a bastard, but to miss at least one beer check.

Alas, we had to drive another hour after the hash, so we felt it prudent to duck out instead of getting hammered drunk and seeing baby Jesus in the front row of the Lynyrd Skynyrd show. As always, great to see you all.
OnOn to Stinko!

~Baster

It's hard to tell what kinds of critters make Farmer Vincet's Fritters!

You shouldn't go home from a hash and watch "Motel Hell". Real organic twins. Somehow the former Just Lisa got named today like that. Wait a minute, her organic twins led to some other kind of naming. "Hooters and the Blowfish". There was some sort of comparison tits, head, and cold fish as suggested by Just Rick, her hubby. He'll get his later. Special note here is don't write stuff while watching "Motel Hell". SLANG! You just got a shovel upside the head as some head bangers are smoking' down the road for a visit. Sort of a Capital One commercial, "What's planted in your backyard"? There has to be a whole pile of Jesus Saves verses here, as opposed to versus. Rory Calhoun the western actor now has a job acting in the 80's.

So anyhow Weblows Scout and Flaming Earl Gay laid out a great trail, specially if the whole hash would have done it. Some of the pack arrived way early, that would be Butt Pirate and Fart Connor. Meats meat and man's gotta' eat! Butt Pirate and Fart entertained some of the locals with stories of drunkenness and debauchery. It was really cool. A bimbo in the bar wasn't believing any of our shit till some hashers arrived. Wolfman Jack as a televangelist. I do recall the bimbo in the bar asking about "Shroomin", I replied that we weren't doin' that. The locals at what ever the hell Center Grill that Uncle Vincet left the cute virgin at who had no clue how Uncle Vincent was going to teach her how to smoke meat without a bra and taught her how to swim.

The trail went on and the local sheep were scared. Farmer humans. Then I see the Ocean 11's movie thing where the babe is telling them that "I am going to twain you". Now a commercial for www.erectmed.com comes up. And next Uncle Vincent uses and chainsaw the see if extenzzs works.

Homelite chainsaws, what a home movie.

A drunken shitty trash

Hares: Webelo Scout and Flaming Earl Gay

Center Street Grille 4 Center St Enola, PA 17025

Fart Connor

4 /4 /2009 H5 Run #364

Chappy's Birthday Pub Crawl

Hares: Deathwish

Martin Luther King and 10th St. in Harrisburg

Never underestimate the power of Chappy. And definitely, don't freak with a \$13. Hash Cash. Like the hare guaranteed, your money back if not completely satisfied. What hash have you been givin such a deal. It was a blustery, windy day in the parking lot beside the Post Office. Many gathered, and 1 virgin, Just Susan were assembled to circle. We were instructed that this would not be a "typical" trail. Hang on to your hash cash for now. Marks were explained, even a false. We were told that there would not be any of them. After circle we were told to get out our hash cash. Walk over to the train station, purchase a round trip ticket to Elizabethtown and back. Well that explains how Chappy was going to get to the trail. We were going to Chappy. With half an hour to wait for said train, some had found drinks at Tara Station. Shortly before entering the train, we were instructed to not to mingle with the common people. Which made them feel real secure as we boarded the train with them. Etown to the end of the trian. Good. After the train left the station, the first BN appeared in little disguised bottles of water. Great. Songs were sung. In no time at all we were on the plat form in E-town. Hares off, giving them 3 minutes. Trail was hard to follow with the wind blowing the way it was. Good thing it was a short trail. Say 3 blocks to the local water hole. Were beer was consumed. Down downs were done. Wait, where's Chappy? Were told that we were going to see Chappy. Well don't get your girdle all tied in a knot. There was still trail. Go to the light, make a right, and head to Brothers, not sisters, or aunts or uncles, but Brother's, where we will be having food, and more beer.

Who enters there after, but the Birthday girl herself. Another circle, Birthday down downs. . .Chappy, DeathWish, Dirty Dancer, A.N.G.E.L., Weblow Scout.

After much eating and celebration, the crew pack up, headed to the train station, the other group sucks. And found our way back to Harrisburg, yet entertaining the common people with our song of choice. All safe in HBG, some went to Pepp's Grill while other found other things to do. Shitty hash, and may I say, it rocked.

ONON to the FULL MOON

Luna

3 /14/2009 TMINFMFH3 Run #116

St. Patrick's Day Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke

Capitol Area Intermediate Unit

- 1) Never assume that the people at the back of the pack have simply given up and went back to the cars.
- 2) Last person to the beer near will likely have dry lips.
- 3) Never tell a 24 year old woman she has a grey hair.
- 4) If you are running and hear someone shout, "nice butt". Don't assume they are talking about you.
- 5) Fart will always come back with SOMETHING from trail.
- 6) When a hare says, "you'll have to work for a treat with a sly smile... trust that he's up to something."
- 7) And never expect your friends to not sell you out when you are getting named... Congrats on the name Queen Latrina!

On On And Enjoy...

Video recap cumming soon.

All in all, it was just a good time!

SqueezeMe

3 /7 /2009 H5 Run #362

Saturday Hash

Hares: OrangUBang and Squeeze Me

798 Stillhouse Rd, Goldsboro, PA

Impromptu Hash Trash 3-7-09

Off to Goldsboro for the 3 PM hash. SqueezeMe suggested I wear pants or long socks but that's all I knew about the hash. Honest! It was a beautiful day to drink beer amongst the wilderness and classy natives of Goldsboro. Down by the railroad crossing we crammed in as many cars as possible. J. Edgar Boozer passed around his homemade guacamole and M'Orally provided music from her car until she killed her battery and needed a jump! Lots of virgins showed up, too many to name. I'd say a good 40 or so people came out. OrangUBang and SqueezeMe were our hares and gave a chalk talk and were off.

Let me just say that I am REALLY glad I didn't down a lot of beer at the start because once we hit the rock climbing session I was glad I still had a sense of balance. We started off through the woods, along the railroad tracks (thank God no railroad cops were around!!) and up to the rock section. There was a beer check and Sister was bitching that people were leaving the beer stop too soon. On hands and feet we climbed up the big boulders. Someone made the comment they were glad it wasn't hot so we didn't have rattlesnakes between the rocks. NICE! So up the rocks and BAM! Cause for Blindness cut her head on an overhanging limb. I saw blood. But don't worry, Butt Pirate had his pirate-decorated bandaids, and at the top of the hill we had a shot check so we could disinfect the wound with the help of virgin Just Juanita and her fancy medical terms. As Butt Pirate, Cause, and Fart Conner and I were heading up the rear at that point (get your mind out of the gutter), we killed the bottles and grabbed the bag. By this point, after drinking the green stuff and the purple stuff (waste not, want not and all), I was a little tipsy. Virgin Just Juanita got a little weirded out about being in the woods and was paranoid she was gonna get killed. I harassed her by humming the Jaws theme, breathing heavy and asking if anyone could imitate a chainsaw sound. She was not amused.

Coincidentally enough, this is where the trail got confusing. It may very well have to do with the 2 or 3 beers and 2 shots I had consumed by now. We end up at the edge of the woods (I think there was another beer check here, as well as an impromptu 3-way boob-off between three of our lovely female hashers who shall remain nameless.) I also saw M'Orally on a ATV she commandeered from a local. You'd think after KY's accident, hashers would know better. But fortunately, no Life Flight helicopters had to rescue anyone. Then

Hares: OrangUBang and Squeeze Me

798 Stillhouse Rd, Goldsboro, PA

there was a field, a really nice neighborhood and finally someone found some flour, so it was down into the woods again, across the tracks, and we were supposed to go through a tunnel, but I think She Came was the only one who tried it and she banged her head. The trail was quite fun though. IMHO, the shiggier, the better!

So we get to the on-in where Bushrat looked like he was just in an Army battle, Type Anus was scratched up a bit too. Someone had also found a head as trail treasure. Just when we start doing the down-downs, OrangUBang gets a call on a local's cellphone that we were being too loud and they wanted us out or they'd call the cops. Fart Conner said it was probably the biggest shithole hashers have ever gotten kicked out of or something to that effect. We walked up to the cars, did a few more down-downs and then took off.

So off we go to Jackson's Junction and pay the \$3 cover to get in and drink and hear a band, who coincidentally, either is or used to be a hasher. George, I think. Much beer was consumed as the hashers hit the dance floor. We also got to see M'Orally peeking through the curtains while sitting on the pot. I swear, hashers have no shame.

On-on to Tour's hash on Saturday!

Trashed

Sister just reminded me that it was KY's car with the dead battery, not M'Orally.

Alcohol kills brain cells!

Trashed

Awesome Hash Trash Trashed!

And the video too. Thanks to all the others who do stuff for H5. I hope Chappy gets her ass out of bed soon.

On On
Fart Connor

that's with an O

Thank you to everyone who has alerted me to the errors I made in the hash trash.

F-you all! J

Trashed

Hares: Phonestex, Anal Nicole and Zebra Balls

766 Meadow Dr., Camp Hill, 17011

Hash Trash for the Ages?

Sometimes things happen in real life as well as hashing that should be remembered, that goes with hashers too. Today's trail was no exception, our hares Anal Nicole and Phone Sex did a fine job of having to be reminded that it was way on hash time to start the trail. Zebra Balls was also supposed to be a hare too but he had to wait for the plumber. I guess it's good that he didn't have to call the plumber after the hash left. Out of about 30 hashers that attended we had visitors. There was one from Reading, 2 from Baltimore, and 2 from Nittany Valley. There were at least 3 virgins too. If I missed anybody give me a down down. I gotta start writing stuff down as trail goes.

So anyhow the "live" hares got their 12 minute head start. To piss the time away the pack consumed some flavored vodka that Flaming Earl Gay brought and was declared to be spine warming. The pack introduced themselves to each other. We were soon off on a non-dog friendly trail. Delia couldn't figure out why I took all my hashing shit and she couldn't come. Head First's dog Sunny was pissed too but didn't know it. There were more dogs in the world but they weren't there. Dancing Fool got there way early in that he was in time for the trial start to pick up recyclables on the way of trail. Who else shows up on time but Bring 'Em Hung and M'Orally Challenged bearing a, ummmm, phallic shaped cake. As Marie Antionette said, "Let them eat cake". Oh, if anybody wonders about my truck I dumped EnZite in the gas tank.

The pack is off and it seems that Tour de Puke knows something. Every check and stuff he is on trail. We go a short distance and come to a Beer Check. Yea, there is much rejoicing! We pass the wreckage of the SS Minnow as the pack endeavors to persevere like Chief Dan George in The Outlaw Josie Wales and a short distance later there is another Beer Check. Much bitching was done about the over achieving hares having too much beer on trail. Of course the trail went from here to Tour de Puke's house where there was a hot shot check. From there it was pretty much back to Phone Sex's house.

I recall short cutting on the way back, with She Came and Blow and Tell as they were engaged in conversation and oblivious to the world, that I could only see a piece PVC pipe on the top of the plumbers vehicle because of a hill on the way out of Phone Sex's and Zebra Balls house as he pulled out, no porno reference intended. They were too busy blabbing to hear my suggestion that they should flash the plumber.

Circle ensued and all were disrespected. Just Jen came up with some new hash songs.

Some departing hashers were recognized. First was the passing of 69 Virgins, we had a moment of loudness for him. If I'm correct, 69 Virgins did 2 tours of Iraq. Secondly "Bring 'Em Hung" was honored for getting his long hair cut off to join the Marines. Go USA!

Hares: Phonesex, Anal Nicole and Zebra Balls

766 Meadow Dr., Camp Hill, 17011

On On
Fart Connor

Fart, did you miss the next beer check in the back yard of someone's house with the dog that had a lion's mask for a toy? I commented it resembled like something from the movie The Mask. The lady from the house threw the mask across the yard for her dog to fetch it. Instead, one of the Nittany half minds scampered across the yard, picked it up by his teeth and scampered back to the owner, thereby giving the dog a lesson in how it's done.

Did you also miss the Eagle / Turkey split? Feeling up to it as it had been a short trail up to that point, I took the Eagle trail.

PS: Did we miss a shot check? I thought two were advertised at the start.

On On!
Sister

Hares: Doodle and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg, PA

Thanks to those who came from near and far for the somethn r+n of the "Free Beer For All The Hashers Hash". It was sort of a world assembly. Some homes left to attend were to the best of my recollection were, Anchorage, Alaska, Auckland, New Zealand, Long Beach, Californication, Halve Mein, New York, Erie, PA., Baltimore, MD., Charlottesville, VA., Pittsburgh, PA., Nitwit Valley, PA., Hockessin, DE., many Philadelphia Hashes, Reading, PA., S.H.I.T. Hash, Washington, DC, Rumson, NJ., where the hell Tub Slut is from, and of course H5. If I forgot anybody come back and make fun of me.

Well by the proposed hash time of 2 PM at least 100 hashers had gathered for some Saturday, Saturday is a Hashing Day, fun. Wild Cherry opened his house to the wankers who were assembling and Doodle were the hares for Saturday's fun. How come Wild Cherry's neighbors always seem not seem to be home when he hosts a hash? I saw other non-hashers driving by looking entertained by the crowd gathered. There was even a grey Chevy Malibu with a spotlight, lots of antennae, tiny wheel covers, and municipal license plates that came by for the sights. There weren't even any naked people in the front yard. There were at least 7 dogs in attendance.

It was the best of hashes and it was the worst of hashes, Leon Tolstoy should have been there. The weather was perfect and the hash wasn't cancelled because it wasn't snowing. The weather forecast of synchronized naked snow angels had many wanting to jump in the hot tub. And so a 100 plus hashers were off right on hash time by 3 PM. The live hares got their 12 minute h@ad start and the pack introduced themselves. So the pack was off, some at the speed of an FRB, some at the speed of a municipal worker, and some even slower. We didn't even make it to the first road till we ran into of all thin gs but a beer check for 100! The hares ROCK! How come only white people are on ExtenZe.com commercials? Trindle Springs was invaded.

The pack re-hashed some old trial to another beer check. Why after this were there so many boob checks? Not that I'm complaining but what were the hares thinking? It was finally discovered that "Dude, Where's My Mullet" had found the colored flour that the hares left behind and was enhancing the trail. So anyhow the pack goes through future expensive home lots that can't be sold now so we can hash through the territory, though even though a hasher stands in an unfinished home and does an imitation of a homeowner telling hashers to quit making mud prints through his front yard.

The pack crosses a road and perhaps Glass Ass and Fart Connor practicing playing Jesus Saves on their horns catches the attention of a 60 acre home owner? The home owner tells M'Orally Challenged the the POLICE are being called. Of course about this point of trial the trail crosses a stream! There is a shallow narrow ford, not a car. Here is one of the most entertaining things I find about police, they need to be respected because they are only doing their job, but there's no fucking way they are going to get out of their nice warm cars and run across a freezing creek when they can post all the others on duty at road crossings. As for crossing the creek I employed the "Jean Wader" technique. If you don't know that, it's a fishing technique I made up. You have 8 inch high boots on and run across the creek as fast as you can before the water leaks through your jeans and into your boots. Raquel Welch in the 60's movie "Fathom". Real natural tits. The only thing missing from this movie is/was Peter Sellers. After that the hares had a wonderfully placed hot chocolate alcohol check in the woods. I'm glad I bring a mug on trail. Awesummmmm!

As the trail goes back to the road I see a police car followed by a non-descript car driving away with Panic Button directing hash traffic to stay on the road. Oops, I think I left my participle dangling. Just like the Hobbits, don't get off the road or you'll get eaten by Police Trolls! It Had to be a mile and a half back to Wild Cherry's abode.

Meanwhile back at Wild Cherry's beer, food, and circle is consumed. H5's GM Deathwish ran an ugly, at some times, circle. Many were disrespected for reasons just and unjust. Damn, why couldn't I write stuff like this in high school? I could have gotten A's in suppository writing. "Dude, Where's My Mullet" and "Melon Balls" set up camp in the road in front of Wild Cherry's house. The only

1 /10/2009 H5 Run #358

4th Anal FREE BEER For All the Hashers Hash

Hares: Doodle and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg, PA

Redneck thing missing was that the wheels were still on and it rocked back and forth better when, ummmm, the earth was moving, or at least something was rocking. /FONT>

Thank you Wild Cherry, Doodle, and all others who made this a fun event.

On On

Billy Mays and the Big Tittie Slider Station

This shit sponsored by: VibratingTouch.com

Thank you Wild Cherry and Doodle for an outstanding hash. Free Beer For The Hashers Hash will continue be legendary in hash lore. Had a great time. You guys rule!!!

ON-ON

Unhitched Cock.

1 /9 /2009 TMINFMFH3 Run #114

Full Wolf Moon Pub Crawl Hash

Hares: Yeast of Burden and Deathwish

Pep Grill - 209 Walnut St Downtown Harrisburg

That was one of the best TMI Nuclear Meltdown Full Moon Hash pub crawls I've seen.

A whole hour was spent at the Pep Grill before we headed out. Screw would have been proud.

Good job, Deathwish!

Only glitch was the hare left before circle was done.

On On! to free beer for all the hashers hash.

Sister

The only "oversight" I see... was that we were still at the bar when you wrote this ;-)

SqueezeMe

left shortly after the hare did, seeing that there was going to be no circle.

Anyway, the fun continues today... you ready?

On On!

12/13/2008 H5 Run #356

Recovery from Dude's Full Moon Hash

Hares: Fuzzbuster and Sister Maria

Parking lot off of Penn Grant Rd.

First off I must thank those who have contributed Hash Trashes for various events, I hope they are being archived. Many of the survivors of "Dude Where's My Mullet's Foolish Moon Hash" hungoverly attended today's hash. It's really stupid on the "American Movie Channel" when they substitute another F word for the word FUCK! Are the people who care about not hearing the word FUCK so stupid that when they are watching "Pulp Fiction" they don't know that the movie would be an hour shorter if they didn't use the word FUCK! Actually, "Fargo" is in the background but the editing is still just as stupid.

So anyhow, after the Confederates got chased away from Panic Button's house, where General Robert E. Lee had headquarters in 1863, the Northern troops had to wait till they got back to where our hash started today to take a dump. That's why today's hash started near "Union Deposit". Some of the early arrivals immediately flustered Sister Maria who was doing something for trail. As I was about to pull into the proper place to park I got a call from Dude, Where's My Mullet and went past the proper parking place. As we passed each other going opposite directions we saw Sisters blue Pontiac and pulled into the wrong parking lot to see Sister running out of the shiggy. About 4 other early cummers followed. Sister was genuflecting wildly with his arms saying, "Noooo, caan't you foolow directions, yooou're in the wrooong parking lot?" Thanks Sister for all you do for H5. The trail was ready to start right on Hash Time.

Hares: Fuzzbuster and Sister Maria

Parking lot off of Penn Grant Rd.

Sometime about Tooth Hurty, time for the China Man to go to the dentist, right about an hour late on Hash Time the hares, Sister Maria and Fuzz Buster were off with a 12 minute live hare start. Live hares rule! We had about 30 wankers in attendance including 3 virgins. If I remember correctly they were; Just Pat brought by Marcha Marcha Marcha, Just Brad who was made to come by his sister Anal Nicole, and Just Cindy who brought her dog Panzer that Just Jen made them come.

The trail was almost really short because the pack went on a false right at the beginning and as it spread out to find the True Trail, we found kegs in the woods with no flour! This might be an example of fer not to be too tricky when you want the pack to go a certain direction. With the blessing of Gispert we left beer in search of beer that we had to r'n for.

The rest of this Trash might be really short because it follows the basic hash trail going through shiggy, apartment complexes, roads, curious onlookers, hookers, Presbeterions, Betty Page look a likes, swampage, playgrounds, and city trailer trash. One of the highlights I recall was at the first beer check, rats I can't recall who found the un-opened beer from the 70's, that was entwined in tree roots. Tastes Great, Less Filling. Gotta' send that to Just Lays There. It should be mentioned that the hares excelled in the H5 credo of a beer check every mile.

One thing I really enjoyed about todays trail was seeing my dog Delia and Panzer chasing each other around. OK, it was mostly Delia chasing and not catching Panzer but I'm sure that both dogs were glad for the hash to visit them. Shit, I'm outa' beer so I gotta' end this soon.

Whammo! The pack is back to On In and delicious soup and dogs are consumed and circle is held. The hares were disrespected and Siren Cums Loudly and Bang For Your Buck came across the boob, that's one, check arm in arm to the HHH as Fist In, and were regaled in circle with the song from Mary Poppins, "A mug full of lager helps the Lesbians go down." Many others were abused for previous and future misdeeds and circle was closed with the singing of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" hasher style. One of the things I really enjoy about hashing is the singing. Another highlight of my day was seeing Delia chasing Panzer around circle and them bowling over hashers. If I missed making fun of any hashers that deserved it, Happy Birthday!

This hash trash sponsored by: Sheer Agony Pantyhose, with a sandpaper lined crotch.

Fart Connor

12/12/2008 TMINMFMH3 Run #113

Full Cold Moon Hash

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet

Peter's Moutian Parking lot,,,Peter's mountain road dauphin

Friday H-5 Full Moon Hash and the full moon demons were alive and present.

Hash Attendees - there 13 of us. An omen in itself.

1 Dude where's my Mullett? (Hare)

2 Melon Balls (Hare)

3 Luna Chick

4 Butt Pirate

5 Orangabang

6 Interior Defecator

7 Ruff Buff

8 Flaming Earl Gay

9 Brown Noser

10 Friend of Brown Noser (Hasher whose name I can't remember (sorry))

11 Hu Phlung Pu (me)

12 Just Jen (Virgin)

13 Just Bill (Virgin)

I got there right on time (a little before 7:00 p.m.). The entrance to the parking lot was well marked with a huge true trail flower marking. I was grateful. In fact all of the trail markings were huge and easy to see. Kudos to Mullet and Melon Balls. Our problem was that we did a lot looking for markings that weren't there. We should have known that if you didn't see any flower then it wasn't there. They made no attempt to conceal the trail markings.

It was cold and breezy. The wind made standing around difficult. As long you kept moving the night was perfect. Butt Pirate wore bermuda shorts. This was the first time I've ever seen erect knee caps. Everyone had at least one fluorescent necklace. Everyone was visible in the woods.

Dude Where's My Mullett was conducting circle even before 7:00. He finished his instructions and he and Melon Balls were off -

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet

Peter's Mountain Parking lot,,,Peter's mountain road dauphin

heading west across the foot bridge above PA route 225.

About one quarter mile along trail there was a beer check with a note in flour to back check 200. WTF? Well Butt Pirate, Orangabang and Luna Chick picked up on the meaning and headed back only to spot a true trail marking at the end of the foot bridge. We must have walked right by Mullet and Melon Balls and they hid so they could back track. They were probably snickering the whole time. Their antics confused the sh*t out of the rest of us. Finally discovering the true trail marker the rest of us bimbos and wankers followed the true trail marker back through the parking lot and along the Appalachian trail (east) up to another beer check. We drank Pennsylvania Lager and Pennsylvania Ice Light (or some sh*t like it). Where Mullet finds this stuff is beyond me.

Trail continued east along the Appalachian trail but at last lead us off trail through the woods and rocks to another beer check on the rock. Butt Pirate, Luna Chick and Orangabang could have finished all of the beer before the rest of showed but they were really kind of buzzed from being so far ahead and two beer checks under their belts, they could only drink so much.

They waited for us to show. By this time the full moon demons were starting to possess us and take over the hash.

Trailed continued east and finally ended after a long climb up the rocks and the "on in" was on the other side of the huge rock wall beneath buzzing electrical cables.

By this time the full moon demons were in charge.

There was d*ck check at the "on in". Bimbos if you are ever on a hash with Brown Noser you must wait for him at a d*ck check. This guy makes Johnny C. Holmes look like he was born with a tooth pick. Just Jen almost lost her eyes, she couldn't say a word, sat down on a rock and took off her shoes.

Butt Pirate was torn between determining Brown Noser's sexual preference or revealing his own sexual preference. This comes from the joke:

Ques: How can you tell if your friend is gay?

Ans: His d%ck tastes like sh*t.

Butt Pirate chose to sniff Just Jen's stinky toes.

Mullett and Melon Balls had wood and started a fire. How many drunk wankers does it take to start a fire with dry lumber bits and leftovers? About five all with their own arguments.

Interior Defecator was distracted by Butt Pirate's legs. He was heard to mumble "who's the skinny bimbo with rock hard nipples?" Then he fell into the fire. Just Bill rescued him without any damage. I believe ID could have fallen asleep in the fire. I propose that Interior Defecator have a caveat next to his name: "Interior Defecator ** (** do not let this man hash alone)".

I drove him home but not before hearing the infamous phrase, "I have to throw up." This comes at a time after we walked about three-quarters of mile back to the parking lot and I buckled him the car seat. Great timing. I hustled him out of the truck and he barfed outside. I got him home safely, made sure he was in his house. If he shows at today's hash we should chain him to a tree.

Don't know how the rest of the evening went. Mullet made a generous offer of letting anyone camp there if they needed too.

Just Jen got initiated at a boob check. She proclaimed that she never exposed herself to anyone but did it any way. At the on-in, she was leading the way. She was thrilled by the d*ck checks. The demons took over Luna Chick's body too. She'll have to tell you.

Ruff Buff had her personal demon too. She got a call from Desperate Dave at the second beer check. She never finished the trail. I bet she had to race home to keep Desperate from turning off the heat in her house. She owes us some down downs for not finishing, and technology on trail.

It was a nice trail. Mullet and Melon Ball knew the dangers and didn't press it to far. The moon was beautiful when it wasn't behind the clouds. Good work out. Good trail. Thanks.

See you today, Hu Phlung Pu

Great Hash Trash. Easy to read, lots of white space. Sorry I missed it.

Hope to see you all on the 20th.

4-F You

Oh, good, you got white space, too. I thought it was just my stupid new internet provider. ptd.net sucks. Great Trash. Were there pics??!!? SS especially wants to see the d*ck check with Brown Noser.

T-Bo

SS doesn't believe anyone hangs longer than him.

~ KY ~

HOWLLLLLing replaced calls of "Bear Near!" on this Full Moon Trail. The hold-outs of BP Luna and Orangabang at the BN only held off hypothermia by howling and cuddling Dude's Pennsylvania Light's scattered among the rocky outcrop. We thought the rest of you would NEVER cum. No coolers at these BN's. It was like finding blue and gold can-shaped Easter eggs, still a bit warm as if fresh

12/12/2008 TMINFMH3 Run #113

Full Cold Moon Hash

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullet

Peter's Mountain Parking lot,,,Peter's mountain road dauphin

from the Hare's arse. First Hash for me where the beer got COLDER as you drank it! With all the money saved buying bargain beer, a bag of ice would have been nice and is only \$1.29 a bag!!! But then, maybe the beer would have frozen on trail.

Also on trail was Head First and pup, but they must have mis-counted the check-back 200 for they never made it to the fire. It did seem the number of hounds was destined to stay around the Demonic 13 as late cummers replaced those lost to the darkness. Brown Nose's "friend" was actually none other than Bang 4 UR \$. Apparently, (Luckily) I missed Brown Noser's legendary "reveal." I was impressed and inspired by Dude's motivating, flour rendition of a "D1ck Check" and suspect the hare's eyebrow raising work of art AND an unexplained off-trail disappearance of the photogenic young couple of Bang and Brown may have warmed the young cockles enough to contributed to Just Jen's sudden episode of the check-induced vapors. All other Wankers were certainly suffering from symptoms of the chilling air. I did surprisingly note when reviewing my pics, that in a head-to-head (or rather tail-to-tail) competition Brown Noser rivals Luna Chick in her gusto and dedication to shooting the salutatory moon. I believe the two-moon display my camera recorded shows something on the Brown Noser side (that my eyeballs thankfully missed) that is referred to as "The Goat!"

We were without our usual FRBs, Circle leaders, and Songmeisters on this chilly TMI night. But, the Queen of the Full Moon, Luna stepped out of the darkness to lead our energetic group in Circle around Dude's blazing, mountain-top fire. At least what I can remember of it. I was surprised to note that Butt Pirate's Fire Water-filled Bat Belt bottle had been consumed down to the last drop by the modest pack in their battle against the bitter cold.

Ooppps photos are done downloading. (NOT THAT one!)

Butt Pirate

11/15/2008 H5 Run #354

King of the Mountain Hash

Hares: Dude, Where's My Mullet

The Famous Doyle Hotel in Downtown Duncannon

Brutal but incredible trail!!!! The Doyle Hotel rocks! Dude rocks! H5 rocks!

Arm is sore and swollen, but I can still type. Just won't be giving any handjobs for awhile. Nasty fuscia bruise was revealed also on my hip this a.m. (must have been all the alcohol blocking out the pain). Thanks to all the H5 medical personnel for on-site evaluations, and thanks to the Doyle for the ice bag.

I love H5.

She Came

Thanks everyone who came out for the king Of The mountain hash,,, great time for all it was,,, The Doyle would like me to expres their many thanks for showing them a great time as well... They have told me that H% IS WELCUM THERE ANYTIME AND ALL THE TIME.....Many thanks to them for putting up with our shit ,,,,Thanks again....
Dude the Reigning King of Shitty Trails

11/13/2008 TMINFMH3 Run #112

Full Beaver Chocolate Star Fish Hash

Hares: Li'l Red Ride Me Hard and Ass Rocket

Boat House Park (Off Down Town Hershey, Pa)

Imagine haring a trail (I don't know let's say) 80 miles from home in an area not familiar to you . Bring along a co-hare , that like yourself , has never been on their own as a hare before. Put together a trail in an hour & a half and show 20 or so fellow wankers a full moon trail that the only show of a moon is 'manmade due to fog and overcast skies . Short and sweet is what the trail was. Two BN's with Hershey treats and beads to keep the group aroused !

2 virgins were self-proclaimed and 2 visitors came . Thanks to Ass Rocket , Li'l Red Ride Me Hard and those that came from near & far to take in the splendor of the sweetest place on earth Hashing in Hershey. Honorable mention to Tha Legion of Dumb for his antics.

Having a blast

On-On to Hashing in Duncannon
Girth Brooks

Kudos to Ass Rocket and Li'l Red for their bravery Thursday haring a full moon hash! I, for one, had an absolute blast.

H5 ROCKS!

She Came

11/1 /2008 H5 Run #353

Fart's Burpday Hash

Hares: Fart Connor and Uncle Fester

Uncle Fester's house, park across the street at the elementary school.

Here's what happened on today's H5 trail.

Out of the driveway, the Turkeys went left the Eagles went right. The Turkey trail went around the school. There was a check where
Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Fart Connor and Uncle Fester

Uncle Fester's house, park across the street at the elementary school.

the rail trail crossed the road. Sure enough, the trail went to the right along the rail trail. A little while later there was a check and we could see a BN on the right side in the valley below us. Just then we saw the Eagles arriving at the BN. The hares had not mentioned anything about a combined Turkey/Eagle BN, so we were confused whether we should descend into the valley below us or not. We proceeded to keep the high ground and check out the surrounding terrain, especially forward on the rail trail and the high ground to our left. The Eagles were yelling to us whether we were on. We replied that we were at a check on the Turkey trail. Confusion ensued and the Eagles started departing in the direction from which they came. Upon finding no further trail markings on the high ground & rail trail, the Turkeys finally descended to where the BN was. The Eagles had finished off whatever there was at the BN and we proceeded to search for the trail. The hares instructed us at the start that each BN was a new check. After searching in every direction, we found nothing and proceeded in the direction the eagles had gone. The flour took us to a check on the road. Straight was a creek, right was an underpass under the rail trail and left was the flour that appeared to come from the start. We went right, only to run into a group of a half dozen returning because there was no flour in that direction. There was none in the creek either, so we went left. It was apparent this was the trail the Eagles had taken from the start. We were wondering where the Eagles had gone to. Some people thought they must have gone back to the house because there was no trail to follow, so they went back. A half dozen of us decided to go back to the BN to try find trail again. After an exhaustive search, no trail was found, so we went back to the house to see who all was there. We only found the rest of the Turkeys. No one had any idea where the trail went. Chapped Lips was there and said she had followed the Eagles for a while down the road that went under the rail trail, but there was no flour for a long time so she had turned back.

When the hares got back, I told Fart what happened. He said he forgot to mark the check that got the Turkeys onto the rail trail as the direction the Eagles were supposed to come from and for the Turkeys not to go there.

I had really been looking forward to doing today's trail, because I had to miss hashes for the past several weeks.

Sister

SISTER:

You exclaim to the masses: "Ehhh, I was cheated out of a trail!"

Well, FART is now 50 and surely some of his alcohol-related organs are failing. So give the man a break.

Instead of surrendering and going back to CAMP FESTER you should have followed the lead of the wise HEAD FIRST (with dog SUNNY). The three of us returned to the camp and refilled our vessels before executing a search and rescue mission.

With 40+ sign-ins and only a small flock of turkeys giving up there surely WAS a trail and it was pretty sure that the majority of the wankers were on it.

Before long we saw two low-flying helicopters and both were flying towards the trail. We heard the pack and soon busted through shiggy to arrive at a happy BN. Even Sven the Bowhunter was there. Following trail we ended up at an old furnace for an elevated WINE NEAR. Fun times on a warm PA day in the beauty of long-past architecture and falling colorful leaves.

Thomas Aquinas said this: "The highest manifestation of life consists in this: that a being governs its own actions. A thing which is always subject to the direction of another is somewhat of a dead thing."

OVEREXPOSED

Here's one of the hares perspectives. I wish I could type really fast but I'm half fast and that might relate to part of trail that I laid today. Fart Connor didn't mark where the Eagle and Turkey trails came back together and created a ¼ mile Circle Jerk at the beginning of trail. Apparently the Eagles found the Shot Check and finished it off before the Turkeys got to it on the mis-marked trail. Some went back to the beer and munchies and about 25 others persevered and finally found beer and Girl Scout cookies in the woods near a Mennonite church. From what I saw of my co-hare's flour tossing, "Uncle Fester", his trail on the road was right on. Due to some illegal re-cycling activities, Dancing Fool had nothing to do with this, the trail back tracked and went back to a public roadway.

Fart Connor ran his ass almost off. Delia was having so much fun. The trail turned left off road onto an old railroad bed for a quarter of a mile and took a left on the edge of a field. I was a quarter of a mile from the next beer check and could hear Tour de Puke yelling "On On". That got my old ass moving past the Mennonite homestead where the there where Mennonites hanging out. I told them that there were others following me and they hid their kids in the house. I was able to find the Old Milwaukee beer check, it's the new Pabst, that was stashed the day before and well camouflaged and flo ured a 25 foot short trail to it.

Cross a busy road to cross the Rail Trail into a nice neighborhood where some were watching as me and Delia put out flour. Trail went through a field along a fence row and ended up at a haunted looking house 'specially made up for Halloween. U-turn through a field and to an old lime kiln with a WN for a Wine Near that I got a down down for because I didn't write BN in flour!

I had previously announced that the last part of the trail was pre-laid so Fart Connor and Delia were done with trail. I got the 2 Old Milwaukee's that I had stashed in a hollow stump and shortcutted back to trail. I was relaxing in the fence line and drinking an Old Milwaukee for about 15 minutes and can you guess who I see zenning for trail? So I sent her on the way of True Trail to the Wine

Hares: Fart Connor and Uncle Fester
Near.

Uncle Fester's house, park across the street at the elementary school.

Fart Connor waits for a while more and gets worried and backtracks trail. What the hell happened? Did the Police cum? Close to the Old Milwaukee check I hear voices and let Delia off her leash and she was so happy that they came to see her. Shortly after that some un-familiar looking dude comes along on the trail looking like a bow hunter, but not looking pissed! Maybe it was the Old Milwaukee that somebody gave him? The pack goes on.

Fart Connor backtracks a half mile more and finds a few drawn toward the golden nectar, Old Milwaukee, and directs them onward. So now Fart and Delia are going back. The Jesus loving Mennonites are burning their stanky plastic trash, though they didn't call the police, and left stuff burning when they were not at home, it was great to see that the hashers respected their property.

It might be possible that I have drunk too much Old Milwaukee about this point of writing. Fart and Delia shortcut back to the wine check. I remember that I could hear hashers from a quarter of a mile away as I was on the way. We make it back to Uncle Festers and circle incuses. Many were abused and Just Pam, got named "Rainblow Something", damn't I hate when hashers get named and I remember their nerd names and can't remember their hash names.

So anyhow, thanks for all those who came out for this stupid trail.

This hash trash sponsored by:

<http://www.vibratingtouch.com/?page=testimonial01>

On On

Fart Connor

OE,

We tried for the better part of an hour to find trail at the ill-fated first check. Upon failing to do so, we knew the hares had somehow screwed up, but we had no idea how. We also had no idea what happened to the Eagles; we were perplexed and confused as hell. At one point, there were about 15 of us; we discussed all the different possibilities amongst ourselves, but being Turkeys, most were not at all adventurous and opted to go back to the house; for all they knew, the entire pack might already be back there. Some were saying Fart had told them the Turkey trail was really short so they were not expecting much; but he also said there were going to be 3 BN's, so we did feel cheated - especially as we had missed getting any shots. While back at the house, we kept talking about what happened, but no one had any inkling of what to do about it or where to even start looking for trail.

I only wanted to tell the story of what happened to us, most of the Turkeys, because when I tried telling the Eagles that came off trail, they could not comprehend and only said "we" must have done something wrong. Also, Tour didn't want to hear what I had to say, but took great pleasure in blaming the whole thing on me.

On the positive side, I did hear that Depiss Mode and someone else did happen upon the right Turkey trail near the start and ended up doing the whole trail.

I'm not blaming anyone; what happened was an accident.

Sister

You guys are so great!

Fart Connor
Fucking up H5 trails for 6 plus years!

Back to the scene of the crime to help clean up at Uncle Festers

Trail Rebuttal and Anthrax Scare

Hares: Fart Connor and Uncle Fester

Uncle Fester's house, park across the street at the elementary school.

Dearest Wankers

Today me and Delia revisited the scene of the crime and to help Uncle Fester clean up. Fortunately ANGEL arrived before me and took care of most of the clean up so all I had to do was load a pickup load of shit into my truck.

Part of the reason I got there late was because I stopped by the beer distributor to return the empty keg and stuff. They were not open yet. Not wanting to waste one of the first days of the longer half of my life I revisited the trail and the marks.

In 20/20 hindsight I see that the trail markings worked really well. The Eagles found the shot check, a quarter mile from where the Turkeys got to Eagle/Turkey trail join back up spot at the road crossing. Three things screwed up the Turkeys. First, Fart Connor running as fast as he could, carrying 15 pounds of flour, forgot to mark where the Eagle and Turkey trail joined back up. Secondly the Turkeys went the wrong way on the Eagle trail because the Eagles were drinking. Thirdly the Turkeys didn't find trail marks within 25 feet of the check where they went lemming the wrong way.

I followed the well floured trail to the Mennonite Church where the 6 foot True Trail arrow disappeared! Me and Delia pull into the parking lot in my non-descript looking truck with an empty half keg, remember how the beer distributor wasn't open yet, rolling in the back just as church was letting out. I had a pleasant conversation with the preacher and explained the red white and blue Buck Beverage sign on the side of my truck was part of a political campaign. I then explained that the marks weren't Satanic in celebration of Halloween. The Anthrax scare was explained and the bonehead that put my finest Corinthian Pleather suitcase full of empties with a BN written in some way down at the road didn't help any. It can now be claimed at the police station.

Thanks to all those who came out and those who enabled in some way. I don't want to mention any names fer because I might miss somebody.

On On

Fart Connor

Thanks Fart & Uncle Fester. Shitty Trail. We really fucked up the archery hunter's shit. Hopefully the beer helped him get over it. Had a great time. ON-ON. Unhitched Cock.

Hares: Wild Cherry and Backdoor Man

Nitterhouse Memorial Park - Chambersburg

The Ghetto and the Shiggy Hash,

Made the trek to beautiful Chambersburg, PA, armed with a print out of Google Directions and the ones on the website, neither of which got me where I needed to be. Something about there being too many lefts on the hares' directions and the Google directions put me in some kind of detour in the town square due to a street festival, and since Squeeze Me had my GPS and I have a piss poor sense of direction, it took me a while but I finally figured out where I needed to be.

On to the start where slowly hashers trickled in while I drank a Killians and handed out Honeyager (or whatever that stuff is called) left over from DPM's and our Birthday and Analversary hash. About 17 hashers gather at the start including a few from the Reading kennel (Cock a Doodle Don't, Jello, and Glass Ass, and dog, Beer Slut). Just Mike (not to be confused with Backdoor Man who is no longer "Just Mike") came with his Peruvian wife, who was pregnant and didn't speak any English. We were all entertained by listening to him translate hash names to her. So we form a circle and are promptly approach by the "President of the Soccer Club" where a bunch of bratty kids were practicing soccer in the fields near by. He wanted to know what we were doing, Tour looked visibly pissed at the intrusion where Panic Button maintained hash relations and smoothed things over with the explanation of our upcoming cross country run.

On on to the start of the trail. Past the low income housing and onto a big swampy field, across a frigid creek and onto the first beer check, more shiggy, little r*nnin, and off to the shot check (umm, yeah, I realize I might have the order screwed up a little here. Butt Pirate had Firewater in his fanny pack and I think I did about 2 more shots than I was supposed to at the shot check, so everything has formed a haze). At one point we missed a beer check. We were clearly told at the beginning of the trail not to run through falses or we might get shot by the police. So we did see flour past the "no trespassing police grounds" gate and were brave enough to go in it but it appeared to loop back out. Obviously either we missed some markings or the hares suck, my guess is it's the latter but we never found that beer check. So at some point we had another water crossing and, kudos to the hares, they clearly marked one sign with Dogs Stay

Hares: Wild Cherry and Backdoor Man

Nitterhouse Memorial Park - Chambersburg

Right, Hashers Stay Left. Well apparently Beer Slut can't read and went left, leapt over the makeshift bridge we were walking on and **plunged into the water below headfirst. We all hold our breath while we wait for her to reappear from the depths of the water.** Fortunately, she came back up and swam to safety. So onto the Beer Check where I and my fellow near-age hashers agree that "Just Brian" looks like the Celebrity Fit Club version of Screech from Saved By the Bell. Also had a conversation with newly named **Nippleodean (sp?) about the great qualities of boobs. Then through a field, hand in hand with Butt Pirate and DPM where we pass a ghetto kid that shows us all his tattoos on his belly (temporary I hope). Behind a wall for a coed pee stop and we continue to the trail's end.**

Back to the parking lot where Glass Ass realizes he dropped his keys on trail. A search ensues and no luck. We all get back to "Just Tom's house. For the on-in, where my better (?) half, Squeeze Me joins us. Of course, he wears the same shirt I'm wearing so we both **have to do down-downs for that. DPM sells me out too for falling on trail, and Flaming Earl Gay and Orangabang are recognized for trail treasure—Flaming Earl found a toilet seat complete with lid and Orangabang found a monkey he added to his necklace (you know, the Barrel of Monkeys kind).**

So Glass Ass has a set of keys back in Hershey to the car that's still in the "These are my soccer fields" parking lot. I'm not sure of the **whole story, but he gets some keys, (not the right ones), one goes into the ignition, and turns it, snapping the key off in the ignition. So Squeeze Me is telling him how to take a hammer and a screwdriver or something and punch it out so he can get the car started.** (Should I be worried he knows how to do this??). So poor Glass Ass, but he's probably gonna have a big car repair bill! So the on after is complete with good food, more beer, shots and some poultry which we won't discuss....I passed out but hear I missed some Tippy Cup and Strip Poker/Truth or Dare, and who knows what else. I wake up in time for the Flogging and Whipping, and I'll protect the **innocent here with the exception of noting that Squeeze Me seemed to enjoy the beatings far too much!**

Finally, since being drunk since about 2 PM, we decide to call it a night around 1 AM.

Thank you to Wild Cherry and Backdoor Man for the awesome trail, to Just Tom for the party accommodations and all the hashers for making it a fun time!

On Out

Trashed

10/14/2008 TMINFMH3 Run #111

Full Hunter's Moon Hash

Hares: Lunachic

Rails to trails parking lot in Colebrook

I never saw a turnout like this for a full moon hash with H-5 . There were at least 25 wankers ,along with four or more virgins, out to greet the hare Lunachic on a most beautiful full moonlit evening. With the temperature at around 67 and the beer at around 58 ,with one retired onlooker who was out riding his bike to return to his vehicle to witness circle from a distance , Lunachic laid down the chalk talk to lead us to a night of fun and laughter.

They came from from near and far to see what makes a full moon special when Lunachic is a Hare. Some already knew and were not disappointed. An awesome array of character made this trail a blast. We started the trail easily enough. Then at a checkback 20 all confusion set in . After awhile through some freak of nature I happened to find a trail of TP in the tall grass only 20 yards from the rails to trails . Off we went arousing neighbors curiosity I am sure , to the first BN at the local pub. Greeted by pitchers of beer and a lovely hostess that didn't seem to mind the dog in the bar we started to consume all the beer we were provided with. Some had their own version of drink. I heard no complaints. Another virgin joined us here from the bar crowd of now 5 locals that were gathered outside drinking under the stars.

Off we were into state game lands through check after check in a maze of long and winding roads ,flushing animals out as we go, to a BN of Quarts in a cooler . The FRB lost us way before this by blowing through a tit check .Shame /Shame on you FRB's . That first 15 minutes of confusion was enough though to keep Lunachic from being captured from any FRB .

We then exited the hunting and nature preserve into private land that often gets invaded by hashers around here. Passing by a lake on the right that I could not capture on film ,we went to a large tree house of sorts to enjoy shots of Baja Luna .We then wound our way south on trails that were filled with sounds of hash crashes (two) and various trail sounds such as a hooting owl .

The On after was filled with celebration of the following and so much more! Nouget graduated from High School with congratulations from all hashers when they found their way back and South Londonderry Police Sgt. Reilly that found our house to be compliantly quiet , after a little too noisy 45 minutes earlier by a complaint from our neighbors with small children. A birthday was celebrated by a virgin . Lunachic and sister Sticky Buns had their first H-5 haring experience a long four years ago. It seems that we have been hashing so much longer. KY was at home. Marsha Marsha Marsha returned to do her first trail since her injury. The naming of Nipplelodium for wanting to see nipples shown as much as the guys enjoy them.

Lost property left behind is the following ;Orangabang left the shirt off his back , A black backpack with trail survival items inside & a plastic drinking vessel .

Thanks to all that came . Thanks to Lunachic for living up to all that she is .

I doubt if we can make the next trail because Nouget is competing Sunday in a Ballroom dance competition hosted by our daughter in the Zembo Shrine of Harrisburg ... We will see...

ON-ON

Hares: Lunachic
Girth Brooks

Rails to trails parking lot in Colebrook

9 /20/2008 H5 Run #349

Caddyshack Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Webelo Scout (Virgin Hare)

Cumberland Valley Middle School (6746 Carlisle Pike,
Mechanicsburg).

Caddyshack Hash?

The last day of summer arrived and many arrived in the middle of sex or somewhere near there. Technically there was beer at the start of trail where young minds were educated. Delia met some canine buddies in the form of Beer Slut and Raven, assholes were sniffed and all was well. Long time non-returner "Sperm A Prefect" brought 2 virgins and the dog Raven. "Sponge Bitch No Pa nt's", who was named on her first hash made a triumphant return. Wild Cherry explained the marks that he and his valued co-hare, Weblows Scout, were about to throw out about the woods and private property of the area. Ooops, side track here! I just saw a advertisement for some romantic match maker parody, I saw Fart Connor depicted. Now back to your non-scheduled program.

The pack took off right on time as M'Orally Challenged with Bring 'Em Hung and Just Josh arrived on time. The bastardly hares laid a trail that basically led the pack on a massive circle jerk. Many trails of flour were followed as the pack arrived at the first beer check and all was well for the moment. As the pack stumbled through woods we pissed off some kids who were shooting each other with BB guns. Might I point out here how I bust on kids for not being outside! I think they were more pissed because they didn't find H5 beer. 20At least they didn't call the cops. Lessse see here, the hares confused the kids because we were wandering around for a long time in Robin's Woods trying to find trail that was pretty easy to follow once it was found. Ooohhh, it's important to mention here that Fart Connor found fine beer in the cornfield. It was 4 cans of Piels Real Draft. It had only been there the whole summer as the labels were faded and much mud was on the pull tab area of the cans. I put them in my "Bag O Shit" for use later. As the pack floundered forward some took a false trail that went into a new housing development where there was a hard working landscaper landscaping. Glass Ass and Amber/Beer Slut had some conversation with the landscaper and it was found that he was more concerned that children in million dollar homes might learn some of the bad words that the hash was saying in their sheltered lives from the real world, even though the only kids that we saw out were those shooting each other with BB guns. The best part about this is that I only heard hash names being called. Back to the safety of the cornfield, specially if you picked the correct route to see the No Trespassing signs from the back. We crossed a highway to the second beer check. Damn, that's a long way for H5, the hares made us work for it!

BEER CHECK! This is what makes H5 ROCK! I enjoy visiting other hashes, but nobody FUCKS around on trail more than Harrisburg/Hershey Hash House Harriers, and does a 4 mile trail too! Geeze, I'm only at the second beer check and I'm half toasted. Delia found a "Rhinestone Cowgirl" trail treasure T-shirt and put it on. Not long after this we stumbled around a golf course. Nobody got "THACKED" in the head with a golf ball and I found a large pile of golf balls on the way to crossing a streaming body of water. On the top of the hill on the other side was a "Tee Shot", a combination of tea and vodka. Luckily Fart Connor dressed badly for trail, brought golf clubs for on trail, had gol f balls, and tee's, the pack whacked off!

My mental vision is getting foggy. Trail crossed a highway and nobody got killed. Up the highway and to a check back 14, bastardly hares. A half mile back to calls of "BEER NEAR" and me and Delia arrive. Some of the FRB's have taken off but many remain because there is beer. Weblows Scout, one of the hares arrive, the pack regales him for messed up trail and plenty of beer. Shortly after that a Police car arrives and the pack meanders off into the woods. Here again is another cool thing about hashing, the police arrive and the pack takes off at the speed of a policeman? This proved well as Weblows Scout told the cop that the hash stayed at a water break for an hour singing songs and stuff. The pack got back to the parking lot and went from there to Wild Cherry's house.

Circle was held at Wild Cherry's as many were disrupted. Most importantly Just Ray got named " Orangatang Bang", it was something like that. I liked "Monkey Sex" myself but that was too easy. As to the shitty trail; some discussion was about whether the hares had split up. My circumcision is off for the hares trail. Thanks Wild Cherry and Weblows Scout for a great trail.

On On
Fart Connor

9 /16/2008 TMINMH3 Run #110

Hair of the Dog That Bit You at PA Interhash Hash

Hares: She Came, Head First and Interior Defecator

Motel 6, 200 Commerce Drive, New Cumberland, PA

What?!!?? No Hash Trash for our hash Tuesday???

She Came
Head First
Interior Defecator

Yeah really! I was looking forward to reading it too...Don't make "Trashed" the original H5 Hash Trash step up to the plate! Lol.

Trashed (full name: Trashed@h5.com)

OK. Just for that, you can write hash trash too.

Sc

Me and my big mouth....

Nah, I think it's in capable hands so I'll anxiously await its arrival in my inbox... J

--Trashed

Hares: She Came, Head First and Interior Defecator Motel 6, 200 Commerce Drive, New Cumberland, PA

Ok so I have somewhat returned to haunt you once again. I suppose it was nice to let your delete buttons cool off for a while. Ya it was good while it lasted. But "shit he's back!" was the first thing I heard when I had arrived at the super six in new cumberland. We gathered around on the hill behind the hotel with a few old ladies giving us the evil eye from the parking lot. I guess they went back in ,before we left, to count their rosary beads and pray for the worlds end after seeing us. So what about trail you say, how was it? well thanks to the hares. that's all I can say, thanks for the poison ivy, thanks for the destroyed shoes thanks for the pain in the gut and thanks for the tickets afterwards, ya don't get caught blowing red lights.

We started off on what was a nice road run then for some stoopid reason the hares thought we needed to get a little dirty so they headed us into the woods for impending death.

we hit the woods off a little bridge and found our first beer check cleverly hidden in a cooler of nice still frozen ice. Yummy cold beer. Man that went down so good. Then it was out of the woods and into the jungle. Yah the dark jungle that's the only way to describe the trail. A few of us even swore we heard some monkeys in the midst but that could have just been panic button and deathwish sending out their mating calls. Who knows.

A short time after the first beer check and somewhere around the first shot check we found a nice large cooler of I think some orange flavored shot that hit like a can of pue citric acid. I only had four shots and tried to preserve what was left of my stomach lining. Woood they were nice but the belly burn for me was bad. Everyone else liked them enough to finish off the two gallon jug.

After that we kinda just got lost. Following some weird looking white marks that reminded me of my stint chasing drug runners in Columbia. Big piles of white stuff dribbled out across the forest floor from time to time in a manner that looked as if it had fallen from a hole in a sack. We followed it up a very steep hill that crested in a residential neighborhood and it appeared as if all the lights came on at once and all the dogs on the block suddenly awoke with a snarl. Too bad that a half hour later we figured out that the TP trail was a false and back on down the hill we went.

By this time there was only about six or seven of us left behind and well after finding marks for a beer check and no beer we debated on crossing a bridge or swimming the creek. The bridge ended up a little more appealing on that chilly night. right after we crossed over that bridge we bumped into the hares who were cruising around looking for a lost pack. We searched the car and found an ample stash of beer in the trunk and proceeded to sing along with fuzz right there on the side of the road. Good times. We jumped back down below the bridge and proceeded to get lost one more time before I took a fall and well it felt like I had spilled my guts on the floor of the forest and with help from a few I limped it back to circle where the remainder of the pack had already gathered to give thanks to the beer gods for such great fool moon trail.

I just want to say Fuck you to the hares because that was one really well laid trail.

After leaving the Motel we joined up at the Elephant pub for a few more beers before I went out to seek autographs from the local police department. Man those guys were nice. They offered to donate money from my wallet into the local District justices office and even invited me to join the judge for some coffee on a fine afternoon. They said hey we are leaving now and get this you stay here till we get off the exit and if once we are gone we didn't see you leave. Hey I thought cool they never offered me a ride in their warm police cars. I liked that. Good to be back and haunt yins once more. See ya saturday.

Dude

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

Bainbridge Inn off of 441

Dearest Wankers

Twass a dark and stormy afternoon. No shit, it was raining like hell and an intrepid few gathered in Bainbridge, PA for the Rock Hop. The rest of H5 must have been home practicing for the Extreme Land Shark Competition.

The Landshark

The woman braces herself facing a wall, naked, hands against the wall, legs spread, bent over so that her ass is lusciously jutting out. (hint: She might want to wear a biking helmet and some rollerblading wrist guards to avoid serious injury.) Next, the guy also naked as well as stiff cocked, walks to the opposite end of the room, places his palms together and raises them above his head, (thus imitating the dorsal fin of a shark) and begins chanting the theme to Jaws. When given some predetermined signal, the guy sprints toward the girl at full speed with his pelvis-out, fin protruding, and rams her dead square in the ass.

The 2 virgins in attendance, Just Sara (Sarah), and Just Amanda, I'll avoid telling who made them cum in order to avoid the confusion that was about to come, looked happy for an adventure in the rain. M'Orally Challenged and Bring 'Em Hung got to the hash on time because she thought the hash started an hour earlier.

Chappy and Puke Panther took off right on hash time with only a requested 5 minute live hare headstart into the maelstrom that was provided by hurricane Hanna. And shortly thereafter the hashers did r\$n. Nice big globs of flour that withstood the rainy onslaught to guide the wankers through the town to the amused looks of the few locals who were outside.

Beer check at what was a nice little stream that is now a raging torrent. At least after this we didn't have to r*n this part of trail being the water was chest deep and moving swiftly. Delia didn't exactly see it this way. One our virgins, Just Sara (Sarah), survived by clinging to a branch but her pants and thong took off with the current. She was sort of in her itsy bitsy teeny weenie yellow polka dot bikini only without the few square inches of cloth. Now I know why I wear a belt and don't like my pants hanging half way down my ass. Being I had some sporty looking spandex under my belted pants I lent the pants and belt to Just Sara (Sarah) and all was well.

The trail went to the obligatory railroad tracks that we trespassed upon and missed a beer check and all the pack was well as we reassembled back at the start/finish. Thanks to Chappy and Puke for providing us with entertainment for a Saturday. Why is it that when I hear the Dairy Queen commercial for their turkey sandwich and only women are eating them and saying with enthusiasm, Mmmmmmmmmmmmm, it sounds like they're having a mutual orgasim? So anyhow the hash came in peace and left to get a=2 Opiece.

Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun
Theme from Jaws
On On

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

Bainbridge Inn off of 441

Fart Connor =2 0

Looking Back from 8/27/2011:

Chappy and Puke's Hurricane Hanna hash was the best. You could drink water when running the first mile of trail. Body surfing down the creek which was the "new" way to go on trail. My virgin hasher loses her sweat bottoms and panties on the way down by the "rushing" water or something. YES, half naked and needing help out of the creek. By the time I seen her she had gave on trying to keep them and just wanted to live. You should have seen her eyes. I believe Fart Connor and 69 Virgins helped her out of the creek. I also remember he even gave her his pants... Dam it. Real nice hasher... thanks Alot... good ole Fart. Gives her the pants he's wearing.

I also remember a Late hasher, (69 Virgins. He always wanted everyone to believe he was a "virgin" at circle. Don't they all!), helped name her. Fore ever be Known as "Sponge Bitch No Pants". 69 virgins wasn't having letting her "get away" with "Bob" being used in her name... it had to be "bitch"!

The picture I seen of her at the end was of her in fart's sweat pants and Bringhamyoung's trench coat. She was a wet noodle and that was a hoot!

Big Thanks to Chappy and Puke Panther for Telling us to get out of the creek at the bridge or "you will die" and for haveing plenty of beer.

On everyone lived and it was good On, I.D.

8 /23/2008 H5 Run #347

Incarceration and Incineration Hash

Hares: KY and Desperate Dave

The now sophisticated Harrisburg Mall (formerly known as the East Mall)

Thanks to our Web-mistress KY for doin' most of this hash trail. Apparently Ruff Butt got fired for not taking enough time to scout trail so "Desperate Dave/Takes Up the Ass Like the Amish" scouted enough trail at the last minute to drive the beer wagon. Before I forget we had 3 virgins, or in Over Exposed words, "wirgins" in Pennsylvania Reading Dutch. OE also supplied 3 more victims, one of them a male "wirgin" from the U.S. Army. The other 2 females I recall were, one Just Jen, the other I should have written down. What the hell happened to my short term memory? There were many Just's in attendance, some of them begging for a name. Three that I recall were Just Ray, Just Sandy, and Just Mike. It was great to see 69 Virgins back from the big sandbox bearing a female virgin.

Mall Security in cars and on bikes was circling making sure we were safe from pedestrians, children, and early Christmas shoppers. KY showed the marks and a 5 minute wait till the 12 minute wait for the hares to take off was timed. We were off in search of beer! Past the Dauphin County Prison, past the Toys R' Us, down a road to a confustulation, and uphill into the shiggy we finally went. As we took the hill we found a beer check, Desperate Dave/Takes it Up the Ass like the Amish, was driving the beer wagon. Great beer was provided for all the hashers. There were various brands of beer left over from Fart's Dead Dog Hash and a half keg of Troges. Now here is something I don't get about "good beer" like Troges, why does just drinking it make my sphincter twitch? What does a furry footed Hobbit's outhouse smell like? So's anyhow we made it to the second beer check that was on a power cut till we got there and was by a road with another amazing beer check manned by Desperate Dave/TIUTALTA. Some poor Type A bicyclist was humping it up the hill and refused our calls of "Beer Here"!

The pack took the hill and continued to another confustulation. We wandered around for a while till the pack figured out that the trail actually went through the incinerator area being it was closed for business but was only fenced in from the highway. Homeland Security saving a toxic waste dump and we thwarted the fence defense. This soon led to the third beer check on the "Greenway". On the nice flat greenway a bicyclist came by and fell to the calls of "Beer Here"! He ratted out the hare's nicely laid trail of flour. We r\$ on the nice flat ma cadam greenway, where there had been grass before, now the grass is gone and there is macadam. Sort of like "Woods Edge Plaza", cut down all the trees and put up stores and parking lots where the woods used to be. Housing developments follow the same pattern. The trail goes by an area that me and Ruffy did last year to another beer check at a re-check. Back to the Harrisburg East Mall and we circle up in the parking lot.

As we circle up Mall Security is circling too and the "No Cause Clause" is put into effect to protect the minds and eyes of civilians who might pass by. Thanks again to Over Exposed for helping with circle and cumming up with songs. Thanks to Mall Security for passing us by. The Katzenjammer Army Twins did a down down for having new shoes bought at WalMart, and their Army bimbo escort had new shoes too. One of the Army dudes was dumb enough to buy "Old Peoples Velcro Fastened Shoes" and did an additional down down for that. Some real late cummers arrived in the form of Grizz, Lock Jaw, and family, and "30 Gays in the Hole", who had somebody hiding in his vehicle. It's funny that all the shit that I take for drinking Old Milwaukee, many times till down downs are done I have less Old Mudds than I have drunk, thanks for the compliment.

If I missed making fun of anybody give me a down down. Thanks KY, Desperate, and Ruff Butt for a great trail.

On On

Fart Connor and dog Delia

Perfect Day, Shitty Trail, Good Beer, Great Friends, doesn't get much better. Thank you KY, DD, and Ruffy. Good Job guys. Much fun was had by all. H-5 Rocks. ON-ON. Unhitched Cock.

8 /23/2008 H5 Run #347

Incarceration and Incineration Hash

Hares: KY and Desperate Dave

The now sophisticated Harrisburg Mall (formerly known as the East Mall)

I second the motion. Perfect way to start hashing after six weeks of rehabilitation. Still trying to get the "hitchhikers" off my ankle brace. I LOVE H5!

She Came

You forgot about the wonderful fresh tomato sandwiches!!
Ruffie

And especially those delicious, wonderful fresh tomato sandwiches!!!! Unhitched Cock

a great hash co-hare! still have your red cooler. (lunch this week? dirty dancer wants to do Indian 11:30'ish friday)

ruffy gets credit for the tomatoe sandwiches but nothing else!

thanks fart for the leftover nibbles and beers...

my van smells like a brewery as the tap was apparently leaking into the beertub and then sloshing out as that store bought new tub is not quite wide enough to hold much ice and quickly overflows.

ddave/amish

8 /16/2008 TMINFMH3 Run #109

Full Sturgeon Moon Hash

Hares: Eager Beaver and Quarterstick

Fire Mountain Restaurant at 6476 Carlisle Pike

Wankers,

We gathered across the street from the local twp. police and rescue station .

It's been such a long time since we have seen the likes of SqueezeMe and Trashed . This was the day ! The former GM ,and his other-half , returned to , what I thought as , an exciting Full Moon Hash !

Almost 20 of us showed up for circle right on H5 hashtime . Quarterstick and Eager-Beaver were anxious to arouse the pack ! Chalk talk was pre-laid and Q-stik went over it with his sneakers , pointing out the various markings they needed to evade us . No virgins in circle !

Hot on his heels , Eager followed Q-stick down the long and windy road to satisfy our desires of a full moon hash. Off they went in a furious pace to stay a head of us the entire ..I don't know.. four maybe six miles , yes?

Now the pack prepares for the rewards of trail . I adorn my newest hashing apparel .Tour de Puke was off a moment before the allotted time. He proclaimed justification in leaving early since that there was no beer provided by the hares at the start . (of course there are no rules. whatever, except for the age of 21 rule)

Knowing this was my last hash for awhile , I ran a good bit to catch him , hoping that I could catch my breath a moment when I caught him . Walking two or three steps together . Then he started jogging again screaming On-On . So I caught my breath as we ran. Right !!! The FRB's led the way down the road to some various check back's that kept the pack well together .

Shiggy , poison , and forest with plenty of streams and brooks . There was also a river on trail . All of which the hares laid for us to travel on trail very effectively.

At one point I was checking . I climbed a bank to get a view from above . There was a mall with lots of people stimulating the economy . I laughed when I heard the commotion within ear shout of civilization . R-U ! On-On . Back through the shiggy I reply . There was a point some wondered if we missed a BN. Now that is bad . A few minutes later we were at it .We didn't miss anything , I and the rest of us consumed it all .

The audio was released on Cause getting a cinder block to the top of her head by hugging a seven foot tall cement block filled impromptu sleeping bag rain poncho wearing trail scene . I hope there is video of this event also . A picture maybe ? I saw the lump !

From here we continued ranting with the desperation of more drink and that running problem . I saw everyone running on this trail . An excellent day to be hashing ! The time seemed to pass quickly to the next BN where Deathwish and Yeast of Burden were cooling their asses at a photo op area .We were all together again ! The trail brought the pack together very nicely . Deathwish cleaned up the check and we were all on-on again.

Now is where we went to the point of confusion . We arrived at a point where the check seemed to have evidence of a full moon **CK UP . After 15 minutes or so that I was there , Deathwish , finally spotted flour on the pavement on a half mile straight away. I felt like running ! After a while I stopped . I was a little discombobulated because the flour was now scattered a little farther than we were used too. Eventually we passed by a public park that may have been evacuated . That would explain no one using it ! To a sewer smelling BN oops .. wrong trail To a BN by the river I mentioned earlier. I was one of five that chose to be in the DFL group. That's almost the last I saw of the pack till they returned to the lot for their vehicles .

WE followed flour until we came out the woods at the Cumberland-Perry Vo-Tech School . There was a pack arrow which we took as the right way to go . Unable to spot flour from there and unable to here the call of the pack with the moon rising a beautiful orange we went several different directions to find our way home before dark . It was dark when we got there . We had missed a BN and circle (I hate when that happens) . I can not tell you what went on there . On after was at Growler's outside of Mechanicsburg . Thanks to the hares Quarterstick and Eager Beaver for an interesting evening , a well laid trail and those were part of my hashing career on this night . Visitors : Dancing Fool , Morrally Challenged , Deathwish , Cause For Blindness , Yeast of Burden , Bring 'em Hung , and certainly Trashed and SqueezeMe for cumming out. All of ya's !!

A lot of really cool things happened that night ... too many to mention here ... I may be confused about when they happened ...But they did... That's my hash trash..... for the shirt thanks to Fart . Farts trash is awesome !!!! He had me do it for a dead dog hash shirt .

On-On
Girth Brooks

Hares: Eager Beaver and Quarterstick

Fire Mountain Restaurant at 6476 Carlisle Pike

Very Nice Girth...

And thank you to everyone for the warm welcome back.

I do have some video from the... well, it wasn't the On-In and it wasn't the On-After...it was something in between.

Check it out at: <http://www.hashspace.com/profile/SqueezeMe60>

I think there is a post hash photo going up soon as well. THAT is not pretty either.

SqueezeMe

8 /9 /2008 H5 Run #346

Fart's Dead Dog Hash

Hares: Flaming Earl Gay, Delia and Fart Connor

Norman Wood Bridge area

Thanks to those who attended and those who wish they did attend Fart's Dead Dog Hash

Flaming Earl Gay did a great job helping Fart Connor fuck up today's trail. My ass is dragon, that's not my ass.

More tomorrow
Fart Connor

Thanx to Fart Conner and Flaming Earl Gay for a most "SHITTY TRAIL". What a great turn out!!! A perfect day, a challenging trail, plenty of shiggy, "Dirt Cheap Beer" that smelled like ass, who could ask for anything more!? A good time was had by all!!! You guys rock!!!

ON-ON

Unhitched Cock

Wow..what a hash! Those wankers that missed it missed a fantastic hash. The weather was purrrfect! I think this is the only hash this bimbo ran where the HARE got lost!

Many virgins and new boots were in attendance. Last count I recall at sign in was about 47. What a group! Some hashers I haven't seen for a while and MANY new faces.

Only 5-6 of us actually did the EAGLE trail and only 3 of us eagle hashers made it to the 4th beer and girl scout cookie (thin mint) check. What's up with that? We were on flour the entire time! Very well marked trail.

The third beer stop should have been called 'eagle beer stop'. Rock climbing to the top of those huge rocks was tricky but well worth it (thanks for the rope Fart). The climb down was a bit trecherous but nothing compared to eagle trail that was to follow! Trail followed a creek that flowed downhill through a ravine. Huge rocks on either side, waterfalls, fallen trees, mud holes (I sank up to my knees in one!), a GNOME HOME (complete w/white picket fence and condom protection) and a natural or very old man-made dam to climb up over made this bimbo wishing she would have had a camera. (Mental note to self..bring camera). The scenery, although tricky to navigate, was awesome! The hare even provided a ladder at the dam to assist in climbing up over (once you climbed up to the FIRST ledge and prior to the next "on ewww"). Those with dogs would have been hefting the dogs up over a lot of this portion of the trail. The flour left the creek and headed straight up the never-ending hill where there was another beer near buried in rocks about half-way up and thin mint girl scout cookies! The three of us shouted the obligatory BEER NEAR for about 5 minutes, decided to not drink all the beer and leave half the cookies for those following--unbeknownst to us--there were NONE following. (Dammit we should have taken ALL the cookies!) We made it to the top of the hill only to find the shot check GONE and followed the trail to find ourselves nearly last in. What's up with that? No ones else did trail? Was a down down done for that? Hmmmmmm.....several hashers were lost, including one of our esteemed hares--go figure.

After circle a posse was formed to hunt down the lost hashers. To date I believe all are accounted for safe and sound. One of the hashers was hosting a party up the road and a few were planning to see Bubba. (BUBBA ROCKS)

Great hash Fart and F.E.G.! One of the toughest eagle trails this bimbo has run! Kudos!

BnT

Ok Fart - hash photos are posted on hash space, where's hash trash?
You weren't even at the on-after for the nekkid run so you can't still be sleeping. Could you be hurting as much as the rest of us from all those hills?

Thanks guys for a great trail and to our on-after hosts for the

Hares: Flaming Earl Gay, Delia and Fart Connor Norman Wood Bridge area

impromptu party and crash space. Sleeping under the stars was great but had to think a little when I woke up with the peacock feather next to me. Thought I remembered everything from last night?

Deathwish, hope the back is doing ok after your Bronco Billy experience. You give a whole new meaning to going bare-back!

Just Mike - drop me a line with your email address and I'll get those photos over to you. There's a great one of you and Just Jill.

Thanks everyone for making it such a great birthday for me! Now I really can't wait for PA Interhash!

BC (Birth Canal)

PS - photos are under the album "Dead Dog Hash Aug 08".

BnT,

I did the Turkey trail, but only a couple of Turkeys got to the third beer check. We spent a half hour there enjoying the brews & views from the tall rocks, including co-hare FEG, waiting for the rest of the pack to arrive. We shouted "BEER NEAR!" the whole time. We heard calls of On-On in the distance, but they were not getting any closer. If we could hear them, they could hear us. No idea why they did not follow the calls of Beer Near; just makes no sense, does it?

We finally decided it was time to move on; while co-hare FEG dutifully decided to keep on waiting at the 3rd beer check for the rest of the pack to arrive. He told us to keep a lookout for the shot check on the way back. On the way back, we ran into Dancing Fool and Girth Brooks, going the other way. Then we ran into Ruffie, who said she'd started the trail an hour late, but was looking forward to finishing it. Hey, we started an hour late at 3 pm, what time did Ruffie start. 4 pm??

The trail led us to the middle of a corn field, but there was nothing there and it seemed to end right there, so we backtracked and lost trail. Where was the promised shot check?? We eventually heard the voices of a lot of people milling about, so we crashed through the thorny bushes to join them. I asked a few people in the circle what happened? They said they went from the 2nd beer check right to the shot check, which they finished or not (depending on who you asked), and came right on in. Well folks, it would seem that most of the pack only did half the trail; what gives? Two possible explanations were pondered: (1) Fart's re-laying of the trail (i.e. multiple trails?) somehow led the pack to shortcut to the shot check; or, (2) those hashers arriving late (i.e. Dude, Desperate) backtracked on the In trail, found the shot check and yelled to the rest of the pack to join them. Which could it be?

On On!
Sister

Hi Everyone,

Apparently the shots didn't go over very well like I had hoped. Sorry about that. It was a last minute addition. In case anyone was wondering, the pink shots were Watermelon Jolly Ranchers dissolved in vodka. I got the recipe from this website:

<http://www.bardrinks.com/drinks/drink.asp?id=12253112>

I heard the blue shots were even worse than the pink. Since the site said the watermelon shots were really great, I figured I'd also try dissolving Blue Raspberry Jolly Ranchers in vodka. I had also thought about doing Green Apple shots, but it's a good thing I didn't LOL! I used good quality vodka and vermouth but somehow it got screwed up. Oh well, you live and learn.

On-On,

FEG

...but Birth Canal calls herself "BC" on HashSpace.....I only found the pics by searching "all photo albums" for "dead dog".
Terrific trail....kudos to Fart and Flaming Earl Gay for one of the good ones, as usual. Hopefully, Monty's ashes will last for many years to come.
T-Bo

Thanks again to all who came out.

Me and Delia went back out yesterday and made sure the trail was clean and to follow trail and find where I, Fart Connor, fucked up. What really sucks is that I was only 100 feet off to my left from where I should have been, however due to a matter of angles, I crossed the trail that FEG dutifully laid correctly a quarter mile from where I should have been. A simple true trail arrow to the right there would have corrected the problem.

Thanks for cleaning up the beer checks, I only found one beer can on the way to finding the fuck up point and the third beer check. I lightened up the load of beer left there and stashed the still half a case and went and picked up the gnome. Hope that explains stuff.

On next to starting Hash Trash On
Fart Connor

Hares: Flaming Earl Gay, Delia and Fart Connor

Norman Wood Bridge area

Fart,

Don't be so hard on yourself. That trail was amazing! I am hashing in San Antonio the next few weeks, and there is NO WAY thier trails will be nearly as entertaining, fun, long, or full of such a high caliber of wanker. I hadn't been out in 2 months due to my schedule, and it felt like I never left thanks to the great people out there. Good times all around!

I will see everyone after 8/25 at something or other.

On-on!

Mangina

Me and Flaming Earl Gay took off work Friday to set up trail for Saturday's event. Thursday night I bought munchies and more beer than me and Flaming Earl Gay had bought before to put on trail on Friday. Five months of planning were cumming together. In March and April I was pruning through shiggy and found a trail. It took from then till late July till me and Flaming could find our way through and not get turned around. I think Un-Hitchedcock used that term on trail. Isn't that what happened to Daniel Boone several times in way back when times in US history? In the previous month we stashed beer out on trail. At two of the four beer checks we constructed beer vaults by turning over rocks and making a hole deep enough to be disguised from prying eyes. The third was taken out and put in the shade on Friday. The fourth was put in the roots of a tree that looked like it grew off of an old stump.

Four beer checks were set out and the trail was ready to go for Saturday on Friday, more on warm beer later.

Twas a day like anyother 'cept no, it was Saturday, Saturday is a Hashing Day! Today was a Susquehanna Sparkler, for the month of August G blessed us with 80 degrees and low humidity. Earlier in the week you would stand in the shade and your eyeballs would sweat. The Fanast of vittles were provided for the packs enjoyment in they, the Dorito's, hadn't been opened for a week already and the MSG was nice and fresh. A cold quarter keg of Yuengling and a cooler full of various kinds of beer was stashed at the mysterious On In place with lots of munchies. I noticed at the On On spot 200 yards away that many had brought beer and munchies too, thank youse. Stories were told about past trails in the area, dizzying precipices', raging water, and large furry animals to amuse the virgins. Hash time finally arrived and Fart Connor explained the marks that were about to make many get lost following a flour trail. One important thing to mention was that we had many virgins, me and Flaming were honored. Best I can recollect we had 9 virgins. Just Jill, Just Jill, Just Tom, Just Josh, Just Kimberly, Just Matt, Just Tara, Just Brian, and Just John, I hope that makes Sister happy.

2 PM hash time, the hares off at 3 PM, right on H5 hash time. Flaming Earl Gay, Delia, and Fart Connor take off throwing flour and toilet paper and almost immediately disappear into some nice shiggy only traversed by deers and bears. The "One Way" sign that I acquired somewhat legally and put 3 lines on the back of to make a "True Trail" arrow in the thorns worked really well. It was at this point that Flaming Earl Gay took off to lay trail from the HHH to the fateful third beer check. Flaming was right on his trail laying, more on that later. The pack was dumb enough to follow me, did they really give me 12 minutes? I thought the trail through the shiggy would give me more time, what the hell? I've never had a tribe of cannibals chasing me but hearing hashers yelling "On On" when the bastards are following me just before I got to the first beer check makes live haring so much fun. I dug up my flour stash and continued from the beer check with a fine premium "Totally Dirt Cheap Beer".

The beer was imported from St. Louis, USA and the pack had to work for it. Was the beer cold at all? There's a story here. I went and asked for four 2 pound packages of dry ice to cool the beer on Friday morning, paid \$12, and me and Flaming spent 5 hours putting out extra 6 packs and half the amount of dry ice that I had asked for, shit!

The packs a cummin' and I'm moving fast as I can hoping that I'd marked the first check well enough to be found easily. I hear that there were some who missed it and went back to the first check to enjoy for a short time, thank you. I wasn't far from the second check comprised of Old Milwaukee till I could hear the pack acumin' again.

I hope youse enjoyed the gallon of drinking water that was stashed there, me and Delia had to take off on the run of whatever flat type places I could r#n, 'cept by this point there wasn't any flat ground. One interesting thing I noticed here was that suddenly the crys on On On diminished. That must have been when the pack found the beer. I crossed a small stream and here's about where I messed up the trail. I was only a few degrees of to my left at this critical part of the trail. If I had been wrong off to the right this wouldn't have been a problem. All of a sudden I'm on this small trail with flour already on it! If I'd have just tossed out a true trail arrow toward the third beer check all would have been well, I didn't and many who wanted to do the Eagle Trail missed half the trail and went back to beer at the HHH. I caught up with Flaming and he went back and summoned some to the third beer check and a few others found their own way there. It bummed me out that many missed this check because I thought it was the most scenic on trail. That might have something to do with the fact that I went out in April and removed some of the small trees that were in the way.

You could see for 5 miles and when the sun was just right it would make Peach Bottom Nuclear Power Plant glimmer in the sunlight. From here the trail went downhill in more ways than one. The trail started about 300 feet above the Susquehanna River 2 and 1/2 miles back, now it went down to the river to a stream. This stream went through a tunnel that was made for trains more than 100 years ago when bridge making was an art. This also ties in with the Dead Dog theme because me and old Monty caught wild brown trout in this stream.

OK, the tunnel wasn't for trains, it was for trail. I took a few spills as I trailed my up this slippery stream trying to keep my flour dry. I hear M'Orally took a spill and has bruises on her ass and legs from going the wrong way. At this point I was beat and hearing hashers once again yelling On On made me trudge onward through knee deep mudd, over logs, under logs, over rocks, shiggy, and in no way like a salmon, upstream. A nice warm summer day and a cool stream to hash in, could it get any better than this? I still felt like Cornell Wilde in the movie "Naked Prey". http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Naked_Prey The trail went up to where about 100 years ago

Hares: Flaming Earl Gay, Delia and Fart Connor Norman Wood Bridge area

the valley was dammed up to make the original reservoir at Muddy Run.

Ohhh, the story of

ladder, I found this about ¾ of a mile from where I used it. As I had Delia's leash tied to it and drug it clanking through the woods I hoped nobody came by to ask what I was doing. What, you mean that's not my dog?

So the trail went upstream and around this bend where there stood a Gnome selling contraceptives to the hashers.

Shrubbery is spelled correctly on the other side of the sign. So I only have about another ¼ mile through stream shiggy till I blast up a hill to the 4th beer check. Luckily I had plenty of flour. I could hear calls of On On in the distance, I guess my screw up and the 3rd beer check saved my ass. Crawling through rhododendrons uphill is easier than downhill, toss flour every 5 feet.

Yea, I find the 4th beer check in the tree roots where I hear there was a welcome gallon of water along with the beer. From here it's a short distance uphill to level ground and about a mile back to the HHH, but there's more woodsy adventure. Here's the part of the trail that Flaming and me scouted for months till we could find our way through a tunnel of shiggy. As long as you stayed on trail it was easy to follow. I finally came out to the intersection of the Turkey Trail. I was interesting to hear the last of the Turkey's pass by and it was safe for me and Delia to sneak out and follow them back to the HHH.

I'd gotten there about 11 in the morning and stashed a quarter keg, munchies, and other circle stuff. I knew better than to expect the pack to bring stuff to the little clearing in the woods, once the pack gets back they are like school children at recess. It was noted that many were still missing, assumed to be missing on trail. We debated and decided to have circle and then search for the missing. As we debated more filtered in, the On In spot was easier to find as we were making a racket in the woods. We had 6 visitors from Reading and 2 from Cincinnati who detoured from their trip to Ocean City, NJ. The Reading contingent consisted of Big Rig, Jello, Siren Cums Loudly, Between Dicks, Glass-Ass, Doodle, and dog Beer Slut. The Sin City couple were Crack Whore and Elephant-Tight-Ass. We had 9 virgins who had their hash cherries popped. They were Just Jill, Just Tom, Just Josh, Just Kimberly G, Just Jill G, Just Matt M, Just Tara, Just Brian and Just John. Circle worked out really well because by the time we were done the rest of the stragglers straggled On In and all was well. Circle broke up and many took one thing and placed it near my truck, thanks, that saved me a lot of cleaning up. Dancing Fool must have recovered a recycling mother lode. Many took off to former virgin Just K imberly's nearby house for an impromptu On After. It took me an hour and a half to make all the hash shit fit onto my truck. Thanks so much to Flaming Earl Gay for helping to pull this off.

On On
Fart Connor

Insert witty comment here.

Comments:

- 1) So that's why the beer at the 3rd & 4th beer checks was good! Too bad most never made it to those and only had a taste of skunked beer from the 1st & 2nd.
- 2) Good memory, but it's Fuzz that wants the names of the virgins. She chided me for not bringing the sign-in sheet and left-over hash cash home. Now she has to arrange to get it from whoever has it.
- 3) About a half dozen of us FRB's didn't see the 1st BC and were up on the next hill already when we heard the faint sound of "bear near" somewhere behind us. We froze in our tracks and wondered where that came from. Four of us (Tour included) went back to investigate, while a couple of Reading wankers (Siren included) couldn't be bothered and pressed on to the 2nd BC. It was these hashers that were hot on your heels.
- 4) I agree, more true trail arrows would have kept the pack on the trail.
- 5) Whoever took the shot check, DON'T! Please leave all shot checks for hashers still doing trail. It sucks if you do the whole trail, then go to the site of the promised shot checks, only to find them gone. It should have been obvious not everyone was there. Plus y'all should have heard the cries of "On-On" and "Beer-Near" an eighth mile from where the shot check was, but no one went on to do the rest of the trail with two more BN's and million-dollar views still out there. How could you possibly think the trail was THAT short??
- 6) Fart: that was us yelling "On On" from the top rock on the third beer check to the rest of the pack who never made it. We were yelling at the top of our lungs for the rest of the pack to hear us.
- 7) Cool trail, let's do it again (this time the whole trail) next year. Who's in?

On On!
Sister

"F THE OLYMPICS"

Yes, the abuses listed above are important but we really don't care. F The Olympics is our mantra not because of these issues but simply because its better to HASH than sit at home watching TV!

Hares: Arch Enema and Just Catherine

Water Street in Lititz

Friday 8.8.08 – First Ever F the O Hash

Lititz, PA

Hares: ARCH ENEMA, Just Catherine

The evening started with beautiful weather as a small pack gathered at "the railroad car" in Lititz, PA. Some dicked up directions caused minor confusion as a handful of Reading and H5 wankers were joined by two handfuls of virgins.

I wore a "F the Olympics, Communist Chinese & Dirty Air" respirator as he held circle. You just never know if any of that skuzzy air is blowing this way.

Good job to the hares for bringing an utter shitpot of hottie bimbo virgins. Wow. Best crop of virgins in ages.

The pack soon took off after the hares who soon proved that no place is ever hashed out. Many, many trails have been done in this town and yet this evening revealed all sorts of new places that have never been hashed.

We hit an abandoned railbed as the pack overthought things and the backcheck lead us down the trail that was the original obvious choice.

I lingered in the back with LUNACHIC, a male virgin who kept ranting about how he was already hooked on hashing and two young beautiful perspiring new boots. We came thru a development where we saw a rotund fellow who looked EXACTLY like the Reading GM LICK MY TRUNK. Wow. TRUNK, ask your momma if she gave a twin away at birth!

By this point thirst and dehydration were beginning to set in and the new boots were starting to wonder if the stories of hashing being about running AND beer were all lies. WTF? Where is that golden nectar?

Off the trail and across 772 the pack came thundering through some poor SOB's soybean field. Rest in peace trampled soy, rest in peace. At least the pack had the courtesy to keep the destruction to a narrow ribbon.

Ahh, some cold Lagers hidden in the woodline. The pack hung out and the virgins all seemed to be enjoying their first experience at fucking the Olympics and hashing.

One of the new boots was babbling that she knew the plan (ooops, I bet she wasn't supposed to say that!) and sure enough she beat feet to a location that the pack was not headed toward.

As true as a rumor of John Edwards banging his non-cancerous videographer, her prognostication proved valid and we were headed right for one of this area's most unique homes – a beautiful house with castle'y stuff in the backyard. The owner was waiting for us and greeted each hasher with two statements:

- Hello! Followed by....
- The beer is over there

Wow! Thanks crazy castle guy – you rock! In talking to him he said his brother knows DANCING FOOL. Small world. Hope he comes out to hash sometime. The beer was in a turret like thing. All these castle parts were built from stones from 7 torn down barns.

Nobody wanted to depart the kingdom of beer, swans and happiness but darkness was fast approaching. LUNACHIC was still traumatized by being lost in the woods on Monday so we drank all of the beer and none of the water headed out.

After an utter cluster fuck in the field past the castle we were out of the shiggy and onto macadam. Before long we heard (not saw as it was now completely dark) the sounds of hashers.

TOUR was MIA as he absolutely KNEW the pack was headed back to the cars and took off that way.

Turns out the small woods was the backyard of virgin JUSTKRISTY. Several of the bimbos were inside freshening up as we bullshitted under the pines. She returned and decided that the home association might revoke her credentials for allowing a pack to sing in her yard so we moved down into her garage.

I conducted circle was held and hash traditions were carefully explained to the virgins. Typical down downs were awarded as LOONEY served as beer bitch. Announcements of the next H5 (the following day –FARTS DEAD DOG HASH) and Reading (Monday August 18th) hashes were posted. The PA INTERHASH was announced as well as Saturday's BUBBA show in HBg. It was also stated that this was the inaugural F the Olympics hash. Our next trail will be Sunday February 12th 2010.

The circle was concluded with the proclamation that these virgins are TRI-HASHUAL – having a mother hash of Harrisburg, Reading and F The Olympics. Swing Low was sung and the benediction was offered.

Hares: Arch Enema and Just Catherine

Water Street in Lititz

Most of the pack meandered into town – negotiating the craft show freaks and endless port-o-potties – before arriving at the Toy Soldier bar for the ONONON. Lets just say we had a good time – one of the virgins singing some great country karaoke, TOUR up on a chair singing, several bimbos dancing and the night's fun definitely being initiated by hashers.

Kickass job hares – especially with only three days notice.

See everyone in 2 years!

Shittily written at 1AM
OVEREXPOSED

Hares: Bushrat and Deathwish

Just off Plainfield exit of I 81

The Tale of 2 GM's Hash

Yes me wankers, 2 H5 GM's gathered to hare the July 26, 2008 Wankergate somewhere off exit 44 of Route 81 at some new industrial park to be named after the acres of trees cut down to build it. It's likely that due to my computer skill that when I copy and paste the final version, it might look as if I was writing in=2 0Cyrillic.

As usual a fine H5 Summer Saturday is a Hashing Day dawned about 2 in the afternoon as hashers started to roll in to the On On. It was determined that nobody worked there because of all the Municipal license plates on the vehicles parked there. The life sized cow on amish wagon wheels was left relatively unmolested. Our new GM, Deathwish, and former GM, Bushrat, demonstrated marks to the 2 virgins in attendance, Just Maya who came with Panic Button, and Just Don who heard about us somewhere and was brave to attend all by himself.

The hares, Deathwish and Bushrat are off with their 12 minute headstart or something like that. While waiting the pack introduced themselves in a circle and drank the golden nectar or something 'sposed to resemble that, depending on your individual taste, or lack of, for beer. The 2 real dogs on trail, Delia and Sunny, sniffed bung holes and all was well. The timer dinged and the pack was off in search of live hares. Quarterstick and Panic Button took off on their own trail without the benefit of flour in an effort to zen for a hare. The rest of about 25 followed trail. It was neat to see an old stone wall that was probably built by farmers in the 300 plus years that this area was taken over by the white man. The rusty barbed wire, hey, does anybody remember Bud Dwire, <http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=-6686827830708949101>, his sister was Barbed Wire? That might be really sick but I think I have an unemployment check for One Dollar with his autograph. So anyhow, back in the early 70's this fence was just getting rusty. I can remember pheasants flillltttng out from under my feet, seeing rabbits, deer, and Redd Fox http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sanford_and_Son, so anyhow today deer and fox20were spotted. There was a beer check, a hot day with cold beer, drinking water, and more trail.

I should mention that on the way to the first beer check we saw the only people that we saw outside all day while we were on trail, they were in a swimming pool that we passed by and didn't check to see if they were skinny dipping. Those in the pool did cheer us on however. Maybe I'm wearing this out, but is America becoming a bunch of pussies? Nobody is outside on a nice summer day! On the other hand, maybe others were in their air conditioning and couldn't hear us running through weeds and didn't call the police. The hares provided us with a great trail to follow that was challenging but well marked. Yeah, there was a second beer check and it was enjoyed.

The third beer check at the edge of civilization proved to be the coolest in=2 0my opinion. Though apparently Flounder and Cause for Blindness found a future fire hydrant that had cooling water already spurring from it. They made sure to respect private property and turned the water off after they left. The pack re-grouped at the third and last beer check with Quarterstick and Panic Button zenning their way around the hare to re-join the pack. On his own trail Q-stick found ancient technology, a manual pencil sharpener attached to part of a desk. It was neat how all this came together at this beer check. Fart Connor looks down the newly 20 foot piled landscape and sees an old junk yard, true Trail Treasure! Nothing had been added here since the 70's. I could tell because of the junk. Aluminum without bullet holes, most of it. Just because of all the aluminum is a clue that this was an undisturbed treasure pile. An ancient beer can from the 60's with a pull tab, I know that because beer first made it simple with the pull tab. http://www.irememberjfk.com/mt/2007/10/the_late_great_pull_tab.php, can anyone tell that's Black Label Beer? OK, back to the real world.

All seemed to have made it back safely to circle where the pack reconciled for circle. There was plenty of beer. The RA needs a lot of practice but the respectful circle helped an H5 transition go smoothly, like Exlax. The pack was regaled for acts to be unspoken to the general public. Thanks to our visitors Cause for Blindness, Yeast of Burden, and Skid Marks for helping to spread H5 on the fields of hashing. Thanks to all the rest who came out to have fun with H5, that's about the other 25 who were on trail but weren't acknowledged or dismembered.

Mismanagement is apparently being re-aligned. Deathwish is new GM. Panic Button is new Joint Master, though some discussion about Q-stick to be joint something was mentioned but turned down. Wild Cherry is Hare Raiser, that is a tough job.

That's all I don't know for now

Fart Connor

Hares: Chappy and Puke

50 Woodview Drive, Elizabethtown, PA 17022

There seems to be a lot of important things in life that are important to oneself, but the most precious of these are the people that make you feel special. I know it has been way past due, but... I will rack my brain to find a way to say what happened to me and some of those around me at the family hash.

My day started looking forward to the outing put on by Puke Panther & Chappy. I was not to be disappointed. A good turn out of almost twenty or so showed up for the event on a very hot day. There was plenty of activities for the little ones as they played on the

Hares: Chappy and Puke

50 Woodview Drive, Elizabethtown, PA 17022

impromptu water park. Even some big kids got in on the action. We circled up, the trail was explained and off we went - down the driveway that must be very difficult to handle in the winter season. The hares had an eagle turkey split shortly after the start to keep the group at bay.

We wound around the neighborhood to a BN that was in a brook nearby. I love when that happens! Trying to recover still from the previous Hash, I took my shoes off and soaked up the ankle deep water. While out of nowhere Harley the dog comes darting back & forth up & down stream. (Looking for crayfish I heard.) I climbed out and on to upon the road through a beautiful neighborhood where no one was outside. I was sharing DFL with Eager & Burn, at least I think it was Burn. The trail came to a T in the road & we were not sure where the pack was so the RU was called out. But I took Eager the wrong way. We wound up on trail but had side stepped it a bit, missing a BN that had been stolen. Can you imagine that?

The trail finally left the road to enter a corn field that was probably going to reach nine feet tall by harvest time. Eager, Burn, & I proceed along our steady but DFL pace to arrive back at the on in as FRB. A really shitty trail!

We had plenty of food and beverages to recover with lots of tasty treats.

Circle ensued with all returned including Harley whom got scolded for hashing without permission. Namings were taken into consideration for a wee little girl of Lil' Spermaid maybe. I'm not sure of that though! She shall be known as Nemo for her luv of the character & perhaps to be used as an acronym later in her hash career. Also Just Matt is 2be known as Ass Crack like the duck says 'Ass Crack since he could not seem to contain himself on the kiddie slide.

Memories were made and new friends were met. I saw our granddaughter use a fork for the first time. She also witnessed a tremendous ground display of fireworks that Chappy handled like a pro. Tye dye shirts that were hand made that day were given and then I went home to bed.

On-On
Girth Brooks

Hares: DA Piss Mode

Hoss's Steak and Seafood House along Route 322

How you' doin,

I am very glad to see H5 on the road to recovery. We certainly have cum a long way baby. Thanks to all previous & current mismanagement for all that you do! If I would have joined hashing a long time ago, perhaps I would not be so surprised at how much fun it is to get hammered in public. Now that I can seriously get trashed with ya' all I am pretty sure that we should do it again sometime soon. How does this afternoon sound?

The Full Moon Trail last night, proved to me that Friday is a great night for some of those that are unable to usually do trail on a Full Moon. Others can't stay away!

We gathered at point "A" for the prelube, where I did get a good start on the next 11 hours or so of hashing and on-after. So I must say that DaPiss Mode did lay one super shitty trail on a bum ankle. I can not give justice to all of the shit that made this a good time. If you were there you know what I am talkin' about. We had a long full moon trail. I think Lunar influence was in full effect!

The virgins, that made this event their first virgin appearance in quite sometime, came from Flaming Earl Gay(1) and DaPiss Mode (3 or 4)! Usually I can remember names pretty well, not this time though. Sorry bout that all you new boots. I am certain they will be back. www.h5hash.com rocks. It is great to meet great people! ON-ON

I'm not gonna rack my pea brain much longer on this hash trash but some highlights were the many moons that appeared, the downhill that caused 97 percentile of us to blow down, the blood caused by super shiggy, (some of us found it amongst the well marked trail), the high ropes course where Deathwish so well executed a rescue of the beer & shots & a river launch from directly over head (we had to encourage him a bit but his will is very strong to prove he is the master of many talents), Chick's tavern, The head that was served by the beer bitch in circle for down downs, the many sights and sounds the neighborhood was being filled with, the blazing hot fire at "her brothers", food, my virgin flippy cup experience, the smell of almost 40 wankers, the great trail that kept us in close enough proximity of each other to mingle and finally waking up 1" off the ground this morning. No I wasn't levitating. That would be cool, eh? The many memories that will cum to me later are all good. And to all a good night then!

Hoping hashing is with you,
Girth Brooks

Girth, great write up! I am really shiity at writing up hash trash, but Da Piss...YOU ROCK!! That trail raises the bar! It was long, challenging, shiggy (oh yeah!!), wet (yummy!), dirty (who was that dirty school girl virgin??), cuts, bruises, sprains where had by all and lots of old hashers (loved seeing everyone of you all!) and virgins showed up for this full moon experience! H5 is the BEST! looking forward to next one, on on PS

Who you all kiddin? It was a SHITTY trail!! Waaaay too much shiggy, stinky stinky Swatty water, incredibly STEEP slick hill climbing, getting lost on trail in the dark, yelled at by landowners for trespassing, near misses of being pulverized by not one, but TWO passing trains, a great beer stop with a roaring FIRE to keep us warm (it was a bit chilly at that point) oh..and the RED Kool Aid (I hope we are all still alive..ya know..red kool aid...), two rugrats up on a catwalk that REFUSED to lower the shots to the poor dehydrated hashers (thank you Deathwish for talking the shots down), beer hid in a concrete crypt, being eaten alive by mosquitoes who were all drawn to us by the sweet sweet smell of stinky sweat and Swatty water..yum yum whatdamix..reaching the end of the hash only to find out that DaPissMode DID NOT CONTRACT for the helicopter ride out and we had to run all the way back to the road. Gee..no one carries a cell phone on trail..wonder why ***down down for electronics on trail maybe????***) Luckily a hasher did have a quarter so DPM could call someone who cares to come carback us all. Problem is, Dude can only haul one passenger at a time on his bike and get this...chicks only!! Guess there isn't enough room for four balls on two wheels. Nothing like a scenic tour of Hummelstown from one end to the other end on a hot humid stinky night with hashers finally car-ing everyone back to point A.

It was an awesome trail in true H5 style. Great Job DPM.

Hares: DA Piss Mode

Hoss's Steak and Seafood House along Route 322

BnT

Hi! Good morning! Are you having a good day?

What's this? It was better before you had to read another soopid email from Dude! Hey I agree. I just screwed my whole day up. Wow what a waste of time, typing and then bothering to send this garbage your way. There ought to be a law against me sending this kind of crap. Oh wait there is...SHHHH

I just wanted to take a few hours of you time and waste it. So by the time you get done reading this it should be time for you to leave work and join the masses on the freeway to nowhere.

Boring huh well don't give up on me just yet I'll get to the point sooner or later.

Well I just wanted to agree with everyone about Da Piss Mode's Full moon hash this friday. Holy smoke what a great trail. Hey by the way who the hell walked off with my two flashlights? I would really like them back.

It all started nice and neat in a Slaughterhouse Parking lot. Cool place to start. Seeing Slimmy and a few others who don't really get around much anymore due to old age, such as Fuzz and Ky, was pretty kewl.

The Chalk talk was great times. Then that's where it all went to hell....

The trail that never ended.....It almost sounds like the Lizzy Borden song,,,

Da Piss Mode had an ax, she gave the woods a million wacks,

And when she seen what she had done,

She gave the hash a million one.

Does that makes sense? It should if you were on trail. The parking lot was the safest place to be during this entire trail. The first beer chek was nuts...

Over the river and through the woods....

Yeah that little nursery song you sang on the way to Grandma's house really comes to mind about now but it wasn't Grandma's house we were headed to it was,,,

Over the river and into hell, to die on trail we go.... Sounds more fitting. I remember a few virgins asking if this was the end of trail as the approached the first chek. All I could do was laugh.

Yeah finding the second beer chek was tricky. With deranged railroad engineers trying to run us over, it is a good thing the trains can not turn off the tracks, I guess in this case. Because if they could, I think in all reality, they were really trying to hit us.

Second Check same as the first, a little bit louder and a whole lot worse,

I got out to the second chek a little early, I cheated okay. I promised Da piss I'd get her shots back from the little twirp who kidnapped them, but we will get into that. There was a nice fire and Just Leiah and her little mini Kilt made things even hotter at Da piss Modes second chek which was also her house. Her brother and the long missing Pastor Bator had fueled a few fires and some cold beer was nearby as well. It was good to find Pator Bator here because last time I saw her she was lost on trail. A year later she finally turns up. Nobody even gave her a down down at circle for returning to the pack finally and get this nobody gave her a down down for not doing trail, and get this no one even gave her a down down for not doing circle....WTF?

What the hell are you doing kid???

Okay the stolen shots were fake and by fake I mean It was all my idea...I enlisted the help of fellow professional climber,,(YEAH he is a professional rock climber and he is only THIRTEEN years old) Just Colby, who hoisted the shots on up and up into the tree. Thus creating a stir.

."Come up and get them BITCH!!!!".At least I think that's what he told Deathwish....

The ropeswing and catwalk hung by Colby and Company presented the First real challenge our new GM had to overcome.

He lost his cool in times of fire....All I heard as Deathwish Clambered on out onto a seriously insane rope course was..."GIVE ME THOSE SHOTS YOU LITTLE F#KER" unknown to him as he shook and shook trying to shake and shake he did , only problem for him was the unseen harness Just Colby was wearing for a safety. So this presented a challenge. unable to shake the kid from the tree Deathwish then Pleaded and begged. It worked Just Colby felt bad that Deathwish had begun crying and handed over the yummy goods.

All was good and Deathwish made the pack happy by attempting to swing from the thirtty foot platform. Then a good bunch of others took their chances on the ropeswing of death including some female virgin who got the crowd all wound up by her sweet swingin style or was it her nice ass?

If all your friends jumped off a cliff would you follow???

Appearantly you would because everyone of us on trail that night followed nDa' Piss Mode's flour right off the edge of a cliff. No Shit. it was a cliff and over we went. The bottom was a tiny little ledge bordered by the crick and a rock wall that Superman would have had to jump twice to get over.

I missed the concrete bunker beer check because I was following Girth, Fuzz Luna and Just Unkle Dave into I have no Idea where. We did end up finding our way to the railroad bed. All the while we could hear everyone else below us some hundred feet down singing more beer.

You think this trash is long,,well trail was even longer...

It didn't end here or there but upon finding some flour at the base of a hill and heading over yet another crick crossing we entered a old Quarry road and on on and on we ran. I think we went all the way to Gotham City because the beer was in the Batcave. Wow No sense for me to cuntinyou rambling. Everyone pretty much got lost at this point with some heading to the end of the real trail in the old Quarry and finding the flourless Da Piss Mode awaiting with no further beer, and some just went into the mist. A few ended up at Chicks some wandered aimlessly about the ends of the earth until discovered and returned to the safe haven and a few just disappeared.

I hearby nominate Da Piss Mode for most insane full moon trail of the year. and a two thumbs up to all who actually completed trail.

Dude Where's My Mullet

Hares: DA Piss Mode

Hoss's Steak and Seafood House along Route 322

I agree, it was an incredible trail. Longer than most full moon hashes which was cool. The virgins all seemed to like it. Great on-after too. Thank you Da Piss Mode!

FEG

This is the second time I've tried to post my thanks. Let's see if it goes through. I'd like to thank everyone who showed up for my hash. It was wonderful having you. Thank you Dude for your immeasurable help. I never knew just how much work went into doing a trail until I did it by myself. Thank you Pastorbatur and my bro for keeping the homefires burning, literally! Thank you Wild Cherry for lending me your tap and giving me an empty keg to turn in. Thank you M'Orally for bringing food and setting it out. Thank you Slimmy for being the RA. Thank you for taking my coolers back to my house whoever you are, it was much appreciated. Thanks to Just Dan, Dude, BABS, Girth, and Slimmy for the witching hour flip cup tournament; it was a blast. If I missed anyone, Thank you thank you thank you.

My next haring adventure will be October 4th in celebration of my birthday. Mark your calendars now! Da Piss Mode

7 /12/2008 H5 Run #342

Puddle Pirate Hash

Hares: Little Red Ride Me Hard, Wild Cherry and Just

'Ere's to all the Wankers

It was a dark and stormy night, somewhere but not where we were. The pack gathered at a secret spot just off the Exit 57 of Route 81, a well known secret On On place. Beers were shared and conversations started about today's trail and resurrecting H5 from the ashes like a Phoenician. A beautiful Conodoguinet, Pennsylvania summer afternoon of about 90 humid degrees was provided. Would the hare's promise of streams, beer, and lots of flour on trail hold true? Many were attired pirately for trail.

Introductions were made and the pack took off right on hash time like a herd of municipal workers. M'Orally Challenged and Bring 'Em Hung made it in hash time after Map Questing themselves. Two virgins were in attendance, Just Mike from parts unknown who found us on the internet and She Came's sister Just Beth came out on a beautiful Saturday is a Hahsing Day trail. The trail retraced part of last year's trail but the pack didn't meander about in huge circles and was on Wild Cherry's part of trail like hashers on beer. **Into a nice cool rivulet in the shady Woods of Penn with some not wanting to get their feet wet so soon the pack did go in the quest for beer, the trail was well marked with flour especially considering the small amount of flour in Wild Cherry's awesome over the shoulder flour bag. It sure pays to have lots of flour stashed along the way. Nice mowed trails through the woods till we got to a streamy underpass with a beer check, yea! This is what it's all about. About 30 hashers gathered, ankle deep in water, drinking beer, and 15 different conversations going on. Three dogs were in attendance too. Little Sunny was taking no shit off Beer Slut, said Beer Slut wasn't doing anything, and Delia came out and barked for no reason too.**

From here the pack got rather strung out and I recall that as we were zig-zagging through the posted and patrolled territory a curious home owner went outside wondered what we were doing. I think these were the only people we saw outside all day. The rest of the Pepsi Generation was home in their air-conditioned Gypsy RV's parked in the driveway because that way they got to enjoy nature only they didn't have to drive 400 miles to rent a parking spot in a driveway. So anyhow the trail went downstream through another underpass that wasn't more than knee deep as long as you didn't take A Step To The Left, or a Step To The Right, depending what side of the movie theater you are watching the Rocky Horror Picture Show on while going through the water to a grog check at the Conodoguinet Creek. Bein' in the back of the pack crossing the Conodoguinet, I hope I'm spelling that right Flounder, and seeing the front of the pack crossing back over further up was sort of neat. It was worth it too because there was another beer check before crossing back over. I think we were a little bit off trail because we came across this mud. It wasn't just regular mud, but industrial strength, more than just sneaker sucking mud, La Brea Mud Pit mud. This was Chesapeake Bay dead zone mud, nickel-cadmium, nitrogen, dead body, e-coli, Sam N Ella's Restaurant leftovers, and it smelled good too. I felt the need to dive in and pull out a mastodon but had no luck. Deathwish had a nice green aqua-haired Predator type dreadlocks to continue trail with. In a misguided effort to find trail a few, including Deathwish with dreadlocks ended up at Rt. 81 and not wanting to give up the high ground shortcutted. Deathwish right across Rt. 81 and the rest up a short distance to the next road and caught up with the front of the pack. It was tough to tell what part of the trail Little Red Ride Me Hard and Just Paul laid because it went together so well. Twas a great trail, thanks.

Meanwhile back at Wild Cherry's the pack re-gathered and got ready for erections and circle in his garage. It was a rather respectful circle especially considering the attention span of hashers. Hashers were admonished to not go in Wild Cherry's front yard naked or to have sex there either, Code 69 for officer Wankerbe, sex in the front yard. It might even be construed as a yard sale at a whorehouse. Just Stummy was named "30 Gays in the Hole" and Just Paul was named "Pocket Rocket". Deathwish is our new GM, I'm not sure who is co-GM is. Hopefully H5 is back to abnormal. The hash left in peace to get a piece.

On On
Fart Connor

6 /28/2008 H5 Run #341

5th Anal Perry County Campout Hash

Hares: Dude Where's My Mullett

Melon Balls and Licky Me's House

just wanted to take this few moments before I pass into a pain-killer induced coma, and thank every one who came out to the 5th 5th Anal Perry County hash. thanks to the Hares for such a great trail. Thanks to Slim Jim for coming down and getting shit-faced with us. A special thank you to Fart Connors for taking the time to royally fuk the hell out of Circle.. I believe that has got to be a new World

Saturday, June 18, 2022

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Hares: Dude Where's My Mullett

Melon Balls and Licky Me's House

record for longest circle at a hash. Wow five and a half hours in circle and we even got a break for dinner. Good times all in all.

Sincerely Yours

Dude Where's My Mullett

Your least intelligent choice for Hare-Raiser

Mullett-

Since you are already on pain killers, please come to my house and help me put my air conditioner in my living room window. It only weighs 150 lbs. I know you can do it. Tell you what. I'll even pick you up at your house and then drop you off at the hospital (or morgue) afterwards.
Ruffie

No drama here. I was HONORED to Hare such a famous (YAH RIGHT) hash. The only problem I have is next year there has to be more sheep. By the time my turn came around they were all sloppy and saggy from Fart giving them "MORE WOOD" other than that, all was good. I have to say Purry Cunt County is one awesome landscape for hashing. Bailing would not have been good karma because a good few people look forward to the pillaging and raping that comes along with the Perry County hash. It was my fault as Hare that we ran out of beer. I over looked the fact that few others were arriving through the evening and assumed that a quarter would cover the rest of the evening with everybody running back and forth to the bar down the street anyway. My bad. Kudo's to 4-FU and Da Piss for running for the second keg. Kudo's to MB for all the shit he got ready for me in advance, The tables the RV the Bathroom for the Lady folk, etc. Kudo's to Fart for "More Wood". Kudo's to Slimmy and Puke for Bitching at Fart in circle because I could not at the time. Jeers to Fart for his Five hour circle of doom, jeers to Fart for not sending us a Hash Trash he promised, jeers to Chappy for rambling on about problems that no one wanted to help fix but everyone wanted to bitch about. Cheers to Slimmy for actually completing a trail from start to finish. Cheers to She Came for such great record keeping, Cheers to Puke Panther for being a Big brother to a few newer hashers and teaching them the ways of the kennel. Cheers also to Puke Panther for quieting a few rowdy hashers when he sat them on the ground after a wrestling match and sat on them till they promised to be good. Thanks for having us and thanks again for such a great hashventure. FART WHERE THE HELL IS THE HASH TRASH YOU LAZY WANKER YOU?

Dude

How's this for lazy, though I might have a few other points to add, some in my own defense. Dude's trail filled in the missing link from last year's trail. It was a nice hot day to wade across the Juniata River twice and still be on trail.

As for the long circle, if I recall correctly, we ran out of beer in the middle of circle, so there, thbbbbbttttt! I don't recall anybody saying, "Hey, let's drink Fart's Old Milwaukee!" While waiting for beer to return for the circle I did enjoy Licky Mee's swimming pool. I do recall that when some pool water sloshed into my Old Milwaukee can the beer didn't taste any different. So beer finally returned to circle and I recall being admonished to say, "May the hash get a piece!"

I was wondering why many went to the local bar because I felt no need. Melon Balls told me that somewhere along the line Delia and his new dog had words. I talked to his dog Sunday morning and the dog told me that some bitch was taking over his territory.

There was also naked fire twirling. For some reason on Sunday I felt too crappy to write.

Lame ass trash
Fart Connor

Hares: Lunachic and Eager Beaver

I was able to attend the Full Moon Hash hared by Eager last week. Let me tell ya, a fine endeavor for Eager Beaver to cover on short notice for her co-hare Lunachic out sick! As you know these gals can turn a full moon hash into a priceless moment. So we missed your furry face

Delia and you Fart because we had some kodak moments for sure.

Like when we spent longer at the first check then we did waiting for the hares to get a lead on us from circle, which I missed the most of.

(I do believe Lunachic's spirit was with Eager as she floured the trail that they laid out.) Exceptional Trail !!!!!

I remember about 24 of us, with Reading represented and several virgins, some of them serving us as part of the military force. No one from Philly, I asked.

At one point there were a few of us bridge- jumping into the creek. I didn't jump, but I learned it could be done if I ever get the gumption to do it.

There was the time down stream or maybe upstream, which was on on, that we happened upon a BN. Wellhell if you happen to be off trail cause you don't want to get your feet wet, I saw that people do most daring beer rescues because they know the reward is worth the challenge. Carve a trail with your ass Da Piss Mode decided. This was steep

Hares: Lunachic and Eager Beaver

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/

kinda like that

I had a great time coaxing our half-minded nature enjoying beer chugging friends on to safety and beer dependence . Some great pictures that I think OE has. By the way OE made a cool bead necklace with my name on it ! Way Cool !!!

I know that I.D. and I were remembering last year when these hares got their trail washed away in a category 15 on the scary thunderstorm carry your beer through the pouring rain in the woods down the stream trail.

Another memory that stands out is the serenades, tributes, and hashing out we did in the massive bridge echo chamber thingy BN .

I totally missed circle at B accused of FRB, beer abuse and falling down on trail. I musta got lost after getting back to A for my vehicle.

On-ON

Girth Brooks

6 /14/2008 H5 Run #340

Bimbo Birthday Hash (KY's 6th Anal Birthday Hash)

Hares: KY and She Came

Evangelical Free Church

Just remember- All you need to know is:

Between 12 & 3!!!!!!

haha-

Angel

Oh no ANGEL, don't get that started again!

Hey – Thanks to all you great hashers who showed up for our birthday hash.

I wanted an old Quarry Rd type party and I got it!

Great food, great fun, great debauchery. Thanks for all the gifts and food everyone. You rock!

~ KY ~

GREAT TRAIL ON SAT. PUMP KIN HEAD AND MYSELF HAD SUCH AN EXCELLENT TIME. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING AND WE HOPE YOU AND SHE CAME HAD A GREAT BIRTHDAY.

-DIK JAG HER

Hey 'Ya KY

Great hash Saturday. I stayed too late on Saturday, so I could drive home sober, and couldn't stay awake long enough to do a Hash Trash. Sunday was Fathers Day, my dad and mom should be 89 and 85 this year, so I was busy on Sunday. As opposed to the hash song, Monday thru Friday are being at work at 7AM days, shit.

Thanks for the Tresspassing
Fart Connor

Belated Hash Trash

I stayed too late at KY's and Rubber Dickies to go home and write stupid shit and I do actually have a life that's not as fun as hashing so that kind of got in the way.

Due to the 2:69 start time me and Delia arrived looking for Free Evangelicals but all we saw were the hares She Came and KY blatantly carrying a cooler over a No Trusspassing sign, I can rat them out now, I figured they had permission. A healthy crowd gathered, or at least there were a lot of hashers, and She Came demonstrated to the virgins with flour how the hares would mess up the trail. The hares took off right on hash time.

Respecting the H5 12 minute head start for a live hare trail the pack drank beer in a church parking lot. From the parking lot the pack saw the hares split up. After the required amount of waiting the pack took off and some followed KY's trail that went right to her house to a check back almost to the start. It was the beginning of the trail because the pack was stupid enough to leave the On In place to do the trail and all ran back to stomp through posted property. A short distance later beer was found in a hole created by a large tree being blown over and all was well for a short time.

Both the hares claim to have gotten lost on trail which might explain multiple trails that I think led to more Tresspassing of the neighborhood. I have to give the hares credit here though, at least they had plenty of flour to entertain the locals. I do recall that it was a nice warm end of spring day and wondered why we were the only ones outside. So where the hell were all the other "normal" people and kids on this nice day?

Yeah, Fart Connor feels a 70's rant cumming on. It was a nice warm humid Susquehanna day in Penns Woods and I think the pussy generation was home in their air conditioned computer world with their parents that survived the 70's. Lemme tell you, I had it rough in the 70's! Just for the record, in November of 1970 I turned 12 years old. My parents didn't get a color TV till about 1985 and they finally got air conditioning around 1990. So anyhow, some summer near 1970 my mom asks me what I am doing. I'm a stupid kid and reply, "Nothing". After the invitation of helping to dust the blinds I quickly learned that I always had something to do. Sometimes on hot days I

Hares: KY and She Came

Evangelical Free Church

found stuff to do in the basement. It was cool down there in more ways than one. I could root through stuff that my dad had packratted away. That might help explain the "Barn O' Hashing". It's sort of stupid that right now I'm watching the 1976 remake of King Kong, this movie sucks. How many kids won't watch a movie because it's not in color? So anyhow the basement left me too close so I learned to go bicycling. Sometimes I'd go to my buddy Pottsie's house and we would work on our bikes. Yea, before Happy Days I had a buddy whose real name was David Potts. OK, I'd really go there to ogle his sister Marsha Marsha Marsha. His family was one of the first to have cable tv and we would watch professional wrestling and bang each others heads into the wall in a childish imitation. This is also when I got into recycling. That sort of led me to beer can collecting. I think the pull tab for beer cans was invented by a prison inmate in 1964 and was first used by the Iron City Brewing Company, somebody Snopes that. This was when it was safe to ride a bike without a helmet but those safety flags on a 6 foot fiberglass pole sure could put an eye out. I'd find returnable bottles and junk yards with copper stuff. That's how I paid my way to YMCA camp and Boy Scout camp. A few years before this I had a red Schwinn one speed with coaster brakes but had now graduated to K-Mart 10 speed that at some point was stuck in 7th gear. There were lots of fishn' holes within a half hours ride at top speed. Did you ever have crayfish boiled in a Volkswagon hubcap?

So anyhow we're back on trail and going past a home with a lady outside on her deck on the cell phone. I hear the words, "and there's more of them cumming out of the woods". She must have been paranoid from watching "Invasion of the White People" and called the police. As the will of G would have it the pack was at a beer check in a civilians back yard and the Nazi Derry Police Township passed by without lights flashing looking for people outside on a warm day.

The trail went onward through woods that we didn't see any posted signs and the pack encountered a road. Shortly after this one of the things that I think is so cool about hashing happened. As usual I was back somewhere near the middle or back of the pack and see many gathered at an unmarked location at a house that had the American flag respectfully and prominently displayed. Four young civilians beckoned the hash to their front yard and broke out a case of beer! Apparently one of the hares, KY, must have wondered what happened to the pack because they weren't at the next on trail beer check about 100 yards up the hill and arrived in her vehicle to find the pack off trail. The civilians were invited to KY's for the ON In and the pack was off to the next beer check just up the hill.

Somewhere on the way back to KY's there was a shot check too. Back at KY's the hares, KY and She Came were disrespected and many others were abused. The civilians joined us and some who couldn't attend trail attended the On After. Fart Connor

Nothing beats Fart Conner's Hash Trash & Tales of the past ! I was hoping to attend this spectacular outing butt, my boss got me out of bed to work on short notice on Saturday . Thanks for the insight though . Sorry I missed it really and Happy Birthday F* You Hashers. These are always a lot of fun anyway. I had one thrown for me before I was named . I got trashed .Girth Brooks

Hares: Self Service, T-Bo, Quarterstick, and Eager Bea

Thanks to the hares yesterday for going out and giving us the hash we all love (atleast me). Self Service , Quarterstick and Eager Beaver and all those that make hashing a joy!!!

On-On

Girth Brooks

Hares: Knobgoblin

315 Ravendale Rd (Knobby's Old House)

Sorry this took so long but I've been busy. Sunday was Herseypark, Monday was the regular hash. Tuesday night I traveled to Rochester to go to another water park on Wednesday and well now it's Thursday. Anyway, the following is the events that occurred last Saturday into early Sunday morning as I remembered them or will blatantly make up.

So the day started off with about a dozen Nittany's at the former residence of Knobgoblin and Beaverstick's to pack all their worldly possessions into one 17ft. U-haul trailer. It was hotter than a witches tit out there (who came up with that expression and what the hell does it even mean) but we got the truck loaded in about two and a half hours.

While not everyone could take part in the full weekend of debauchery Sux, Europe'an Whore, Shocker, Puke Chute, and myself all drove down with Knobby and Beaverstick to their new home. The drive down was long to say the least. The way Knooby had mapped out unfortunately had a bridge that only had a mere 8'2 clearance. The U-haul was listed at 11' but that would be like me saying I'm 6'. Despite the over exaggeration by U-haul, the truck was still too big the get under the bridge, although I bet if we had had some of the Legion of Dumb with us we could have pulled it off. So after our three hour drive took about 4 hours we finally arrived at the home.

Back in the f*cking middle of nowhere they managed to find a cool english-style brick cottage and awaiting our arrival was a large gathering of H5er's. Unpacking the truck only took about 20 minutes with Dude leading the operation.

Conveniently after all the work was done Tour, Sux and EW finally showed up after stopping at the ABC in Gettysburg to "pick up the

Hares: Knobgoblin

315 Ravendale Rd (Knobby's Old House)

kegs". Since the truck was empty we set upon dispensing the beer from the kegs. We quickly realized we had two minor issues. We had no ice and since all Knobby's tools were packed we couldn't tighten the CO2 tank to the tap system. Luckily Wild Cherry had a adjustable wrench in his car that was up to the challenge and we dispatched Panic Button to procure ice.

Even tough Puke Chute decided to run a half m*r*th*n over to Knobby's earlier in the morning he agreed to help lay trail. Trail was live and there were three beer checks. It began by going back into the woods and then back and to the left of the property. Shocker was the Nittany rules FRB by finding the beer at the first beer check. It should have been Quarterstick but as Shocker put it Qstick's ADD got the better of him. He saw plenty of trees that were just begging to be swung from. Trail beer was hot Koch's lager. What woman doesn't enjoy a good hot Koch. From here we did a lot of friggin circles and most of the pack actually missed the second beer check and a boob check which was at the house. The third beer check was on the border of the next property where there was an outhouse. Fart Connor managed to get another picture of his dog Delhia (sp?) on the shitter. Why does he collect pictures of his dog on the shitter? I have know idea so you'll have to ask him. By this point the bugs were getting bad and we decided to head back to the house so we could start circle.

H5 claims it was technically one of their hashes so Tour ran circle. For some reason the hares did about 10 down-downs. Then there were three new boots and Slimy got the H5 rules FRB. I say any ruling where Slimy gets the FRB has got to be flawed! Can't remember any other specifics but there were many, many, many down-downs and fun was had by all. I do remember Fart preferring his Old Swillwaukee over any of the other wonderful beers we had for circle.

After dinner of burgers, dogs and assorted salads the standard hash games (3man and beer pong) started. Puke Chute was the first to splork at the new house and I was to first to be splorked. Thanks to Austin Shitty Limits (for some reason i don't even think this is his hash name but that what everyone was calling him, talk about confusing) an interesting rule was brought up in three man where you weren't allowed to say any numbers. As the party wound down Tour and Panic Button sang songs until about 2 am on the front porch. They tried to keep the party rolling by doing their best impersonation of the roving band of traveling assholes but it was to no avail.

This is my story and I'm sticking to it!

On-On!
Circle

Thanks to Circle Jerkinator for the Hash Trash! A great time was had by all and the house is AWESOME! Congratulations to Knobgoblin and Beaverstick on finding their new home. I was glad to meet the Nittany Hashers. And, by the way, the flawed H5 FRB rule is still in place - Slim Jim got it at the very next Hash on Sunday, TOO!

Go Slimmy!!

Marsha Marsha Marsha

Hares: Lunachic

Let me just say Thank You to all of you that came out for the Lunar spectacular !! There was quite the hash to remember . I nominate Lunachic for Hare of the Year !!! Am I perhaps bias ? I don't think so. I do know that when Lunachic hares a trail ,that there is a certain group of followers that always try to cum. Ha-Ha. She really does appreciate that. If you cunt make it ,your bag , hope to see ya soon!!

I was at home , no more than a mile from start ,in the middle of a golf swing exercise .(Hey now !!!!!!! Wii sports you pervs.)I heard a horn blow which meant that I had to get my arse in gear. Just a moment later the occupants of the horn blower were back to see what was happening. Panic Button & a virgin Just Ryan had made their way to our house to wait out the start time. I wrapped up the golf moment and set out to get ready for the anything is possible Lunachic Full Moon Trail .Wearing my home team Pittsburgh Penguins Jersey ,white pants with black sliding shorts ,I was ready for anything ! Luna drove Anal Nicole , Just Dan and I to the gathering for Circle just before 7:30 p.m.

Some were already there ! Such as Flaming Earl Gay, Screw ,Interior Deficater(who just had a falling out with his best friend and was very devastated and distraught) ,Just Debra, A.N.G.E.L. & Marley (from R3). Late cummers before circle were Big Rig & Jello (from R3), Just Paul ,whom I overheard later saying that this was much better the 2 'nd time around & Just Corinda . (More on her later.) We could here Dude's Bike cumming in the distance . It dropped off Da Piss Mode and proceeded to drive away with Dude

Hares: Lunachic

Where's My Mullit still at the reigns. He gathered control (of perhaps the first official mechanical Hasher) and joined us for the tasty brewHaHa ,which our Hares Anal Nichole and Lunachick so graciously supplied .Sticky Bunnz and Wild Cherry showed up shortly before the last of the great group FuzzBuster arrived .

All was set, after Hashcash was takin' care of and we circled up ,with beers in hand , to explain to the virgin what he may cum up against on trail .Totally confused ? He seemed ready to the challenge . He has heard of Hashing for several years now . Panic Button must have been relentless to have his way with him to join us ! Finally he took the challenge . From what I could see he was up to it and had a great time. What ? Not surprised?

On-On we went east on Rails To Trails twelve minutes after the Hares left us . I was DFL knowing that I would be right back up front soon . This was where I got my running problem to begin with about 35 years ago .I was very comfortable in my stride as I made my way to the first check . We had to pound the full 32' of pavement across rt. 117 to a place where I remember my Father sold watermelons floating in the spring water at Buck Shot Spring. This was closed down in the 1980's I think. We drank most of the beers there which were Quart bottles of Lager . Cleaned up and moved up hill in State game forest . I heard some deer moving to our left as we went through the very dark forest. The cloud cover shunned the Moon. Into a skunk cabbage swampy area and down the hill through a fine version of Mt. Gretna lowland shiggy. WE broke out of the well marked trail in the woods to a 1/4 mile or so of open road. There was very little traffic on this usually busy road .

Crossing the pavement again to a small fisherman's trail that led us to a surreal area that took me back to a calmer time 30 years ago. For Big Rig , it reminded him of Kentucky. I gave up fishing when I turned 21 .(No license needed for beer drinking) Can you imagine if we needed to get a permit to drink ? UUUGGGHHHH !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Marley enjoyed playing fetch with various logs in the trout stream . Anyway I stirred up some old fish stories and Dude did some Legion of Dumb stuff by doing an alien impression 10 ' feet up two saplings.

We drank all the beer and Just Dan had convinced us all to follow him to trail that he found out of the BN . Five measly flour dots later I hear it is a False. That almost earned him the name erectionally challenged Maybe that is for someone at a later time , maybe .In the distance I heard Sticky yell "ON-ON Bring a flashlight". I thought she couldn't find something that had to do with Screw! Never mind !

Soooo off we go winding our way back in the woods , on the rails trail ,across 117, over Buck Shot Spring to the On-In .Not finished yet though ,Luna takes us all up to the spring house where, circle was held (She found it scouting trail.) I had another flashback of being a teenager. I know that area very well !!

Screw took over as circle was ordered up . Down Downs ensued and and many terrific Hash songs were sung. Two namings were in order .Just Corinda (almost named cums and giggles)will henceforth be known as "Little Red Ride Me Hard" because among other things, she dawned a brilliant shade of Red Hair for the evening, & Just Dan will be known as Nuget (however it is spelled pronounced NEWGET) because he like always eats junk food and is a little 18 year old that passes for 12 years old at the all you can eat buffet (that may be a good Hash name also.) We dispensed from there around 11.00 P.M. Realizing I had the car keys and Luna was 5 minutes a head , I went to the old rail road bed where I staggered as I ran ,taking two steps sideways and one step forward to reach out to the car just a moment before they arrived. Lucky Me.

Dude & Da Piss Mode met us at our house where we looked at the progress that was made on the Chicken coop . We kept the party going till Dude and Da Piss Mode got bundled up in their vermedically sealed travel gear for the chilly ride home, and we finally turned in around 12:30 A.M. for a Happy Ending !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

1 2 3

ON-ON

Girth Brooks

"Pop-pop could you tell us a story?" the little boy asked to the elderly man who sat beside him on the park bench. It was a warm summer day, with the sun bright overhead, and few passing clouds drifting slowly overhead. The trio children crammed onto the park bench beside their aging grandfather watching the ducks swim circles in the calm pond that lay front of them. "Well little fellah, I haven't much time they will be here soon but okay.." the elderly man asked, "What kind of story do you want to hear?" "Tell us one from when you were younger, Please?" cried the teenaged youth who sat at the far end of the bench. "I always like those hasher tales you tell so well." "Hmm, ok let me think." replied the old man. "Alright, It was I believe 2008." pausing to catch his thoughts before continuing the old man looked to the sky with a smile forming on his face. Beaming with pride as the recollections flooded his mind. His eyes suddenly became clear as he remembered old friends and old faces..

"It was the end of May I remember well. We had quiet a cold spring that year and it was just as chilly that night as it was in February of that year." He sighed and continued on "We gathered in a parking lot along a winding back road,, you see back then the state game lands were more then just tennis courts and soccer fields. We had trees too. that night was one of the full moon. and I remember this one well because Luna Chik had gotten the group of us together.....

It was around 7:30 that night when we all arrived,, fuzz buster running late as usual, Panic Button, Flaming Earl Gay, Da' Piss Mode, Girth Brooks, And even a few from Reading turned out to see what a real hash looks like. With a virgin in the midst Luna and Anal Nicole took a few minutes to explain the deal, and gave some very fine examples of flour art. After taking flight the group that included a rare just Corinda waited round as the sun set to our backs. the moon rising thru the trees full and bright. It was not long before the restless pack took flight and pursued the witty hares. the trail took us winding down a state trail before sending us flying into the woods, and bringing us back out to the road for a chek at an old natural spring marker. It looked as if it was once an altar for tree huggin hippies. Caps were popped and forties of ale were emptied. After that we took to the trees once more and followed a narrow stream through and by till arriving some short time later to a small clearing where we had discovered even more ale awaiting us. A small group got together and started BBQ'in chicken. Angel who just out of curiosity had come to an H5 hash to see what a real hash was supposed to look like had brought along her pooch who tried to steal the large log everyone had been sitting on. It was kinda funny to see a cocoa colored lab try to pull a twenty foot log with ten or so people sitting on it.

Anyway that's when Dude, with his lungs full of chicken and his head full of shit, decided to climb two trees at once. He went flying to the top of the thirty or so foot tall saplings faster then anyone had thought possible. As a matter of fact the dog even got stunned and decided dude was just not right and bit him on the ass as he hit ground, as if to say what the fuk. It was then decided that Dude had to do it once more so everyone could see it this time as the first happened so fast it was just a blur. Somewhere around that time a conversation was going on about someone had scouted trail in advance of the pak. while everyone was standing around drinking, Little Just Dan decided to run out ahead and have himself a look see. It was kinda funny Because when he was telling the tale of trail to be, Dude even asked him "Are you sure it is not a false?" Well just Dan replied hell no it aint no false. So with him in the lead and the pack in tow behind him we all set off through the trees to what was soon discovered to be A FALSE TRAIL. So as the saying goes,,About

Hares: Lunachic

Face, and March. Boots were embedded into the offending ass, and we cuntinyoued on. Off we went in the other D'erection. The woods Fairies and gnomes of the night must have gotten plenty amused with us because they just happened to open a warp portal that brought us right back to the same tree hugger altar that the first check point was located at. Well okay so it was just a cold spring marker.. Butt further behind it where we ventured for the on after was the real altar. A large stone slab sitting amongst some fairly large sassafras trees and We then proceeded to have circle.

"Grandpa what's Circle?" "well little one let me finish and you will soon see." The elder man replied to the little girl who now sat in front of him on the ground. "We had Screw present that night so He took on duties of the R.A. and proceeded to mangle the hell out of some good songs with his cat like voice that I am sure if anyone driving by slowly would have sworn we holding some sort of ritual out at that altar. Screw brought in the hares and it was decided they laid a great trail. double Down Downs were given due to the extremely small sized flagons present." "Wait what's a flagon?" Asked the young man who sat beside his grandfather on the park bench. "A flagons a mug you idiot!" the elder boy beside him yelled smacking him upon his head with his open hand messing the younger boys hair up as he did it. "Now now you want me to finish?" asked the old man. " Well as it seems Screw did a fine job as R.A. and Just Corinda Finally got her dream of being a named hasher. no longer can she venture out to a hash and use her nerd name for forever on from that moonlight night was she to be known as Little Red Ride Me Hard. Just Dan became a named hasher as well. His luck was a small chance better and he became Nougat. The night convened with even more singing and merry making as Screw led us throgh some wonderful renditions of old classics and new parodies as well. What a night that was. Fine spirits and even better friendships. All tossed together under the light of the moon to make for an absolutely enjoyable atmosphere." "So tell us some more..." the little girl sitting in the grass called out.. Just then a group of brightly dressed joggers went running by and the old mans ears perked to the cry of "On-On" sent out by one of the runners in the lead... "Another time young one I must be going take care. I shall see you'se later.. with that the old man jumped to his feet and reached into his pocket pulling out a mangled looking cigarette. He joined in with the crowd of runners striking up a pace with a few younger people in red dresses. "Want some chicken?" he said to a girl running next to him in a red prom type dress with a rainbow wig upon her head.... "Sure!" she replied....

Dude

Were they one-legged ducks? Otherwise, why would they be swimming in circles? That's sad....

T-Bo

5 /17/2008 H5 Run #336

Rat Pack Day Hash

Hares: M'Orally and George Wash In Cum

1912 Haverhill Rd. parkville , Md 21234

After the skies cleared and made way to the grande sunshine Hu Phlung Pu, Anal Nicole, and myself all piled into Hu's sleek limo and were showered all the way to the house of Challenged Cum in beautiful upstate Merryland, where we had some real hard times parking, there was to many choices and neither of us could figure it out, as to where we should park,,left side facing down the street right side facing up the street, so Anal said "Fuck it" and had the driver park on the left side facing up the street, and it was It was then we, upon exiting the fine carriage, caught first whiff of an overripe keg that was in desperate need of emptying and we followed the delicious aroma around the back of the house to find a solitary keg just waiting to soothe our parched lips, and massage our aching livers, while awaiting the arrival of the rest of the enormous pak that showed up in due time and soon the hares M'Oraly Challenged and George Washincum were bounding out of sight, soon to be followed at a very non-leisurly pace,by Bobbing for butt plugs, myself and some other hasher, who was tall enough to see over the trees, and the rest pack took flight, and went bounding down the trail not so gracefully, but I'm sure you are not going to believe me when I tell you that the first beer chek was only twenty feet from the start, go finger huh, anyway it was not twenty feet from the start, the first beer chek was twenty two feet from the start, but as it seems the really tall guy said fuk it slammed his brew, and, hey wait no I really can't remember his name it was too damn long to even consider remembering, and it took him five minutes to say it, anyway me and my damn A.D.D. back to the story, the really tall guy took off from the chek and left dude standing in the woods with no guide, so after bumping into a few trees and almost walking off a cliff dude here bumped into Bobbing for butt plugs, as he was cumming down trail and soon realized that B.F.B.P. according to the braille on his chest was not the thing dude was looking for, wrong plumbing,, so off we went only to cum across a shot chek that two hashers, who were looking for it with eyes that work a whole hell of a lot better then dude's,, just ran right by,,yummy, Dude was tempted to sit there and drink the shots in his lonesome, butt was nice enough to shout, "Hey you dumbassess Ya walked right by them",,, anyway that's about it,, after fording some very large streams Vagina Whiner, and Dude decided to climb thru waste deep water, and crawl on their bellies, through some 40 feet of sewer pipe, for a very nice photo opp, but that's about the last time anyone of the pack saw anyone else in the pac, because the entire trail fell to pieces and EVERYONE then proceeded to get lost, till Geiorge W who had ran out of flour and decided to guide the pack from chek to chek, got the pak even further lost., and then he disappeared into the woods himself, so Stik It in My Socket and a few others including a hasher from Chicago then said fuk dis, and tried to return to the last logical mark that was seen but that was all the way back at the start, and after rounding a bend in the woods, and cumming to a clearing, we witnessed a herd,, and by herd I mean at least seven or eight deer including a few fawns who were no bigger then a small dog,,, all bounding through a field, and I am not exaggerating when I say they cleared a seven foot fence in one graceful bound like it was nothing, way cool to see, so with trail lost beyond finding, Stik it and a few others went back to the first beer chek, where it was remembered that there was a whole cooler of beer left sitting, after finishing the remaining beer, G.W. showed up and says hey lets go down the road and get the other shot chek, cool so Stik it and G.W. and, I forget who else climbed down into a sewer pipe under the road for something that tasted like alcoholic pepto-bismal and even looked like it too. Holy shit I need to start a new sentence here so nobody complains aout run-on sentences, but hey at least it aint a rambling paragraph, right? After the return of all the missing hashers Dude was elected to ruin circle God only knows why, and did the shittiest job imaginable, totally fukin the entire thing up beyond any and all logical reason. I do believe that Just Angie got named as well as just Kevin,,, I am rather certain that J.A. became now and forever to be known as Dik Jag Her,,, and for some reason I can't recall what the hell we named J.K. I had it all written down and even stuk it in my pocket but fuk lost shit is lost shit me and my old-timers disease....

there I started a new paragraph so there is no complaints about rambling paragraphs ...run on sentences are bad enough, but who the hell wants to read a rambling paragraph. After circle a few hopeless basket cases got clamped. V.W. got his balls caught in the trap, and when it was pried off it snapped shut on M'Orally's nether region leaving her wincing in pain, the trap then proceeded to be pried of and was again found clamped on a few other nipples and ended up going crazy and attacked G.W.C.'s privates with relentless abandon. I think that someone was nice enough to pry it off before his testicles turned purple. Somewhere around this time a slew of home brew was brought out. A few weird flavors were to be had including some really weird Viagra infused brew that did nothing but make my nipples pokey for the remainder of the night. King Kong made an appearance and was caught having pleasurable moments

Hares: M'Orally and George Wash In Cum

1912 Haverhill Rd. parkville , Md 21234

with M'orally Challenged. I feel bad for date rape barbie who is sure to see the photos on hashspace and freak. Anyhow it was a really good trail with really good people and if you were not there you missed a hell of a great time. sorry about your luk. The rest is history. Dude.

Hey all,

Sorry we didn't see more of you here. The trail ,as it was , was good , plenty of scenery. Everyone missed the slime slide , save for Dude,Creamy Dog Crap,Stik It In...,and Fey Lay. As I had planned for about 25 , there was more than enough adult beverages. The home brew was great (thanks Just Rob) We partied until a bit after midnight , except Just April , who was passed out by 8. For the turn out,I was pleased to have a nearly kicked keg. Just Angee was indeed named Dik Jag Her, and Just Kevin will now and forever more be known as Bring Em Hung. Thanks to Hu,Anal Nicole , and Dude for making the trek.It wouldn't have been the same without you. I don't know if that is a good thing, just kidding. I will be putting some pics on Hash Space so if you wanna see em , check out my page,I know Fey Lay has a bunch as well as Bobbing for Buttplgs. See everyone soon Hope you all had shitty trails as did we.

ON~ON
GW

Mullett and Creamy got steamy

and off into the woods they went

They found some flour

and took a gold shower

they tried to deny it and

they tried to hide it

but couldn't get rid of the scent

Just because we left the hash site doesn't mean that the hash ended. It never ends when Mullett is around. He continued to hash in the truck on the way home.

Mullett and I were loaded and Anal Nicole drove. It's a wonder we didn't wreck. We had beer checks and pee breaks and Mullett climbing back and forth from the front seat to the back seat with attempt to climb through the two small back windows into the bed of my truck. He continued to play with the trap and get me to put my winky into the trap. We kept yelling at eachother to "shut the f&#K up". Poor Anal.

We made it home safely.

Hares: Dude, Where's My Mullett

Dude Where's My Mullet and Fart Connor laid a shitty trail yesterday! Too much shiggy. Too many miles. And not enough beer!

Just Troy got named CREAMED IN THE BACK (ALLEY) for allowing the usual suspect of bimbos (related or not) to lick BAB's birthday cake off his face. Many new boots joined us, including Just Brad who found the hash on his own and is excited to witness a "real" hash. **Wild Cherry was recognized for his 50th run, Screw was even there to be recognized for his 150th run, sing a few hash songs** and do his usual disappearing act. Chappy was there to drink her share of beer that she didn't get to drink at Stinko because she was **too busy cooking. Da Piss Mode looked just like her mother in combat boots and pleather dress. Spankings abounded. Great seeing** Bushrat, Screw, Headfirst, Flounder, and Fuzz who made H5 possible many years back. Thanks for making my Mother's Day weekend complete.

On-On, ~KY~

PS – Just Bob, did you find "The Trees" by Rush yet?

Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects

Wow what a fukin weekend. Let us bow our heads and remember our dead livers.....And the 18 kegs that were sacrificed to the Beer Gods this weekend. Now hat is not counting the 50 some odd cases of brew smuggled in by selfless hashers or the 70 some odd bottles of hard lik her either. AND don't even try to remeber the 15 gallons Slim Jim brought of his own personal Stash.. Slim Makes some of the greatest beer I ever did taste, Lockjaw who is H5's pro beer meister, brung sum of his own stash as well, me I took a liking to Lockjaws pepper brew,,,wow now thats a hot beer. With all the fun that was had it is hard for me to single out just one hour of stupidity to write about...

Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects

I can say this though. Harrisburg Hershey H5 really did one hell of a job putting the show on. Many thanks to Bushrat and fuzzbuster for such a great weekend. Chappy and Ruffi and the kitchen crew did a hell of a job keeping us well fed. Bushrat, Quarterstick and their eagle trail holysht is all I can say there. Lunachik and Dik on a Stik and whoever else laid the trail for the turkeys heard lots of fuked up things about that one including a crying Backalley Bargian who got lost right on the start and bawled all the way back to camp. Friday nights kareoke and the cabin crawl rocked, with many hashers staying up till the crack of dawn and partyin in the lodge. Those who did get to sleep early ended up being nudged awake at 330 in the morning by Fart Connors bugle. Back to the party wankers. Saturday's hash olympics put on by Panic Button and Da Piss Mode were far outta the league. Tricycle races (I still think Girth Brooks and Myself were the winners of that one) and Izzy dizzy..(never seen a fat old guy (4f-u) run that fast)..Yah that was awesome..Then a clothes change race. Hey wait a minute, She Came and I won that one...Right after the olympics the dunking commenced with many hot harriettes getting the stiff nipple treatment. Oh and a few wankers as well. I swear I will forever have nightmares of sitting on a dunktank seat while Everyday Asshole throws gigantic softballs at me while screaming "DELETE THIS BITCH!!!" After drunk tank trail took off and three hours later those who took the Eagle trail were regretting it. 6 miles of the Pa highlands and a shot chek eighty feet above a raging river...those on the ground caught a good bit of yummy from the guy who I forget who he was on the pipeline that poured the eighty foot shots. Even more debauchery after trail with Just Mike forever to be known as Hu Phlung Poo, and someone else got named but seeing as to the fact I aint been sober since tuesday i aint even about to remember or try for that matter to remember. Sorry bud C.R.S. Is my excuse here. saturday night BUBBA. the awesome Hash Band led by Tour De Puke. That was one helluva night. herbal brownies and ballons filled with some shit that had me spinning and laughing my ass off kept me two clicks from fallin over. rumors of a nakid slip and slide and a nakid midnight run were floating out there somewhere as well. But fuk I cant remember shit. I do kknow that while most packed out sunday, Bushrat fuzzbuster Griz Slim Jim, Dude, da piss Mode panic button, Eager, European Whore tour de puke and a few others kept trying to kill off the remainder of the kegs.All the while deathwish built a tower of dumb from the empty barrels..climbing to the roof the lodge to stak the remainders on top... Da piss mode fuzzy an myself were still there drinking at 830 sunday night before heading over to tour de pukes where I passed my ass out finnaly.. So as it ended at tours I CANT REMEMBER SHIT And the record still stands that any event that ends at tour's house aint remembered by me. If You remember something and claim to be at stinko post a comment and let the world know STINKO KIKS KEGS.....AND H5 ROCKS ON-ON All posts regarding stinko will be judged in the following catergori's,,,,funniest moment.....Fuk I can't believe you remembered that....you saw what??? and the big award will goto the greatest stinko moment of 2008 so post your memory and forever be ridiculed...all awards to be presented at the KIK THE KEG HASH ON MAY 10th hosted by Dude Where's My Mullet,,,and Fart Connors...if he is there. so stik your shit in the open and prepare for humiliation.

Dude

Arrrrrrr Wankers

Monday is a recovery day! I think my hang over is about gone, though I think my eyes are still oozing beer foam and my singing voice is still in recovery.

Twas a fine second day of May as the hashers descended on a secret location somewhere in Central Pennsylvania. Many must have had their priorities right and took a long weekend. My poor dog couldn't figure why I had a truck load of hashing shit and she couldn't go. It's a good thing I bring extra stuff because I forgot my sleeping bag. Another couple arrived from DC area, I think, and forgot their tent stuff during a car switch. Yea, I got to use some of the extra stuff. It's interesting to note hasher individualism it the setting up of their camp sites. Campo de Farte was set up and looked out and saw tent city. There must have been 75 tents set up. I wonder if anybody came drunkenly home to the wrong tent?

It was great to see so many familiar faces and many more that I met for the first time or at least remembered for the first time. One of my goals this year was not to be hurting till Wednesday. Quarterstick's fire was unveiled for the upcoming night fall. Sister Maria's hot tubs were firing up. I thought Marco Homo, I think that's his name, was full of shit when he noted that the hot tub set up was inefficient. He drove home and made the tubs work so much better. Chappy's kitchen crew was firing up about 10 different batches of chili for a cook off. Dancing Fool was a one man clean up crew. A lot of other people helped out and thanks should be offered, I owe you a beer.

In celebration of No Pants Day there was a boxer shorts contest and karaoke. This got sort of ugly. An example was Dude, Where's My Mullet's use of a small box and duct tape to make suspenders, no I didn't look under it. Tub Slut had the large body size version box. Back Alley Bargian had glow in the dark shorts. Duke of Hurl had the vampire thing going. AARPenis had her version of Box in a Box, only it was an anatomically correct 8" dildo. Many songs were butchered and eventually many ventured outside like moths as Q-sticks fire was set to guide the space shuttle in. For some reason I forget exactly when the camp crawl was. More beer!

Saturday started cool but sunny, the fire that now looked like Stonehenge was nice to stand beside. The group hung out and shot the shit till the hares, Bushrat, Eager Beaver, Lunachick, Quarterstick, and Dick on a Stick took off right on 1:00 hash time. Here's one of the neatest thing about Camp Climax, we have a place where we don't need to travel to do trail. Yes sir, right out into the nice shiggy and hills. For an H5 trail some wondered if we missed a beer check, at least shortly after the Turkey Eagle split we did find beer. Cool beer check in a cool meadow on a hilltop with a view of the Susquehanna River. From there the trail took the obligatory railroad tracks and somewhere along the way the pack messed up the Turkey and Eagles. I think the crafty hares left a false that some of the Eagle pack ran through and vice versa. The pack regrouped at a shot check beside a stream. We made it back to camp about 4 and had to get ready for Bubba!

Bubba rocks! We were smokin' and drinkin' and groovin' to the music and that's when it hit me, the building was shakin! Large objects were vibrating across the stage, maybe some hashers too. Buttfloss got to celebrate his 50th birthday by being covered in whipped cream and hot bimbos removing it. Who the hell brought the balloons? They don't do anything to me except make my wake up on the floor. Oh that's right, it rained like hell while Bubba was playing. I was lucky that I double tarped my campsite.

Now, I might be a little fuzzy on the true facts about the time Bubba finished but I think I put my bugle away for the night and went to sit by the fire. There was more wood left for the fire and I tried to help. As I was performing my duties I was sort of whistling while I worked. Singing in my best voice "More wood more wood more wood more wood, more wood more wood more wood!" Fire Fairies and

Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects

Wood Pussies. I'm not sure about the time but I think the quote, "It's 3 in the morning, shut the fuck up!" , sums it up. It was most awesome to hear some of the 15 or 20 sitting around the fire to strike up one more verse of "More Wood". Then I shut up. Just for the record, I was not the first to be tooting a horn after the sun came up.

Sunday sun up and it was a nice day to pack up and get back to the real world.

On Arrrrr to Co-motion by the Ocean

Fart Connor

All,

I first wanted to say I'm sorry that I left Stinko early and have yet to ever see Bubba play. My uncle past away on Thursday and I was debating about whether to still go to Stinko or not. I figured that it was better to go to Stinko and try to have a good time. The funeral was today, but at about 8PM on Saturday I recieved a call from family asking that I come home early. I wanted to thank everyone who gave me the release I was looking for. I don't think a lot of people knew. I hope I didn't show it and bring anyone down. I now know why Stinko is "IT".

With that said, I'd like to get a bit more upbeat. I have a couple of Stinko stories that really made an impression on me. Here they go:

FRIDAY night. I didn't bring a tent and was happy to sleep in my trailblazer. It was roomy and no one to cuddle with. =(I had no offers... well, I had one, but that an EASY no. Anyway. Sometime during the night my vehicle got bumped. I awoke and heard sounds of "intercourse"... Not squish, slurp, or anything like that, but, "uh huh, yeah, oh yeaaaaaah!" Oh and it was damn close!

I sat up to barely make out a couple going to town just outside my vehicle. I remember the pub crawl, flip cup (which I must say I am all star performer at), and dancing to a tone-def Panic Button and Chlorine singing "I got you babe", but how I got to my sleeping area is a mystery. Anyway, I rolled down my window couldn't see too much with so little light. So in my best dry mouth voice I yell, "hey, I know your getting your freak on, but I'm trying to sleep. Can you move that shit down a few vehicles?"

Whoever the guy was put his hand on face and pushed me back into the vehicle and said, "Dude, I'm almost there..."

PRICELESS.

With that, I remember it making sense in my head and I went back to sleep. The next day I discovered shit right outside my vehicle (which Panic Button almost stepped in). The suspect also shit on my tire which I showed many.

2nd MEMORY happened on Saturday afternoon. NFHN Pam, Just Steph, Panic Button, She Came and my new pal Blue Ball Slapper were screwing around with a damn pink Flamingo and doing beer bongs out of its beak. I don't remember a lot because Just Steph insisted on jumping into my arms. Not sure if the plastic touching the icy cold beer makes it so good when it touches or lips or the fact that it is beer and I like it a lot.

Back on track. S&M Man came by (He had a kilt and a tent where he proudly displayed his name). The tent was close to swimming pool. He and NFHN Pam disappeared after what seemed like ten seconds. Next thing you know, I'm being recruited to go to Just Steph and NFHN Pam's tent. Inside we can hear some sort of "ACTION". Just Steph opens the tent and see a kilt up in the air and with bare butt cheeks. Just Steph is rather upset that whatever is going on is happening on her sleeping back. So she promptly rips the sleeping back outta' the tent thus revealing more of NFHN Pam that she probably wanted shown. I remember there were a couple of us there, but no flash blubs went off meaning... No one had a camera ready, we couldn't operate it, or Butt Pirate hadn't found his camera which was either stolen, misplaced, or both. Another priceless moment.

ATM

Phew, what a week!

After a 12-hour work marathon on Sunday to get everything cleaned up, packed up and moved back, I'll be ready to park in my garage again tonight after I put the last batch of boxes away. Fuzz & I have been slaving away since Sunday to get our lives back in order after Stinko. Today is the day.

First, I want to thank Fart, ID and 4-F You for helping me move 4 carloads of stuff out to camp the weekend before Stinko. I still had to make a trip out there every night after work to deliver more supplies that were stored from the previous year. I still say, given the number of hashers we have in H5, we ought to be able to store all this stuff in their houses and have everyone bring a little bit out to the camp at the right time to make it happen. Question is can we rely on everyone to be reliable and disciplined enough to remember to do that and come out to Stinko every year?

Then I want to thank the above crew and Webelo Scout, Itemized Seduction and Dragnet (did I forget anyone?) for helping me set up the equipment in the hot tub area. It was an ordeal, because the hot water heater stored in Desperate's garage did not make it out there till late Thursday night (thank you Panic Button for going the distance) and Nittany Valley's heater which we were expecting Thursday afternoon was 24 hours late (thank you Hornyduck for bringing it out). So just like the year before, we were very late getting started and as a result we did not have hot water in the hot tubs Friday night.

A funny thing happened. A Stinko virgin named Marco Homo (DC area hasher) arrived and started laughing hysterically when he saw the setup. When he recovered, he said he has a system that can do 10 times a better job. It's a Japanese on-demand hot water

Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects

heater that uses very little propane, but heats up 10 times the water to a much hotter temperature. He had it stored in Frederick, MD, and was willing to get it Friday night, except he wasn't sober to drive. But he went and got it Saturday morning, plugged it in and was getting steaming hot water before we even got on trail. Those coming off trail discovered 103 deg F hot water in the hot tubs and steaming hot outdoor showers (we could have put some in the drunk tank, but no one asked), running all at the same time from this unit. Marco Homo promised he'd be back again next year with his on-demand hot water heater. We owe a big thank you to MH!

I'd like to thank the above crew for helping tear down the stuff on Sunday, cleaning it, drying it and packing it up. The only one missing was Webelo Scout, who upon hearing there was rain coming, broke camp after trail Saturday and headed home, not to be seen again - you missed a great party dude! A special thanks to Itemized Seduction and Cliff Diver, who stayed all day Sunday to help out and helped make two round trips of equipment & supplies back to our house, after which they still had a long drive home.

Also thanks to Dancing Fool, who stayed all day Sunday sweeping the camp (like a Roomba) for any hint of litter - and for constantly cleaning the bathrooms; and to Slim Jim, who not only brought his home brew, but also stayed all day Sunday to clean up the kitchen and dining area; and to my wife Fuzzbuster who worked tirelessly all weekend, but ended up injuring her back from all the lifting she did on Sunday.

I want to encourage all H5 hashers to get involved in putting Stinko on. Come out to the planning meetings and offer your services or volunteer for something specific. It's the effort of many that makes it easier on everyone. After all, this is your event to treat the visitors, not the other way around. If you want to be treated, go to their weekend events.

On On!
Sister

Aw, shucks, just like doing my part.
And I loved the toasty hot water!
I actually missed some of the skits.
I still need to have my spa fixed.
sigh

The drive home was tough.
By the time I got home Sunday night I crashed right into bed.
Did not get to unpack the car til Tuesday night.

Had fun
Stinko Rocks

Itemized Seduction

Sorry about having to take off on Saturday night. I had to attend my daughters play on Sunday and didn't want to get stuck putting away a wet tent, so I packed it up Saturday afternoon. Then I went to help out ATM and Dude cook supper, as Dude was chained to the grill - literally!

On-on!

Webelo Scout

Last year, sometime after Eeries hash (July 11) I loaned my large blue and yellow tent to someone. K. was that you? I can't remember who I loaned it to and neither can Puke Panther. I need it back please along with our air mattress. I went to look for it for Stinko and couldn't find it. I have no short term memory since you know what.

A follow-up to Sister's thanking you's.
THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU TO EVERYONE WHO HELPED OUT IN THE KITCHEN FOR STINKO. It is a huge responsibility.
Wed night 1700.00 Sam's club shopping frenzy: Fuzz, Sister, Grizz, CTWS, Ruffie, Dude, K and Panic Button.

Deathwish: Now we have a griddle and steam table. Woohoooo.
Thurs. prep day/night: BAB, ID and Webelo Scout for helping me unload 1000.00 worth of frozen food from Sysco. She Came, Grizz (many jobs), CTWS, Hung like the Amish, Lil's Sper-Maid, Dude, Just Phil, Anal Nicole and Wild Cherry for all the kitchen prep. GDTU and Beefeater for showing up LATE Thurs. when all the work was done
f°.

Special thanks to Grizz for stepping up to the griddle and to Dude for cooking the beef and ckn. (How many ckn packs did we cook? I need to know please) There were very little egg shells in the buckets from the 64 dozen eggs cracked. Thanks for not being too drunk (whew, glad Doodle wasn't there.) f°

Yupper, Dragnet, Dude, Grizz, Cock-n-Face (non H5), Fuck Puppet and Webelo Scout for all your grilling expertise.
Chocolate Starfish and Piss off for making yet another Lowe's run for a 5gal egg bucket. Yes, I'll need another one next year; someone used the orange one for mop water. K.yuck!!

Just Allison, Unhitched Cock, Yupper and Dragnet for Saturday's breakfast. Grizz for picking up the subs. Anal Nicole for dinner set up. Hats off to those present (about 15 hashers, non/ H5) that helped clean the mess hall Sunday morning before breakfast. It took an hour and it was the worst that I have ever seen after Rocking with Bubba Saturday night.
Cock-n-face, Puke Panther, Fuck Puppet for Sunday breakfast.
Itemized Seduction for the use of your coffee pots.

Hares: The H5 Usual Suspects

She came, Lunachic, Puke Panther, Just Allison, Grizz, ATM and Hung like the Amish for your Chili. Desperatej's black bean soup and Ruffiej's cornbread.

Puke Panther for helping me design the trophy.

Dancing Fool for ALL THE CAMP CLEAN UP. Canj't say enough good about what you do for us at Stinko. HE SHOULD HAVE A FREE REGO. Nuff said about that.

Butt Pirate for sweeping the mess hall Sunday noon. FEG, Slimmy, Vagina Whiner, Itemized Seduction, Puke Panther, Dragnet, Anal Nicole, Wild Cherry, CTWS, HungjK, ID, BAB, Fuck Puppet, Dude, Ruffie for helping clean the mess hall. Along with many non H5 folks.

Eager for marrying the condiments and helping me pack up boxes of kitchen/mess hall stuff for Fuzz. (Makes her job easier for inventory)

Thanks for the markers, pens, lighters, beer and all your help everyone!!! (All from what I remember)

I gave BAB the wonderful job of mopping the deckjK(betcha she wonj't set up camp in my spot next year) ;-) The deck looked great!!! Good Job sweetie.

And to Who Flung Poo (rinse the fuck off) who stood in the kitchen window bitching about the coffee. Oh, but I remember what you said j\$they are just lazy by not making fresh coffee.j" Do your part and help next yearjK.The coffee pots are yours for Stinko 2009 buddy.

Oh and Tour for bagging my pancakes. (Every little thing helps)

I left Sunday afternoon at 4:30 for softball practice. The mess hall and kitchen was clean, boxed up and ready to go for Fuzz (except for the kitchen floor and fridgej's.)

Who trashed it after I left?

THANKS EVERYONE, I HAD A GREAT STINKO.

It takes every H5 member to have a successful Stinko. Please do your part and help next year with Sunday clean up.

On on to Co-Motion

Much love, Chappy

want to thank everyone that pitched in over the weeks, and over the weekend especially to make Stinko another big success. There is a lot that I do not see, but I know happens. KY at the computer, Fuzz, Chappy and company shopping, and much more. Q-Stick put in a lot of hours prior to. Between scouting trail numerous times, moving the beer trailer, cutting fire wood, getting ice in York, and the drunk tank, I think he gets the high mileage award. Chappy and crew did an awesome job with the food. We only do this once a year,(thankfully) so their is not a lot of practice. So for being a bunch of half minds, you all did real good. I also have to mention the out of town help. Where would we be without Dancing Fool? And even though Slim Jim still considers himself a H5er, he is only part time. He was a lot of help as well. There are way to many to continue signaling out. You know who you are.

Other stuff

After trail this cumming weekend, I hope a lot of you will join us at Appalachian Brewing Company for HARPAPALOOZA. I need a couple of volunteers to help like last year, so let me know if you are interested.

Also I know there are several that help at tour. Like Tour, Grizz, Panic Button, Takes It All, Hand Job, Desperate Dave, and Head First. I know that I missed some. So if you are planning on helping, let me know. I have a meeting with my volunteer committee person Wed. and I want to make sure I know who to count on.

Take care ON ON

Bushrat

4 /20/2008 TMINMFMH3 Run #105

Full Pink Moon Hash

Hares: Legion of Dumb and Mrs. QuarterStick and Eag

Lucky for me I was able to fit in my schedule the Legion of dumb & Mrs. Legion of dumb haring for the full moon run.

Lucky for me I was able to arrive at 4:40.

Lucky for me I didn't miss circle to see the hares off.

Lucky for me I was surrounded by maybe a dozen or more of h5-ers and 1 virgin named Just Katherine.

Lucky for me I worked up a good sweat pounding my feet on the ridge of the blue mountains.

Lucky for me the rain was enough to cool me down

Lucky for me I love downhill trails.

Lucky for me I had plenty of liquids in me.

Lucky for me there was plenty of beer for incentive to keep going up the mountain.

Lucky for me there was a nice soft area to land in ,when I flew through the air, going down the mountain.

Lucky for me I was able to see trail markings.

Lucky for me we all made it back to the point of beginning without :

turning an ankle

having a heart attack

bleeding too severely

drinking all the beer

getting lost

being struck by lightning.

Lucky for me the chicken was good and all the other consumables we feasted upon after circle.

Thanks all

H5 ROCKS

Hares: Legion of Dumb and Mrs. QuarterStick and Eag

By the way get your asses out to the Winners Circle Saloon on April 25th to see
a kick ass southern rock group called SMOKIN GUNNZ ! 9:00- 1:30
www.smokingunnz.com

My other half and I celebrate twenty one years of marriage that day and we want you there.
If you plan on being there send me an e-mail,
so I have an idea for table reservations by wednesday evening.

LUCKY ME

ON-ON to STINKO
GIRTH BROOKS

4 /19/2008 H5 Run #333

333 Half Way to Hell Hash

Hares: Doodle and Goes Down Throws Up

Arrrrs to all the Wankers who are easily entertained!

In the year 2008G and the month April 19 the pack gathered for the "Half Way to Hell Hash" #333. A healthy crowd of about 30 gathered on a humid afternoon, thanks Al Gore, to enjoy some fine flatland shiggy along the Susquehanna River. The borough of Highspire was kind enough to lend us one of their parks for the afternoon. The local trailer parkers picknicking with their children didn't seem to mind our presence.

There were 4 virgins in attendance. If I recall they were Just Jason, Just Charlie, Just Raven(a pseudonym?), and Just Elsa, no that's not it, ahhh! Just Elvira, no that's not it. She's a sex goddess. Well anyhow her name starts with an E. The pack took off right on time at 3:33pm, military time at 15:33 here just doesn't seem to do the trick. The hares "Doodle" and her brother "Goes Down Throws Up", with the comfort of the pack in mind, took off almost immediately into the shiggy. Now this wasn't your normal everyday off road stuff, it was almost industrial strength thorny shiggy. The main difference being that the deer hadn't quite pulled all the thorns off the roses. Many bloody hashers arrived at a shot check in a small stream bed and the pack reassembled for the most part. As I write this shit I'm watching the re-re-make of King Kong. There's just no way color and computers can compare with the original. There has to be a porno movie made around this. How about "King Dong". So anyhow I'm carrying the loppers that I found on trail as the kind hares have lost their trail cutting tools and the pack goes into more untamed shiggy. I should add that the trail was well marked with flour.

The trail led us to a beer check at "Jedota". Now for as much as politics and religion should be kept out of hashing here is an exception, we had a beer check here. There is a statue and bronze plaque memorizing hundreds of Catholic Slovokians who died in World War Two fighting for the United States of America. This is one of the things that makes H5 ROCK, we don't just run through stuff without checking stuff out.

Not far ahead the pack passed a security camera and had the second beer check within 100 yards of the camera. Did the hares see that? Did the security company see the hares place the beer there? Did any bimbos flash the camera? Hey, I can't see everything. The trail went onward through a field of Jimson Weed. OK, now I'm watching "Laura Croft, Tomb Raider", do Angelia Jolie's boobs really look like clothed Cadillac bumper bullets? Rats, I lost my mental place. Oh that's right, I'm back in the shiggy and going toward a greenish-gray swamp. The trail goes mostly around and I use the loppers that I found to whack back some stuff and stay out of the swamp, Delia plunges right in. Beer check #3 is found shortly later.

Having completed trail the hares are waiting at the last and third beer check. Another cool thing I notice about hashing is that when there are 30 hashers gathered there are 15 different conversations. Trail tales are regaled and the pack walks out of the shiggy into a trailer park. This must have looked curious to the inhabitants when 30 people walk out of shit that they won't let their kids play in. Another cool thing about hashing was seen here when many hashers stopped to tell curious onlookers of our journey. Flaming Earl Gay, what a great intellectual hash promoter. The pack makes it back to the start parking lot with a few more arrivals. Doin' this stuff on Word makes me wonder if my English teacher counted to see if I had a thousand words in the stuff I had to write. There's a flash back to the 70's, my English teacher was always suffering from a sore throat and drinking from a bottle in his desk.

Meanwhile back at circle the Trojans were removing a horse from their jeans. When that was done the pack was regaled for drunkenness and cruelty and many were called for transgressions. The hares got down downs for a great trail. One thing I can't help but wonder is that the hares didn't have much blood and the flour seemed to have a slight grey tint to it in the shiggy. "Interior Deficator" got no slack or back up from "Back Alley Bargain" when he made accusations of catching the hares.

I must say thanks to the hares for a great trail!

On Stupid Fart Connor

Also of note - the FRBs arrived at the SN only to be befuddled and bemused as to the conspicuous absence of anything liquid. Shortly thereafter, one of the Hares arrived with the promised shots. Quarterstick remarked that this was the first time he has ever arrived at a check before the alcohol!

Webelo Scout

Doodle/GoesDownThrowsUP,

Thank you for a great trail guys. Plenty of shiggy, everyone was bloody. YES!!!! It's was much fun and we had a good turn out. ON-ON to Stinko.

Unhitched Cock.

Hares: Doodle and Goes Down Throws Up

Thank you all for Cumming out for the 333 hash. I had a great time laying trail with my sister; it was something that we talked about since I started hashing and after 3 years we did it. It was a great day to start the summer hashing. I am looking forward to Stinko and seeing some of the old H5 hashers, it is just was not the same without you guys. Jeb thank you for being our last minute secret hare. I know even you didn't know about it, you saved the day!!

Take care all ONON GDTU

Great trail & super weather . Thanks As always I was glad there was water to cool down in . Shot check was really tasty. I will have to get the recipe . See ya at full moon trail at 4:20 .
Girth

It is true. Sometimes short cutting bastards miss out, or in this case....almost miss out.

Doodle

Great trail Doodle and GDTU!! Everyone needs a good blood letting once in a while. Fart, another great hash trash. I have one thing to add. I have heard of hashers getting beer from civilians, but I think Da Piss Mode took it to another level at the hash. We held circle in the parking lot of the park. An ice cream truck pulled up and a bunch of hashers went over to get ice cream. Da Piss Mode not only got an ice cream, but she actually got a beer from the ice cream truck driver. I am still wondering why an ice cream truck driver had a beer in his cooler, but he gave it up. I wonder if he normally gives beers to his customers???

On On to Stinko! Wild Cherry

Hi Goes Down Throws Up & Doodle,

I'll second Wild Cherry! I really liked the trail. Lots o' shiggy but it was great shiggy. It felt like we were going through the jungles of New Guineau. No ticks or poison ivy though. Since Q-Stick wasn't there to entertain us, I did the honors at one of the beer checks by getting covered with burrs and dumping beer all over my face. Glass Ass said I was "on fire" that day - at least I didn't cause a fire LOL! It was mildly entertaining I guess, but I won't be inducted into the Legion of Dumb anytime soon. There were a few good virgins on trail as well. My friend Chuck came for his second hash and had a great time. He enjoyed meeting everyone and liked Champions. Champions was a great choice for the on-after. Any bar that serves Hangar One vodka is a friend of mine (made in the U.S.A. and better than Grey Goose or Belvedere).

<http://www.hangarone.com/ourvodka.html>

Thank You for a Great Hash and On-On to Stinko,

FEG

3 /22/2008 H5 Run #331

Easter Bunny Family Hash

Hares: Purple Cooter

This is it folks. The Write Trash Junior Edition. The family hash was a blast. After looking back and remembering times as a nine year old, stic forts, chasin chickens (the feathered ones) around the yard, and fun stuff like that. It really reminded me why I hash, the being a kid again thing. So here is the scoop from all the little hashers who made the trip with some real cool hasher mom and dads.
Dude

We started the hash at bushrat's house. From there the turkey trail headed off to the left and the eagle trail headed off to the right. the eagle trail went through the woods and we stopped at a large cleared out area that looked like a house was about to be built there. In the middle of the area was a large black sewage pipe. the first beer stop was inside of that. to get the cooler we tipped the pipe and watched the cooler slide out. after that we headed down the side of the mountain and onto the turkey trail. after a while on the turkey trail the eagle trail separated off into a golf course. at the golf course 6 people ended up ahead of everyone else. we got to a check and spent half an hour looking for the right trail. finally someone else came and looked straight ahead finding the trail without a problem. 21 golf balls were picked up in that area. then we went on to the woods again we went up and down finding the correct paths without much of a problem. we got onto the road and made the final stretch back to bushrat's house. at the circle there were accusations namings new boots and last times. just deb was named come again? just jen was named birth canal and just april was named virgin moon. this was one of the best hashes I can remember.

as remembered by Wet One

Pumpkin It was fun!

Just Tara- I have never done a hash before so it was an experience and really fun.

We don't need no stinkin' easter egg hunt when there are golf balls to be found--Burn

Just Erica ----- I was in turkey trail because it is easier than eagle trail

Just Blair----- this is my first hash and I took the eagle trail and it's my 9th birthday. it was the coolest day. I had fun. and my mom back-

Hares: Purple Cooter

alleybargin brought me. it was very fun!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

P.S Thanx for having us and enjoying the senery.it rocked

Just Trevor----- this is my first hash and it is my friends 9th birthday, it was a very fun day.

3 /20/2008 TMINMFMH3 Run #104

Full Worm Moon Hash

Hares: Eager and Qstick

It was a cold and windy evening as a group of half minds converged on sacred Boy Scout ground. Aside from our hares, Eager Beaver and Quarterstick those present included: Fuzzbuster, Ruffy, Flounder, Doodles, Glass Ass, Lunachic, Girth Brooks, Weebeelo Scout, Wild Cherry and visitors Dancing Fool and Cause for Blindness. (I hope I didn't miss anyone.)

As usual, I was running late (and without a flashlight!) and when I arrived the hares had already taken off with five minutes of the lead time left. The pack took off shortly thereafter at a harsh walking pace down an unpaved road. After a false or two or three (I can't really remember, it was long night) and hiking up an incline, we came to our first beer check. Even though the carton said orange juice, it was definitely orange flavored beer. Dancing Fool did an excellent job of keeping the grounds clean.

After this point, the sequence of events becomes rather unclear; it could've been the chicken or the mass quantities of beer. I know there was another BN with an arrow pointing into the woods that took us forever to locate but hey we found it and that's all that count. We encountered another false, and a little stream we had to cross. I fell and scraped up my knee but who was feeling anything by this point in now? By this time, we had three mobile beer checks. Glass Ass, Doodles, and I were all carrying the beer from the previous checks and whenever we encountered a false or a check and had to retrace our steps it was an excellent occasion for an impromptu beer check!

At the final beer check, a bottle of champagne was opened and passed around to eager hashers. Fuzz lead us all in a round of the drinking days of the week. "Wednesday is my favorite day!" Before arriving at the On-In, whom should find their way on trail but KY and Rubber Dickie. The hashers circled up around a fire with hands full of peanutbutter and jelly sandwiches and brownies. Fuzz was RA and I was beer bitch. QS and Eager did their downs downs and then did more for their headgear. Weebeelo Scout and Doodles did their down downs for being first in and then drank some more for their headgear. Girth Brooks was last in. Dancing Fool and Cause drank for being visitors. Cause, I and whole bunch of others did downs for doing stupid shit on trail like tripping or having technology on trail. KY and Rubber Dickie did down downs for auto hashing. Glass Ass did a down down for his headgear. And circle was called.

On the way back to the cars, Luna and I took a detour to the lake and went out on the pier. The full moon light glittering off the lake was enchanting to say the least. We jumped on the pier and rocked it up and down. Then we laid on our backs and gazed at the stars until Luna said maybe it wasn't such a good idea to lay down. I had to agree.

Alas, my trail didn't end there. I went to Chick's in Hummelstown to meet up with LickyMe, Chappy, Lil Spermaid and Just Phil for some kick ass karaoke. Somehow I got up and sang "Summer Nights" from the Grease soundtrack with Just Phil, Chappy and whole group of other people. And also Sister Hazel's "All for you" with Chappy and a guy named Jeff. Afterwards, we all went to breakfast at the Cocoa Grill before calling it a night.

Thanks to Eager and QS for an excellent full moon trail. On-on to Ceolta's.

DPM

O what a night

The first full moon of spring made for a chilling start to the hash that would have made me wish I would have dressed a little warmer, if it weren't for the beer. So I pulled my sweater over my head (who said head?).

Hares: Eager and Qstick

All the hashers met as planned, with a few late arrivers. It was good to see visitors Cause , Dancing & Glass Ass. Along with Doodle and the rest of the H5-ers. We all signed our lives away for The B.S.A. and pounded down a few lagers to pass the 12 minute lead along, while we gave our trustworthy hares Quarterstick & Eager Beaver the time they needed to lose us.

Off we went into a very windy mountainside . Familiar territory for some ,I was lost from the get go. To a great False that held us up 100 yards from where we started for about 12 more minutes. I heard ON_ON for what would be the 20th of around 6900 times. O what a night. Then I set out to blast my way up a rocky 900 foot ascent. (Reminding me of Bushrat's Eagle Stinko trail 2007.)

Our first BN was uncovered as we almost crested the top. It was fashioned with about 6 Full moons in attendance. A well laid trail to a few more falses & never ending backwoods upward and downward trek led us to a BN <-- on the downside of the mountain ,where we all gathered for much anticipated beverages of the Lager type. From there we had to back track to the BN <-- mark for to consume more Lager at an impromptu BN.

Check after check, false after false I find myself along with all of us , except webelos scout, yelling ON-ON 169 tmes or so at each flour spot so that we could go sort of straight back up the mount to what becomes a reflecting moment as I let my pulse quiet down. As the full moon reflects upon us and I reflect upon the moons reflection on others around me. An impromptu shot check .NICE!!! ON-ON to the last BN above us. We celebrate when Glass Ass pops the cork on a mighty tasty bottle. Fuzzbuster proclaims along with the rest of the group wednesday is the favorite day of the week in song. We wonder if the hares are within earshout.(have an earworm?)

Off to the last leg to circle ,while I get seperated from all to create some run-off down an already washed out ditch. (Shortly before I arrive at circle KY affectionately mistook me for Dude Where's My Mullet.) KY & Rubber Dickie join us for the festivus of circle. Circle is held by a campfire where almost everyone had down downs for all the right reasons. With the usual & unusual snacks consumed the hash went in piece.

You Gotta Love It, Yes?

ON-ON

THIS MESSAGE HAS BEEN APPROVED BY GIRTH BROOKS

3 /15/2008 H5 Run #330

St. Patty's Day Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke

Friggn' Arrrrr

Yeah, I'm still doin' the AOL thaing. Just wait till I get my shit together, even though I've been told that for 40 plus years. So anyhow the pack of about 50 wankers gathered for this momentous event and even though many were dressed in St. Patrick Day costumes of various guises, the general public didn't seem to notice! Maybe it was because there were a lot of other people out drunk in the afternoon, or maybe that there were good places to walk through mud and make a wet spot on a bridge foundation, that might be a guy thing. So anyhow the police got involved early because Chapped Lips was carrying a sign for some asshole, oops, I mean a politician, and was told not to display it. So anyhow all was well and the pack took off on trail the whole way across the Susquehanna River to a FALSE, the wascally hawers. Back across the river, this had to be a good mile out and back, and to a mark that told of beer to be found with flour that led through tetanus rusty naily heaven, Just Kevin found beer.

So from here the trail went trespassing along the same railroad tracks that the pack had trespassed the year before and the Eagle and Turkey trail split soon came into sight. The Eagle trail went up this nice steep slippery hill to a PnC Bank sign with a shot check. I don't know what way the Turkey Trail went because I wasn't on it. Those on the Eagle Trail blew off the hares marks due to not giving up the high ground and took various ways without flour to find their way to the elusive HHH.

In a general mental constipation, the splintered Eagle group followed Bushrat on a possible trail back to Tour's. Now what followed is not to be confused as an H5 standard but a moment of genius inspired by Doodle. She recognized a hasher house that me and Bushrat had run past as "Dyke on Bike"s house. This is a you had to be there moment! Three bimbos pound on the door while about 15 vultureous hashers meander in circles in the street. Just Dave answers the door and sends out an unopened quart bottle of "Jose Curevo Black" and a case of water to the pack!

The pack of Tequila Eagles stumble onward wondering if the trail is A to B to Tour's House or A to A back to the parking lot on City Island. Flour is found at the deciding point and we go to Tour's house. On the way to Tour's we are chastised by hashers on carbacks. We finally find cars with seats and I give my keys up to my fine craft with 197,000 miles on it to Doodle and Glass Ass. Glass Ass finally figured out how to get my fine craft working and drove it back to Tour's.

Circle was held and Deathwish and Panic Button did a shitty job, just like the trail. Many hashers were dismembered for acts of stupidity, and , Oh Yeah, I missed the sewer. Most importantly, Just Matt got named. Apparently on the way back to Tour's house, Just Matt, stopped at an ATM for hash cash. An individual snuck up from behind and smacked Just Matt's head into the ATM and tried to take his money! Just Matt kicked the asshole's legs out from underneath the asshole and just before Just Matt was going to stomp the asshole's head in Just Matt stopped. He realized that if he kicked the shit out of the asshole, there wouldn't be any evidence for the police. So;s anyhow, Just Matt will be "Ass The Mugger", or ATM.

Oh, let us not forget our hashing friends to the east, Rumson. They are having "Co-Motion by the Ocean III" on May 16, 17,& 18 starting somewhere near the Atlantic Ocean. That is why Cliff Diver came and hashed with us on Saturday, March 15, 2008. Check out this for fun with Rumson: <http://flash9124.googlepages.com/home> Fart Connor and Desperately Seeking Amish are signed up. Fart and Desperate are in no way together, just signed up on the same list. Sorry Desperate.

That is all
Fart Connor

Allow me to give some insight to the Turkey Trail.

It went down the tracks, then down a neighborhood, where the children were amused seeing strange-looking people going down their

Hares: Tour de Puke

street.

Then there was a check on a bridge over a small stream. The pack was befuddled by this as they couldn't solve it. I went up the stream and found flour on the rocks going upstream and let them know I was on. Half the pack followed, while the other half didn't seem to want to get their shoes wet and stayed on the next street over.

A block later, the small stream was coming out of a storm sewer on which was a true trail arrow pointing in along with a "SN" sign. The storm sewer was 4 feet high at this point and but we couldn't see light at the other end, but nobody had a flashlight so in we went. A block later, we could see a bit of light down the tunnel, but at this point the height became only 2 feet, so we scurried like rats, with our backs hitting the roof of the tunnel. A block later, there was a grate letting some light in and this is where a bag with the shots was located. It was the green girl scout cookie mint flavored ones in a jug. Since I was getting claustrophobic I tried to lift the grate up, but couldn't move it. I yelled out to hashers who should have been following us topside. Somebody up top tried to lift the grate, but it was too heavy. They called to someone else to help and the both of them got it open.

Just Jen made a step with her hands and hoisted everyone to safety above. When we got out, we realized the two who opened the grate for us weren't hashers, but two guys who lived there; we also realized there were only 6-7 of us who came out of the tunnel and the rest of the pack was nowhere to be seen. We rewarded ourselves with multiple shots and gave our rescuers some too. Just then, Self Service made an appearance and finished them off (the shots that is). We took pictures to make a record of who was there and that we'd survived. We followed the tunnel topside and came across an opening where there were several true trail arrows pointing back in. We ignored these and shortly picked up trail that led us to Tour's house.

After ATM's naming, I wanted to have Just Jen named for her heroic rescue effort in the tunnel of doom, but the RA had disappeared. Something about too much talking in the circle?

On On!
Sister

correction :-P
the only asshole sign I saw was on your truck Fart...Ron Paul?!!
And that was not a cop who stopped, it was a Obama fan in a Park Ranger Uniform :-)

Great Hash, Great Prelube downtown, Great friends, Great ending of the night at Chicks. Great Great Great
on on
Chappy

Hares: KY and She Came

JEB and She Came's House - 406 Ricky Rd

Ok so now here we still are sitting in She Came's kitchen nook.
I weally don't have any real things to do besides start a chain letter. The music in the background reminds me of riding in Fart's little truck. Whitey Whiter and his White brothers are singing Whiter night. AAAAAAAAArgg Matey"s can't write trash like fart.

So here it is from everyone that is standing here spilling beer on the keyboard;

Hi, this is She Came. There are lots of people in my kitchen. onon
And Fart isn't here to ramble aimlessly about nothing in particular.
I don't have anything to say. I'm speechless. Rubber Dickie's dick is in my mouth right now. I can't talk. (Fuzz)
Where are the rest of the birthday people????? Rubber Dickie wants to see them. Phone sex????
Handjob?? Self Service??

Just Lisa (virgin) says the trail was tricky, but the shot made it worth its while.
Sticky says the 4-wheeling was Kick ass. (She Came was driving because KY was drunk.)
Would you believe that Desperate Dave is STILL trying to get laid?
Oh my gosh there are four people in the bathroom right now, Wild cherry, backalley Bargain, just corinda, And Maybe CHAPPY? Don't know sure about the first three tho.

Cause here: Rubber Dickie, you're the one
But(t) Phone Sex: Where the F*&^^ are you????!!!!??? Flounder and I miss you :-) Happy F**in Birthday!

Panic Button say's what me write a email, you gotta be kidding I'm to lazy;

Hey look at this ass would ya, come on feel this boob,,go ahaed rub this, Desperate Dave;

TOO many hashes in a week my brain is numb, Oh ya like we believe that one,

Fuck you! - JEB

Ok so here they are all the wankers from the hash and some too lazy to type (or could they be too drunk to focus on the tiny keyboard, hmmm)! No one is even sober enough to remember trail so Guess what if you were not here, all your know is it happened and that's all there is to it. unless Fart goes back in time and spies on the hash no one will know for sure. But i will tell you this it is some thing we can tell our grandkids someday, NOOOOTTTT!

Oh damn and let us not forget the butt monkey that got us all.

JEB and She Came's House - 406 Ricky Rd

Hares: Bushrat and Qstick

We gathered in the field just as the Moon made it's first appearance. Breaking through the clouds to reveal a snow covered landscape of such wonder words can do it no justice. The cry went out to gather round, Into a circle bound were ye.

Off they ran together quarterstick and He. The fabled Bushrat and his trusty companion the Q-stick disappeared into the night. A count went down and at the big hand on the 9 and ye little hand just before the mark of 7, off went the hounds bellowing out to the night. Disappointment was soon to be had when a half hour later still to the fields were we. Searching for some mark to beckon us from the mist. Finally as if by magic the forest opened itself and a trail was found, to it were we bound by flour and chalk. To the first beer check shortly we came. It was then clear to be seen the only way was UP. Desperate Dave, an elder is he, the heck say I ,and turns himself around to head back to the valley below. Up and up and up and upppppppppppppp we ventured from there. The trail was tight the moon was bright, It led us deeper and deeper into the wooded hills. On the side of a mountain taller then any seen before lay the second beer check. hidden beneath the bows of a giant grandfather pine.

We followed that trail for many more paces. up and up and uppppppppppp we went higher and higher till the air was to thin to continue. Ah behold a shot check in a clearing at the very topsy tops of this mountain. The hares made visible themselves, and champagne was loosed from its prison to flow like the mountain stream that was followed from there, down was the only way to go. Many a hasher fell off the side of the mountain that night. Plummeted to valley below. Some that were lucky found the guide rope that led to low lands and Behold Beer. The spirits of the woods provided light and at the side of a moonlit pool, Visible in the streams of silvery light cast down from the mother moon herself, a beer check appeared. without hesitation we gathered and drank. We toasted the moon and few amongst us were baptized into the legion of dumb. 23 degrees warm in the air and five of the hashers struck dumb from cold and the spirits that loosed themselves from the flagons in hand, plummeted into the pool in search of fame and glory ,only to be stung by the frigid heart of mother winter. It was from there that the land smoothed itself out and those remaining not lost to the woods and the dangers beyond, continued their trek to the flat fields of the valley.

We had soon found camp and the missing hashers who disappeared into the woods were freed to celebrate once again. Circle was initiated and cries went up honoring Bushrat and his 100th hare. Offerings of 2 large bags of flour were presented to him in honor and a kilt of the finest Clothe, Adorned with the emblem of the clan H5 was given to he. Two hashers not before with names, came to call. Acting from the side of the fire was Deathwish his voice was bellowing into the night. After consulting with the pack and tearing apart the possibilities for two who would be named it was soon settled after along and bloodless battle. Just Crista, boobs a plenty has she, became now forever to be known as Back-Alley Bargain, and The man known before as Just Jason, forever from that night on, will be known to us as Light in the loafers. Hoorah to Bushrat and Quarterstick, Hoorah to ye for such great trail. Hoorah to the moon for wonders of the eclipse. Hoorah to snow for falling to our feet.

ON-ON

and of course UP-UP

Dude

Bushrat,

Thanks so much for the awesome trail. Your trails are always a challenge. Pink flour on white snow at night. Very crafty sir. The up hill climbs were very cardio. My heart thanks you. Also thanks for the red rope. That was pretty fun. I can't say I loved the rock slide at the bottom of it though. No broken ankles were reported so we all made it through there safely. So refreshing to see new recruits for the Legion of Dumb plunging into the frigid depths. I must say that pool did look inviting. The fire with the mystic all around us and above us was a wonder to behold. I feel priviledged to have been outside on that beautiful night and been a part of H5 history. uh oh...I better stop before I get accused of having diarr-e-mail. (Istill liked that name the best for back alley bargan formally known as Christa)

ON ON to the next 100

Your humble sevent,

Anal Nicole

What a nite for a 100 th haring & Quarterstick is around 50 harings , so Thanx hashers for getting together & staying together. I am not easily forgetting the last Full moon I ran! Great trash from Dude Where's My Mullet!Awesome time! That seafood chowder was smokin , =-) !!!!!!!

Lunar Eclipses are my favorite (what's the word?) starullar event. Hashing is my favorite social event .

Glow stiks lit up the landscape in some unique ways Thanks to all that were involved .

Born to Hash

Girth Brooks

P.S. Bushrat could you forward the stinko rego to me not as an attachment. So I print it out from my e-mail?

_ON TO A HASHY BIRTHDAY

2 /9/2008 H5 Run #328

Chinese New Year Hash

Hares: Anal Nicole, Morally Challenged and Da Piss M Visiting Nurse Association parking lot on left, across from Paxtang Diner

Arrright Wankers

How to relate today's hash? I was pondering that exact thought as I was listening to the "Whitest Variety of Music" on the radio on the way home. So this is what you are going to get.

On what is soon to be the 70th analversary of Gispert's creation of hashing, most of the pack arrrrived at "Tooth Hurty", "Time for the Chinaman to go to the dentist". Right on Hash Time, about 3PM, the hares gathered. Our hares for this live flour trail were "Da Piss Mode", "Anal Nicole", emergency hare "Just Mike", and "M'Orally Challenged".

Hares: Anal Nicole, Morally Challenged and Da Piss M Visiting Nurse Association parking lot on left, across from Paxtang Diner

A wonderful blue skyed afternoon dawned for Harrisburg/Hershey as many had gathered on this fine tepid winter day. I gotta' start **having pen and paper handy so I can remember virgins, which I think we had 5 of, non-returners, and visitors who came from far away.** There had to be a pack of about 50. M'Orally Challenged gave a detailed description of marks so pack could mess up well laid **plans of the hares.**

The pack takes off on the "Chinese New Year of the Rat Hash" following flour for about 100 yards and then meanders around for a **bit looking for trail. Now not to toot my own horn, that might not be the best phrase, I have a bugle, I look back on a bridge and see a** large BN! 100 yards to the first beer check! Now that's how the pack screwed up the trail because apparently we weren't supposed to **find that till later. We lost one of our virgins before this beer check. At the beer checks there were sayings from Confucious. If I** remember correctly, "Confucious say, Man with hand in pocket feel cocky all day."

So the pack had already screwed up the trail but managed to find beer a few hundred yards away in somebody's back yard that enticed some bimbos to do a pole dance. It was here that Sticky Buns got a pornographic fortune cookie. Her message was, "I'd love to sleep with you tonight, if not, please return the cookie."

The trail went onward through a cemetery and into some woods for yet another beer check. There was trading of cash for Boob checks. Did anybody see the dude that was riding his bike through the woods as debauchery was going on? Another Confucious saying of "Confucious say: Foolish man give wife grand piano, wise man give wife upright organ." Through the woods, over the stream, across the walking path, and up the hill to where we weren't sposed to have more alcohol in the hole created by an uprooted tree. Here, "Confucious say:Learn to masturbate, cum in handy!"

About this point the pack really split up because it seemed that there were many trails and the easy forward, never straight, way back to the start. Meanwhile back at the start there is a chalked message not from Confucious, that the trail isn't done yet. Many are **stupid enough to heed that advice and find blue stuff on the railroad tracks. We finally find beer and are enjoying as a neighbor looks** out his back door. There's another Confucious saying: "Confucious say. Woman may loose her virginity....but she will always have the box it came in." The friendly neighbor points us on the way to True Trail. I think about this point most of the thinning pack is smart **enough to go back to the start. A few are stupid enough to press onward. Those that I remember are Pumpkin Head, His Significant** Other, Screw, Vagina Whiner, Fart Connor, and Delia. It's getting dark, we have beer, therefore pissing spots are plenty, we have our **sunglasses on, Delia has her reflecty vest on, and we have 2 small flashlights, all is well!**

We find trail that leads us to the Chinese restaurant about 100 yards from the On On. Somebody offers to watch my dog Delia while standing on the front porch of a Chinese restaurant as I go back to my truck to unlock it to get "Dude, where's my Mullet" stuff out of my truck. No friggn' way, Delia is put in my fine truck and I bring Dude's stuff back. By the way Dude, your jacket is in my truck, I'll **trade it for my haring bag. So anyhow I get back to the resruant as the search party is about to leave and I was awarded DFL.**

So much shortcutting and nobody caught the hares! Way to go Hares!

On On
Fart Connor

PS. If you think I remembered those Confucious sayings, you owe me a beer!

Hares: Quarterstick, Deathwish and Eager Beaver Messiah College area
FKNA

The puters back. On the way home while listening to the "Whitest's Hits of all Time" I thought what the hell am I going to write for Hash Trash? Something about Eddie Mony singing about "Two Cases of Parasites", "Let's go drink some beeEER"! Is this what a minister goes through every week? So here's this weeks sermon on the mound.

Me and Delia got to the appointed parking lot at Messiah College just on hash time for a couple of beers. Too bad that Delia has a license but can't drive me home. Thank you H5! There had to be a pack of about 40 wankers. H5 ROCKS! The hares Deathwish, Quarterstick, and Eager Beaver took off on a live hare trail with 12 minutes to get head. In the meantime virgins were reconciled. I do remember that there were 3 virgins. I think there was Just Randi, Just Erin, and Just Ummmmm. Hey, I'm not paid to do this, so there!

The pack takes off in a leisurely pursuit of the hares. The train that came by and blew the flour away helped some. So, anyhow the pack arrived at the first beer check that was far enough off the road to keep us out of the public spot light. Did anybody else see the Police car that drove by as the pack started off? Hmmm, if I'm really good I'll remember that the second beer check was under a bridge that 5 years ago a hundred yards away was a beer check that only Fart Connor found. Ohhhh! Hash pivot! On back to below freezing reality, "Dude, I Love My Mullet", decided that it was a good time to go swimming! Now as much as I hate cigarettes, I have to respect Dude! He floated downstream smoking! I should mention here that Dude also brought the tray from somewhere to slide on that provided entertainment for the hash, more on that later.

FUCK, I will get a computer place where I don't have to listen to shit turned up all the way on the TV beside me FUCK. So anyhow the trail went on. Through some nice shiggy to what I think was the recycling area for Messiah College. Piles of mulch and a beer check. Thanks to the tray that "Dude, I love my Mullet" found provided entertainment for the hash. I relived my college year sliding down the pile. Oh yeah, now I remember! Just Jason was sliding down the pile and later complaining how it hurt his "taint". [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taint_\(slang\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taint_(slang)) So anyhow many conversations were going on. I can appreciate the male version of "taint". This can revert to another variation of the "Vulcan Shocker", watch Star Trek. With all that, with what cut of meat from a cow do you get "tainted" Beef?

Hares: Quarterstick, Deathwish and Eager Beaver Messiah College area

Just Colleen got named "Marsha Marsha Marsha". What an example for renaming, even though Yeast of Burden had a great name of "Box O' Clits"

I got a lot O shit to do
Fart Connor

1 /19/2008 TMINFMFH3 Run #102

3rd Anal FREE BEER For All the Hashers Hash

Hares: Doodle and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg

Arrrrrr Wankers

Twass a dark and stormy night, OK, the sun wasn't out and it wasn't snowing. A cloud of anticipation hung over the hash, not to be confused with a hangover but I wasn't there for the Fat Boy. Beneath those clouds the pack wondered, would the cops pay us a visit, do the hares have enough flour, would brother and and sister Billie Bob and Bobbi Sue marry their hemorphodite cousin from West Virginia? Only the trail knows and it's not talking.

So anyhow a pack of 83 wankers of various kennels, NFN, and about 10 from the Virginlands assembled at Wild Cherry's humble abode somewhere in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. As Wild Cherry and Doodle explained the marks to the confused virgins it occurred to me that with the crowd of about a whole bunch nobody could see the marks. Wild Cherry's garage is not finished yet. Why not paint the marks on the ceiling and they could be seen by all if he used a laser pointer till the final paint job is applied? Now it's sort of funny that the last time I was at Wild Cherry's place on my way home for the dollar ride on the PA Turnpike I got to the exit booth and I couldn't find my ticket and it cost me \$12 to go home, I thought I stupidly forgot to take the ticket at the booth. Today on the way to Wild Cherry's I put the ticket in my ashtray and as I was exiting the Turnpike I couldn't find my ticket again! Shit! I look in what is actually the frame for my ashtray and see the ticket in this space about 4 tickets in thickness. Luckily I have a knife in my "Bag O' Shit" that I carry on trail and retrieve the ticket and pay my dollar and realize that the other ticket has now faded into dashboard entropy. Oh, by the way, NFN, stands for No Friggn Name. The pack takes off right on hash time and sets a blistering walking pace trying to catch the hares Wild Cherry and Doodle on the Turd Anal Free Beer For All The Hashers. After a standard H5 mile, anywhere from 200 yards to a mile, we encounter the first of I think 3 beer checks and a shot check. I'm starting to feel better about starting an hour and a half before the sun goes down on a storybook day, many did have the foresight to bring flashlights however. Bless the hares. The sheer numbers of the pack led to a swift downing of good beer and the pack had little time to mess with mother nature. We again r@n through \$500,000 houses. Here hasher (ingenuity?) provided for the pack. A nice hill of construction debris and a 4 foot long by 2&1/2 foot round corrugated piece of pipe costing \$50 according to Dave the Mason, because he knows, entertained about 50 hashers. Actually there were 2 pieces of pipe and a trash can. Again through hashing I relive my childhood. Only then the local bullies stuffed me in a trash can and rolled it down a hill. After I crashed into the curb they were pissed because got out and asked them to do it again. Well, I might be adlibbing a little bit on that. A nearby beer check was found and brought back to the manmade fun place for the enjoyment of all who were about to partake of the fun. Hmmm, an idea for StinkOlympics? Didn't somebody think of that last year? It's gettin' dark and me and Delia follow the pack back to Wild Cherry's while toodling on the bugle. I run into Willie Wanker and we play 2 part dis-harmony on our instruments, a bugle and a cow horn you pervs. This sounded so good there were Meese from Maine cumming for us. Meese is plural for Moose if you need to know.

Meanwhile, a good portion of the pack had blown off trail and went back to Wild Cherrys for beer and hot tub to wait for the pack to arrive. Oops, chronological break: On the way to the second beer check there had to be 50 wankers walking across a cut cornfield. I could see Glass Ass about 400 yards away talking with someone who drove their 4x4 into the field. Glass Ass was looking for his lost dog, Beer Slut, and explaining how he got 50 people with beer mugs, beer jugs, and Delia looking like a real search dog with her safety vest to help in the search! Back at the ranch Tub Slut and Dead Man Walking were AWOL from circle, I'm not sure who else they were in the hot tub with. The hares were dishonored for laying a great trail with enough flour. I must express my appreciation for their effort of placing a lot of beer at the beer checks, there was water too. Death Wish was RA for circle and he did a great job of telling the pack to "Shut the Fuque Up"! Visitors, virgins, Full Moon Fuque Ups, Grand Masters, Bleeders, Legion of Dumb, Technophiles, and transgressors were encouraged to down a tasty beverage.

I failed in my one job for the day assigned by She Came. I was to be sure Just Coleen got named. It was ruled that there were too many people. That's my excuse and I'm stickn' too it. Just Coleen, that spelling passed the spell check, hasn't done anything stupid on trail. She did find my glasses that I was stupid enough to wear in the barrel roll. The hash left the garage in peace to get a piece and delicious food was served!

Now I usually leave about this time because I know that even though there is crash space I'll stay up till some stupid hour of the morning and wake up feeling like shit. Today I stayed to see some of the fun that I usually represent at sleep over camp, only I didn't drink alcohol. What I need to do is quit drinking when I get home too! Blatant use of the female body to promote a Pittsburgh event on May 30 to June 1 by "Pelvis the Elvis". If I didn't get that name right.....errrrrr? F Me Daily, oh yeah, she was one of the non-returns. Naked Snow Angels before going into the hot tub. Now maybe you didn't want to be there but I went outside to piss on the bushes on the other side of the hot tub and hear what sounds like a game of twister! Yep, Twister in the hot tub. Tub Slut soon exits the hot tub. Here has to be a crowning moment of the hash. Policeman is at the door asking for the owner. Apparently some mother is taking her 15 year old daughter home and there is a naked male in Wild Cherry's front yard in the dark, I guess it wasn't dark enough. The hash is admonished for naked people in the front yard, apparently making naked snow angels in the back yard is OK. Did the police get a 10-96 call? That's "Naked man in the front yard." in police lingo. If they got a 10-69 call, does that mean there are people having sex in the front of the house? Is that like a yard sale at a whore house? Flaming Earl Gay did well for himself by playing with chalk in the garage and pole dancing with his clothes on. Let us not forget Licky Mee, Da Piss Mode, and their hot looking Marylyn Monroe friend going to the "Snow Ball".

It's about 10:30 PM and I'm soberly on my way home listening to the radio when I hear this station that is playing the "Greatest TITS of all Time". I can't understand why women complain that men stare at them and don't listen to what they have to say! I enjoyed the

Hares: Doodle and Wild Cherry

16 White Oak Blvd., Mechanicsburg

music all the way home. Though I have to admit, I can't understand why Manfred Mann Band singing Bruce Springsteen's "Blinded by the Light", sings about douches.

On On
Fart Connor

Thanks to all the cheap bastards that attended our 3rd anal FREE BEER FOR THE HASHERS! It was great to see all of you happy and content! It's not so amazing that we broke a record is it? :-)

Thank you Wild Cherry for being so fun to do trail with and for being one of my best friends! You are truly one of the best guys walking around on the big blue!

See you all next year!

Doodle

Thank you to Doodle and Wild Cherry for laying such a great trail. And to WC for opening his beautiful home up to everyone. The virgin I brought, Just Jackie, really enjoyed it and will probably come to more hashes. I liked meeting all the hashers from Pittsburgh and New York. As always, a great time.

On On!

Flaming Earl

FREE BEER STATS:

4 kegs were consumed on Saturday.

4 KEGS!!!!

Wild Cherry wondered how much do we go thru at Stinko in one night??

:-)

Doodle

4 kegs would be 496 pints of beer or about 25 16oz.beers per hasher. WOW!

That's funny, I don't remember drinking that much beer.

4-F You

I wasn't drinking so..... Who drank my beer???

Thanks Wild Cherry and Doodles for a super time had by all!!!

Just Colleen

THANKS TO ALL FOR A GREAT TIME THIS PAST WEEKEND AT WILD CHERRY'S. EXCELLENT TIME FOR BEING MY FIRST HASH. HOPE TO SEE EVERYONE NEXT TIME.

-JUST ANGEE

Hares: Bushrat

Capital Region United Way. Enola

Yeah well, a nice winter afternoon dawned as the hash fell upon the United Way near Enola for Bush Rat's about 99th haring. It should be noted that Quarterstick was there but couldn't hash because on Friday he had his "Wass The Difference" snipped the day before. It's rumored that Phone Sex couldn't attend because she had her deviated rectum repaired. Three of the five virgins were introduced. Just Josh and Just Stubby, who self confessed to having many No Trespassing signs placed in Perry County is his dishonor, were made to come by Just Megan. The third virgin, Just Jen, made herself come. Bush Rat took the virgins aside and demonstrated flour and chalk markings to confuse the virgins and saw to it that the hare took off right on time.

Bush Rat sort of screwed himself by not having the beer wagon take off right away as many hashers were in no hurry to leave the beer on what turned out to be a large circle jerk that led back to the start. I wonder if he had to wait and hide for a while till all the hashers left? As the pack of at least 30 arrived back at the start 3 latecummers arrived, COGO, Luna Chick, and Sticky Buns arrived as the pack got there for beer. They didn't miss any beer checks so I guess that might be interpreted as intelligent hashing.

Hares: Bushrat

Capital Region United Way. Enola

The trail crossed a road and it wasn't far till Purple Cooter saw the beer wagon passing by. Most of the pack ignored the trail that went through the No Trespassing signs and went straight for the beer. If you didn't look back you missed the No Trespassing signs on the land the rest of the pack went through. One of the concerned landowners visited the pack at the beer check and found that he and Tour de Puke played hockey together so all was sort of well.

The trail nears start but the pack kept going with the knowledge that there was another beer check ahead. Into a new housing development that we will never be able to hash through again because of \$250,000 homes that are almost built. We ignore trail marks from earlier and find new trail to yet another development that, judging by the way it was piled, was going to be upscale homes by a golf course. Beer is found and the setting sun is admired by the pack. If the story goes right, M'Orally was Zenning for trail almost caught Bush Rat here. Half the pack followed True Trail and the rest just took the short way back to our start. Girth Brooks abandoned the Boy Scouts and joined us somewhere along this part of the trail.

Meanwhile back at circle, George Wash In Cum arrived with 2 virgins. GWIC doesn't do trail in over a year and gets here in time to do no trail but drink beer! Various admonishments are administered and many down downs were issued. Again, here's something I admire about H5, about 40 hashers counting the 5 virgins and we have no visitors. Maybe that's not a good thing. Anyhow, thanks H5 for supporting your local hash. It was dark and temporary RA's Panic Button and Fart Connor were butchering Swing Low Sweet Chariot, nobody ever accused Fart Connor of being a good singer, when our 2 visitors did arrive. The cars had light bars on them. The hash departed in an orderly fashion as Bush Rat told the nice policemen that we weren't yelling On On, blowing a bugle, and barking at dogs in an attempt to disguise the fact that we were planting bombs to blow up the woods near Enola or the parking lot of the United Way.

 On On
Fart Connor

12/29/2007 H5 Run #325

Dude Where's My Virgin Hash & Party

Hares: Dude

7701 Chambers Hill Road, Harrisburg

Youse Analpores

Spanks to you all for attending Saturday's hash. I think we had 3 virgins, that's Pennsylvania Dutch for virgins. I remember Just Tara, that's because she looks a lot better than the 2 guy virgins, Just Boris with the spider stuff, and ummmm, Just My Math Works. A fine day was assembled for the hash to pour upon "Dude, where's my Mullet's Area 7701. We were warned about to not molest the goats but Billy had another thought in mind. Today I learned something. Male goats can masturbate themselves more than once a day and smear the stuff on their HEADS. That might explain their stinkiness.

Pack was off right on time to follow the mis-marks of the hares. Today's trail was another high point for H5 intellectuality and another standard. Stumbumblin' trail was found as Bush Rat was off on his own. Meger flour was used to mark the way to an old abandoned silo. Who do you think found their way there but Quarterstick! First BEER CHECK! I join Quarterstick in climbing the silo to see that there is no other view than seeing a side of a hill with a new housing development or woods on the downhill. Here is an awesome view how man is FUCKING up nature. Fart Connor flashback! 1964 Yep, that's when I moved into East Petersburg, Pennsylvania. Our house was built on some Amish farm. This was back when it was cool to run into the basement of a house under construction. I can remember finding 16 penny nails that were thrown away because they were pointing the wrong way. 40 years later I'm in the same place, sort of. The big difference is I'm not stepping on pheasants and not so much wildlife that I wasn't even shooting at isn't running away, except for some orange-clad deer hunters. POOF! At least I wasn't fishing. That's another story.

Meanwhile back on the hash-trail. Marks to be found and the pack is on them. M'Orally Challenged is dowsing her own trail. We stay out of the farmers field with the appropriate marks I-->. I think somewhere at this ridgeline the hares were spotted in the distance and the pack followed without flour. Here might be an appropriate time to mention that I helped Dude and his underage cousin, Donn, who was his co-hare, place the beer checks. Just Donn carried the water. I guess the hares blew off one of the beer checks because there was lots of open ground to cover and I hear they were spotted at the next beer check that was found. Exemplars of H5, no over achievers here, let the hares go on their way and drink beer! I guess the hares saved their flour for this part of the trail because it was marked well through the nice thorny shiggy. What do we find next chalked on a log but "Hares caught here"! Apparently M'Orally, zenning for trail and Bush Rat on his own converged in the woods to catch the hares.

A nice hunter story ensued as I saw Eager Beaver chatting with an orange clad hunter. He thought we were conducting a deer drive, something about yelling On On and a bugle blowing, I doubt the 3 dogs on trail would have been approved of by the Game Commission though, but we weren't hunting. So anyhow we get to the 3rd beer check, it should have been the 4th, and admire the sun that is blessing us on trail on this winters day. Thanks Dude for starting the trail early. Two more beer checks to go and the sun is still out. Not a whole lot further and another beer check is found staying cool in a stream. Some late comers arrive, Interior Deficator and Just Troy, I think, are just in time to finish the trail. Here is some beer vessel stashing advise for any hares: Don't use Wesson Oil jugs for beer no matter how well they are rinsed out. To me it tasted like the good beer that some like to drink except that even that doesn't have a slimy sheen on top. We saved that for hare down downs but forgot to issue it to them in circle. I guess that was the RA's stupid fault. So anyhow the packs attention span had been well used and all were ready to go back to the start. Where was the last beer check? Back at the start, there are no rules.

Meanwhile back at the goat ranch stupidity ensues. As good luck would have it there were 2 small fire vessels each about two and a half feet in diameter. How many hashers does it take to start a fire without Girl Scout Water? At least one to sit in a chair and give advise. About a half an hour later 2 fires were burning. The other fire sucked! A somewhat respectful circle was held where various admonishments were administered. Saturday is an example of why H5 ROCKS! We had a pack of at least 25 who did trail and a few others who got there later but no visitors. It was time for great food and hang around by the fires. We had great food and nasty songs were sung. The usually quiet Just Kevin even joined in with some versus of some songs. This young longhair confessed to be a computer geek but hates the Geek Squad. He also doesn't use the computer program Windows because it interferes with viewing porn. Please don't use this information for naming someone who hasn't done anything stupid on trail.

12/29/2007 H5 Run #325

Dude Where's My Virgin Hash & Party

Hares: Dude

7701 Chambers Hill Road, Harrisburg

I used to fish a lot
Fart Connor

12/22/2007 TMINMFMH3 Run #101

Full Long Nights Moon Christmas Hash

Hares: Girth Brooks and Sister Maria

Mt. Gretna Roller Rink, Mt. Gretna, PA 17064

A super size THANK YOU

for cumming in Mt. Gretna & making another hash a GREAT time !!

THAT WAS AWESOME !!!

FOR THE VISITORS THAT CAME FROM AFAR & ANEAR ,THE VIRGINS , THE NON RETURNERS & THE WANKERS THAT
CUNT HELP BUT BE THERE ,I HOPE TO SEE YA'S REAL SOON !!!

TO JOHN OF COLEBROOK TAVERN WHO KNOWS A GOOD TIME WHEN HE SEES ONE . I SAY WE SHALL RETURN !!!

TO 'MORRALY CHALLENGED FOR KEEPING THE POLICE BUSY BY BLOWING A BREATHALIZER READING OF 0.00

WHILE WE DROVE BY VIRTUALLY UNDETECTED,

YOU GO GIRL.

TO THE HIDE A GAY BAR

TO THOSE THAT RECEIVED PATCHES IN CIRCLE FOR DOING WHAT THEY DID TO RECEIVE PATCHES IN
CIRCLE,...CONGRADS

TO THE NEW MANAGEMENT OF H5 - WELL DONE

TO THOSE THAT GAVE BEFORE YOU - WELL DONE

TO THOSE THAT ARE STILL IN MANAGEMENT - THANKX

TO SISTER MARIA FOR A WELL EXECUTED PLAN .

WISHING EVERYONE A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A HASHIEST OF NEW YEARS

ON ON

Girth Brooks

Frigggn' Arrrrr' Wankers

What a Saturday! The trail started innocently enough when I woke up and decided it was time to recyle my aluminum. \$40 for 80 pounds. That's like FREE BEER! <http://www.stupid.com/stat/JSAV.html> If you don't count that I bought \$65 worth of beer. I did stuff around the house and it was time to hash.

Me and Delia arrived plenty on time at the roller skating rink in Mount Gretna. We had a really great turnout for a night hash. Probly 30 Wankers were stumbling through the woods in search of flour and beer. Girth Brooks and Sister Maria laid a great live flour trail. Blahh, blahhh, blahhh trail and we had fun for about 2 miles, and 2 beer checks, subsidising H5's trail mantra. We had circle in the woods and the fun was about to happen.

Now here is what I am trying to figure out. I go into the Hide Away bar in Mt. Gretna <http://www.mtgretnahideaway.com/> with an empty beer glass with some dried up froth on it and ask for a beer. Some dude gives me a hard time and I toss the glass in my truck and try for another beer. Nope, "You gotta go." Soos, I don't want to cause trouble and I get ready to make my way home for a good night's sleep. Not happening. The hashers rally! "If your bar isn't good enough for Fart Connor, FUCK YOU!

We go down the road to the Colebrook Tavern for kareoke. Redneck Kareoke doesn't know what's in store for it. Why did the DJ Bitch cut off my lyrics to the end of the Police Song: "Every Breath She Takes"?

"Oh I can't pee
cause I got VD
My poor balls ache
with every piss I take"

12/14/2007 H5 Run #324

Fu&* Hershey Hash

Hares: Chapped Lips

Houlihans parking lot....27 W. Choco. Ave. F*@k Hershey

It was a cold and windy night when the hashers gathered at a parking garage in Hershey for the F*ck Hershey Hash hared by the lovely Chappy. About 20 or so hashers showed up including one virgin- Just Phil . Little Sperm Maid made him cum. After milling around and drinking a few Mad Elfs and YingLings we finally circled up and the fine art of hashing was explained to the virgin. Finally we were off. The first beer check - bar was about 5 minutes away which was great because we were freezing.. I don't remember the name of the place but it doesn't matter - it was warm. Milling , BSing and consuming of pitchers was done. Okay so time to move ON ON. After a nice easy brisk walk down Cocoa Ave, we ended up at Shakey's where we were carded!. Can you believe it? I guess the brisk air and beer must have made us look under 21. Another good reason to hash. So we milled around this place and drank more pitchers. ON ON to the next stop.

Taking our lives in our hands we made our way across 322 down over a hill and arrived at the Penn- a very good extemely local bar. Well there was even more milling than before and I believe there was more picfers ordered than before. Everyone's favorite hasher - KY arrived and there was much rejoicing. This is also were whiskey showed up - for me anyway. ON ON to the next stop.

I ended up auto hashing with a few other wankers to the next stop which was the Park Side. Another fine dive. This is where the night gets a little fuzzy. I do know that we had a fine circle outside on the porch where some patches were awarded and Just Colleen was almost named. More milling , more picfers and there's that whiskey again!. Thank goodness for designated drivers! Anyway a fine time was had by all. Thanks to Chappy for a fine trail. Congratulations to Puke Panther on his new job and F*ck Hershey!.

12/14/2007 H5 Run #324

Fu&* Hershey Hash

Hares: Chapped Lips

Houlihans parking lot....27 W. Choco. Ave. F*@k Hershey

ON ON

Anal Nicole

PS: I seem to have lost my fine old fedora hat. If anyone has it, let me know. Thanks

12/1 /2007 H5 Run #323

Hanukkah Hash

Hares: Tour de Puke

29 Hunter Lane

Howdy Wankers

Thanks to all who came out on a glorious late fall day to enjoy Tour and Deathwish's trail laying of the Hanukkah Hash. Me and Delia arrived in plenty of hash time to see about 20 wankers trespassing in PNC's parking lot drinking beer. The only parking spot left was the handycapper so I got out of my truck with a limp. Yeah, I'll bet you're waiting for more on the limp thing but forget it. It was great to see many who had been away for too long. Some of those were "I Love My Mullet, Dude", who doesn't even have a mullet, but was traveling around the country on his motorcycle for about 6 months. I also remember the guy who was relaxing beside Blow N' Tells barn about a year ago and his wife wouldn't let him come out and play again till now. We did have some visitors. Cause for Blindness, Wishbone Her, Lick Her Only, Dancing Fool, & ummm, my memory isn't perfect. We did have 2 virgins, Just Mike and Just Dave brought by Anal Nicole and Dude, I Love My Mullet, respectively. Previous trails and lives were regaled and circle was had and trail marks disclaimed and Tour de Puke and Deathwish were off laying H5's Live Hare Trail.

The 12 minute head start is one of the things I enjoy most about hashing. In this case there were about 40 wankers having 20 different conversations, I know because since 1972 I've had AADD, I can hear them all. I think that's the year that AADD was diagnosed. Honest, I don't hear voices in my head. Weez off! The hares lead the pack through un-hashed territory at least 29 out of Tour's 50 plus harings through the Blue Cross territory. We come to a beer check near an exercise bike that I remember Grizz riding about 3 years ago. The new "Legion of Dumb", Deathwish, Quarterstick, and Cums and Glows took the bike for a wheelbarrow ride. On trail to jello shots. More trail, thanks for not getting more than our feet wet. An H5 standard to be sure. I know I'm missing something before getting to Phone Sex and Zebra Balls house. Surprise! Phone Sex and Zebra Balls had no idea that there wasn't going to be a beer check at their house for the like, the 4th hash near there!

The trail got urban, just like the other times we were here, and I was with a bimbo who liked to flash, not like other times I was there. Now you have to picture Fart Connor's mind set. There's a postal vehicle approaching and the bimbo who is with me is asking if the driver is a male. I tell her, "Yeah, it's a dude.", not caring because I like tits a flashing. There is also this dude raking his leaves. Bimbo suggests that I flash too, bad idea, ruins the whole thing. Shit! Babe driving postal truck says, "Why aren't you running!" Now picture bimbo babe flashing before that question was asked! Time for another beer while writing.

Back on trail. Piss Boy is calling the pack. Ohhh, he's waiting at a boob check! My pace was just right. Wish Bone Her arrived to save the day. Cause for Blindness is yet to follow for those slow of foot. There has to be some Hash God, Thanks For The Bimbos, "We love you!"

So the pack arrives at Tour's for down downs. Just for the record, She Came, did a wonderful job of keeping up with hash records. The scooter guy Just John was named "Whaco Jacko" due to his nakedness that I had the benefit to miss.

To rate this trail check out: <http://www.ratemy poo.com/>

What the hell did I forget about CD's on nipples? I love music.

Shitty Trail
Fart Connor

Two things:

First, isn't Dude's name--Dude, Where's My Mullet?

Second, which is kind of a mystery, who was the women (mailwoman--not male/woman) driving the mail truck? She stopped me and said, "Are, you just going to run by and not say, "Hi,"? She said that everyone else ran by and didn't recognize her either. She looked very familiar and I am sure that she is a hasher, but with my "A" ADD that I've had since birth, I couldn't place the face with a name, anyway, I'm terrible with faces and my vision is getting worse in my old age. Who can name the mailwoman hasher. Quarterstick is guessing that she is the first Eager Beaver, but I don't think so because I would have never met her. Bubba rocked last night, and Tour made some cash as the sexy Brittany Spears. Thanks Tour and the rest of Bubba for giving me the chance to dance freely and badly.

onon
eager

Thank you for the words of appreciation that I got from MANY of you concerning the hash awards.

But I want to make sure that EVERYONE gives credit to KY, our glorious Webmistress, who unfortunately was not in attendance yesterday, for keeping the statistics. She has developed a most incredible database to keep track of your runs and hares, way more sophisticated than any hash deserves, and certainly more complex than most H5ers would understand.

I am simply the conduit to get the awards off of the paper and into your hands, mostly for purely selfish reasons, but I had a lot of fun getting things up-to-date.

On-on,

She Came

Saturday, June 18, 2022

Page 193 of 208

Hares: Tour de Puke

29 Hunter Lane

Interesting sounding hash. Sorry I again missed it due to work. Bushrat spoke to me about missing so many hashes due to work and I shall be back out as soon a solution is established. Sorry Flounder for not coming.

I think I can help figure out the mail woman. Several weeks ago Bushrat, Quarterstick, Eager, Just Cate, and I went for a drive to look at a potential Turkey day hash. We found a great spot, but it was not ideal for the family hash. So after some warm apple dumplings at Brewsters we went our seperate ways.

My wife was working yesterday for the wonderful USPS in her MAIL TRUCK and spotted the Beav, Quarter stick, the guy with the rake, and a pair of boobs (not people). Instantly she knew it was a hash and was disappointed neither her nor I could participate. She yelled out to Eager who had no clue if she was a chick or a dude (which deeply depressed my wife while I chuckled). So the all important question of WHO WAS THE MAIL WOMAN/DUDE was my wife. My wife will now be delivering in a bikini in the middle of winter to HELP indentify herself for the FEMALE RACE.

Just Matt

Hares: Lockjaw, Grizz and Phone Sex

Central Dauphin Middle School

Wankers

I'll keep this short cause I got shit to do.

About 30 arrived for today's shitty trail. A visitor from Pittsburgh named Norton and his, ummmm, hot looking daughter, Just Tracy, did today's trail. Another visitor, larger than life, Cause for Blindness, did trail with her newly mended foot. The hares lied about where the start of trail was and found a better place for us to assemble and drink beer and piss in the parking lot.

The pack took off right on hash time and the trail was great. It went right 2 false's. WTF!! Ahhhh, the little known no rules un-marked check! Good thing there were a lot of hashers stumbling about in the woods for about a half an hour. That gave the hares a lot longer to fuck up the rest of the trail. That led of all things to a BEER CHECK a short distance later that on this cold November day the hares had the forethought to toss in the small stream, along with the cups too. I'm sure the beer killed the Giardia and the Cryptospyridium that was in the water. A really short distance later there was another beer check. With a homeowner that was wondering what we were doing on County property because he had recently been sued by some asshole that fell on his property and Phone Sex set him straight as why to Vagina Whiner and Cause for Blindness had gone off trail and crossed his property to get to the beer check, all was well.

Some few idiots left the beer check and did the big loop that led us back to the same beer check near the homeowners house but not on it and passed by a True Trail arrow that we must have walked right over and not seen.

The trail went back to Grizz and Lockjaw's new house, which really isn't new but old and cool because it has workshop in the back yard. I wonder if the workshop is going to be made into a brewery before the house is finished? Somebody has to have their priorities right.

Circle was held and Tour de Puke resumed his role with a new toy. I think he likes TASERS! Many down downs were issued and the hash went in peace looking for a piece.

Let us not forget our hashing neighbors in Reading who canceled yet another trail and join them on November 25 at Schlegel Park.

I got shit to doo
Fart Connor

Hares: Ruffie and Fart

Arrrrr Wankers

Thanks to all came out for this fine summer, fall, day. If you don't count the pre-trail drama it was a typical trail. You don't know about pre-trail drama, well I guess you lost out! OK, here's the skinny. Ruffie had an awesome trail partly scouted out and Ruff Butt, Fart Connor, Delia, and Desperate Dave/Takes It Up the Ass Like the Amish, unknown hare on trail, were thwarted by hunters with bows, arrows, and muzzle loaders. There's a gay hunting joke about "muzzle loaders" somewhere. Anyhow, even though we took the way in that we didn't see any No Trespassing signs, we had to blow off this trail. On to plan "B". Oh shit, no plan B. On to plan C.

Plan C: Ruffie finds trail on a map. Desperate drives the beer van. Fart Connor and Delia arrive on the morning of the hash and Ruffie, Fart, and Delia scout trail on bikes. This led to a really rare H5 occurrence, the hares were ready for trail before start time. There was a technical glitch in that there was no tub for the Troges beer. I had warm Old Milwaukee so I didn't care. "It doesn't get any worse than this." Beer was taken care of and all was well. The trail started on hash time at 2:30 PM.

Hares: Ruffie and Fart

Oh gheezeee, I need to thank the Troges Brewery for letting us park in the area! Their beer tastes good but I can't drink a bunch. Troges needs to make a "Pussy Beer" for people like me.

The hares finally take off. Ruffy rode a bike because she r\$ns about as fast as a evolution, so I had to do the real r*nnng. Puke Panther found flour on the Pac Man drawing and found a rugby ball. Hey, did anyone take the 100 foot loop to the FREE telescope on trail? The trail went to blah blah blah the first beer check! As I had to take time to fiddle fuck around to get the flour unlocked from Ruffies van that "Desperate Dave/Takes Up the Ass Like the Amish" had to mess around with so we could get to it I could hear hashers yelling, "On On", as I was not far from being caught at the first beer check! I'll bet that was Dick On A Stick. This was my kind of r*nnng terrain, mostly flat, so I took off at low speed. Lots of True Trail arrows and few marks.

Wow, what a trail! I at least had the sense to take the extra flour in the van because I thought I would out run the beer check vehicle! I love H5! Yep, I got to the next check and no BEER VAN! Desperate did a great job of keeping the hashers happy! Stay there till they are ready to leave!

At this point the hares decided to make the trail easy to follow back to the start because the packs attention span had well been exceeded. Right up through "Da Hood". Let's just say that upon scouting that day the locals enjoyed seeing Ruffy, Fart, and Delia in the bike trailer scouting their neighborHOOD. Now there is something missing in that as I was throwing flour, I wasn't running through the Hood because it was uphill, probably because it was daylight.

It was such a nice October day that little children were looking at the hashers while teething on lead painted windowsills. Now, not to be stereotypical, but why were so many of the children scared of Delia? Her head was just white from flour. I don't think they were scared of me.

I tossed out flour that led to a cemetery on some teenth street and made it back to our start. I redidid trail back to the cemetery and my eyes are starting not to work! OK, the problem is my brain. I fixed it. Where the hell are the hashers? My typing is starting to beerteriorate. Many of the front hashers failed to see the tombstone that has the word HARE on it.

For those who are dumb enough to read this here is Readings trail for tomorrow:

<http://www.readinghash.com/AA2007.htm>

That's all

Fart Connor

10/6 /2007 H5 Run #318

Flaming Foliage Hash

Hares: KY and Rubber Dickie

Cabin in Tioga County (30 miles east from the PA Grand Canyon)

Sunny weather, dirt roads, beautiful surrounds, wooded trail, not one but two camp fires, a cabin that feels like home, a million stars, the Hasher formally known as Just Kevin is now Dublin Dick, Mother Truckers chili kicked some ass and that segways into: five gallon bucket porto john, Panic Button conducts "On In" with great style, a lonely boom box, eggs and bacon and Lager for breakfast, fall colors galore, summer heat, Tioga County Rocks!!!!!!!, "is it really 1:30?, I thought it was 11!", Why is everyone laughing so much? Way to go and Thank you KY and RD!!!!!!!!! JEB

Please make that the inaugural Tioga County hash!!!

KY, how's your toes? big hug! PS

10/6 /2007 H5 Run #318

Flaming Foliage Hash

Hares: KY and Rubber Dickie

Cabin in Tioga County (30 miles east from the PA Grand Canyon)

ps...LOVED the hash, the views of the trees changing colors, the food, the companionship...it just doesn't get much better! hugs and kisses to all, PS

P.S. Thanks again to KY & RD for an amazingly kick ass weekend in the wild north woods of Pennsylvucky. Great weather, delicious food, warm hospitality, spy satellites, and drunken debauchery....does it get any better?

Panic

KY and I want everyone that was at the cabin last weekend to know we had a GREAT time. What a surprisingly good turn out of "19" that signed in!

We may never see temperatures as warm as they were on that weekend again. 80 and 90 year records were broken! No rain except for a pre-dawn shower on Sunday.

Plenty of beer. By the time I returned the keg on Monday, it was kicked. I don't know why all of us didn't stay up there all week. Enough extra food to feed an army!

Thanks to everyone for the contributions of food and specialty booze. I was thinking of doing a Hash/get together up there over the winter!! (SNOW!!!!) We'll keep you posted. Without doubt we will make the Flaming Foliage Hash an Anal event!! It will either be held on the 1st or 2nd full weekend in October depending on what dates the weekend falls. Prime Fall Foliage Peak is usually about October 8th in that area. Thanks again and ON-ON RD

9 /22/2007 H5 Run #317

Saturday Hash

Hares:

1418 Mt. Wilson Road, Lebanon, PA 17042-3828.

Dearest Wankers

Thanks to the about 20 who showed for the last summer day. We had planned a human sacrifice in honor of the autumnal equinox but we didn't want to thin the pack. A nice warm humid day greeted us at Luna Chick's and Girth Brooks house in the Gretna Highlands. Just April, Just Matt, and 6 month old Just Alice made the arduous journey out the back door to join the pack. Visitors, more like bi-hashuals, Dick on a Stick and Lick Her Only were the few to arrive. We did have a new arrival though through geographic replacement. She wasn't real forthcoming about her hash name other than Tips for Tits or maybe it's spelled T.I.P.S. for Tits and has a special meaning that she didn't want to reveal. It almost seems like she doesn't like her name. She doesn't seem to be one to do stupid stuff so H5 might have to take it upon themselves to take care of that with the H5 standard name.

Right on hash time the hares demonstrated the flour markings with an admonition to stay on trail so as not to piss of any of the hunters who might be out there. I'd hate to be mistaken as small game. 12 minutes later the pack took off with the re-arrived 15 pound FRB medal hoisted by the volunteered Panic Button. There was also a new dog in the pack. Head First arrived with this about 25 pound black furry thing that looked like it had run into a wall. Apparently it recently adopted Head First. Newly named Sonny and Delia sniffed bung holes and all was well. The hares wisely made sure the trail avoided the neighbors pond that on a previous trail we enjoyed. That figures, today it was warm enough for all to enjoy. Outta the woods, past some curious home owners, and some road pounding later we arrived at a logging site. Just off road came cries of Beer Near! A nice sunny day, beer in what used to be woods, my dog and hashers by my side, it almost doesn't get any better than this.

Off road was to set the pace for the next couple of miles as the hares set a challenging trail to follow but still kept us on a trail. We were in an area with lots of cross trails. I think the hares chose a good route in that we must have gone in the right way to not see any No Trespassing signs. No trespassers were violated and we soon found a shot check in the woods. Some kind of tasty peppermint stuff. More trail and a beautiful pond with a scum O green. Even Delia stayed out. M'Orally Challenged took a dip and declared it to be refreshing. Shot check on the other side of the pond. This time tea and something appley. Plenty of drinks for the pack. I remember this pond from some other full moon event.

The trail soon came out to a road where we didn't piss off any hunters because they were in the field on the other side of the road. Their pissed off dog was in the back of their truck, probably pissed off because it wasn't out in the field. There was a babe watching over what I can best describe as a bread flat with about 20 quail in it. I guess they were stocking the field so they could come back later and blast them for tiny portions of dinner. The trail went through a nicely mowed field and past a hub cap that looked like a really cool hat. It is sort of like a Chinese hat you see worn in the rice paddies only the pointy part is missing. As we went to a beer check in the Colebrook Tavern where there was a family enjoying dinner and secondhand smoke it was really quiet as I entered. It couldn't have been because of the hub cap I was wearing and the purple stuff I had smeared on my face. Out the tavern and back to Luna's place we went on the last leg of trail.

Back at Girth and Luna's an amazingly quiet circle ensued, especially being that Phone Sex was there. Down down's were issued for real and imagined things and it was time to eat! We had some awesome pasta with venison. As the sun went down and the fire lit up days of glory and yore were discussed and many went their own separate ways to hash yet another day.

On On
Fart Connor

9 /8 /2007 H5 Run #316

Save Stony Valley Hash

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

Here's ours:

There was a hornets' nest somewhere near the trail in the first mile. That's all we remember about the trail, 'cause that's as far as we went. Oh, and Cooter's face swelled up like she had a tumor when we retreated to the vehicles. Hope she's doing better today.

Fart's trash will be a lot more complete than mine, since I think he only encountered one suicidal bee.

Turn-the-Itch-OFF
and
Self Scratcher

And to think Bush Rat almost convinced me to not go to my wife's work picnic. Sorry to hear about the unfortunate happenings. Bees on the last trail, hornets on this one... I guess we have yellow jackets left, eh?

Just Matt

Oh, no! The hash was still much better than any "work picnic" I've attended, whether it's mine or (God forbid) my wife's!

The pleasant memories of chatting with Cooter-the-trooper & Deathwish over an icy cold beer while hanging out on tailgates in the beautiful rain.... listening to hashers in the distance....gentle thunder echoing through the valley....getting to know Yeast of Burden and Just Dave a little bit....wondering at the truthfulness of the story told by the AT hiker (17 miles off the AT with no appropriate rain gear, but a really cute purple outfit that would fit right in at the Hardware Bar? yeah, right)...waiting for the safe return of the hashers possibly more stupid than us who went on-on despite the extremely painful dangers we encountered...hitting the on-after at Just Josh's house (is that right?)....fantastic circle....good food....naming Just Josh "Rock Bottom".....on and on and on. The hash was awesome, despite the itching that kept me up all night from those hornets. Hey, that was, in retrospect an awesome experience, too, since I've never before been attacked by hornets! (Humans, yes, hornets, no.)

In sum, Just Matt, I'll remember forever the trail I didn't finish....you will forget your wife's work picnic in 2 days (or resent it much longer!).

Really, next time ditch the work picnic (don't ditch the wife! Bring her, too).
OnOn
T-Bo

I'll remember it too. I was hit 6 to 8 times, mostly in the legs, which still hurt, and twice in the face. I had a little trouble breathing, so I headed home and missed the circle. :-{

Next time...

Webelo Scout

All,

Perhaps I shouldn't have said "work picnic" as it wasn't put on by her work, but it was lot of people from where she works. I actually had a blast and from what I heard (from other veteran hashers) it was typical of after hash parties that happen. There was beer, a music, swimming, nudity, and those giant inflated things (a slide, climbing wall, and a cool pirate ship slide.

Agreed (on the subject of work picnics) T-Bo, though I would have come to the hash regardless IF I had not of committed earlier. I did not mean to "down" the hash. The bees stings I experienced at my first hash were MANY and although I'd pass on them in the future, I would gladly go back and do all over again. In addition, I'd probably just do it again to see the guy who forgot his shoes drink a beer out of the mud covered shoe that Fart had collected off a telephone wire and gave to him to use on the trail. I almost shit my pants when he drank it.

I'm really excited to get more involved with hashing. It is something I want to be more active in after just one time.

Just Matt

For those who attended the Stony Valley Hash and got stung/bit, I sure hope you are doing well. There is no way to control this mishap, but I just wanted to let you know I'm sorry. Maybe we should start carrying an Epi Pen for anyone who may be allergic. Fart could not type the hash trash because his hand swelled twice the normal size. We do expect it from you later Fart. Also, I was glad to see the Tiki torches made a big hit. Awesome hash, awesome on after.

To those who called my cell phone, Sorry I was not able to receive your messages. There is no cell reception at Stony Valley. Next time I will leave Rock Bottom's and Just Meghan's home number.

Howdy All

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

By now you should know the Hash to Save Stony Valley started on a tepid day very near Stony Creek at the dead end road hasher trap. Our hares Chapped Lips, Puke Panther, Ruff Butt, and Deathwish controlled the pack long enough to take off into with the woods with bags of flour and promises of beer and shots in the woods. A dude with a fly rod walked by casting suspicious glances at people and dogs drinking beer in the parking lot. He didn't have waders on this 90 degree day so that was OK. About 10 minutes later the pack took off in the general direction the fisherman went. I felt his coming fishing pain as I have been in a similar situation on the first day of trout fishing several years ago. That's why I like to fish this time of the year because most assholes are not out stomping in the woods and streams. One of our visitors, Wing Nuts, took off into the woods followed by calls of "Fu+k Wing Nuts". I'm sure the civilians enjoying the serenity of the woods enjoyed the serenade.

It was nice for a warm end of summer day to be in the shade soon going to the stream for the first crossing. As usual I was near the middle of the pack and on trail as the flour was found to cross us Stony Creek. It's important to mention here that this was before the fun with animals that was about to be on trail. Did anybody else see the huge bald faced hornets nest 20 feet up in the tree at the first stream crossing? It was about 18 inches in diameter and 3 feet long. I waited a while for Quarterstick to appear so I could get pictures of him throwing rocks at this huge nest. The bastard shortcutted to the first beer check so I went on trail soon to discover the fun that the hare, this was Deathwish's part of the trail, and the FRB's were about to stir up. I soon heard calls of "BEES!" I know for the next half mile Purple Cooter, Yeast of Burden, and Bush Rat got nailed many times. It was funny to see 3 dogs running serendipitously through all this. I guess having hairy legs could be a benefit here. Keeping poison ivy off and possibly bees from getting close enough really jam their stinger in. However the backs of my hands are another story. Yeah, I shouldn't cry because I only got hit really good in the hand. The water was no escape because it was just deep enough that your ass would have been sticking out. Back to our fly fisherman, did anyone else see him. He was in the middle of the bee conflagration trail. He had to have heard the whole bee scenario. I'll bet that hearing the hashers getting hammered by bees was way more fun than not catching any trout. I would like to hear his rendition of his fishing day. Soon we made it to the first beer check. Mercifully the trail went back sort of past the parking lot and some of the injured wisely bailed and went home.

All this adventure in the first mile of trail. It all went downhill from here, and uphill, and cross hill, and over rocks, and under logs, and through more water. For some reason Wild Cherry had a tasty alcoholic cherry impromptu enjoyment for the pack. Wonderful wooded and watered trail on a day that the local 30 percent chance of a thunderstorm kept one hill to our north for a while. Finally the storm came our way but most of the thunder missed us. Large refreshing rain drops came straight down of the few at the back of the pack that were on their way to the last beer check. It is important to mention that we already had 3 beer checks and a shot check. Way to go H5, exceeding the standard for a beer check every mile. In a rare moment Tour de Puke was near the back and mentioned that he saw a rope swing! Warm pouring down rain, a rope swing, and 90 degrees, shit, no beer., the world is not perfect. Some of the local kids must have stole the 30 foot long half inch nylon rope. I hope nobody's boat is floating down the Susquehanna. To look at this made me realize that somebody put a lot of work into making this swimming hole. I know about that kind of stuff. As I recall Luna Chick, Just Josh, Just Megan, Tour, Delia, and myself were the swingers. For some reason the name, Rock Bottom, comes to mind. The rain ended and we made our way back to the parking lot blowing off the last beer check.

Out of the woods walks a redheaded beauty named Just Tina who was doing a side hike off the Appalachian Trail. She went back with the pack for circle at Just Josh and Just Megan's place not to far away to catch some local people in action. Let us not forget own J. Edgar Boozer and his recent adventure on the Appalachian Trail this summer. Circle was held and Just Josh got named Rock Bottom due to something about his ass hitting a rock before he got over the creek on the rope swing. Before this time I had accepted his offer of crash space in his yard. I did remember to set up my tent. Did Quarterstick do something stupid by the fire? Shit, I gotta' drink slower. Fun with a laser pointer. The hashers dissipated and I think some of Rock Bottom's friends show up and drink more beer. For some reason I recall everyone leaving the fire area. I stumbled off to my tent. Too bad I forgot to roll out my air mattress that was in the tent beside me. The sun came up and I awoke. I remember something about the night before and noticing that I only had 1 Old Milwaukee left. Woo Hoo, brush teeth, drink Old Mud, a quart of water and I feel better.

By now I 'spect that the swelling has gone down and your stung spots are itching a lot. Wow, could bee stings be used for male enhancement? After the swelling goes down you have an itch to scratch.

On On
Fart Connor

8 / 27 / 2007 TMINFMH3 Run #98

Full Sturgeon Moon Hash

Hares:

Ok, so I was stupid enough to volunteer for one hash trash and got drafted for another so her it goes.....

Dateline Tues. H5 Full Sturgeon Moon (maybe)

The hare: Lunachic (go figure, it is a fool moon after all)

Location: MYO park, Lenkerville (I know, she said Millersburg, but really it's Lenkerville)

The trail:

Where should I start, the beginning is always good, but not always the best.....so.....

The pack had assembled just up from the old canal (not that there are any new ones) in the MYO park in Lenkerville with Luna and Girth Brooks supplying drinks. Some recently absent hashers showed, Like yours truly (really when was the last time anyone saw me at a fool moon), Sticky Bunz, Licky Me, Raidr, and some others who shall be named later (or not). Trail got off to a rocky start because I stole the flour from the hare :) and decided that a pub crawl was just to simple, so I was off with the hare chasing me (forget circle there were no new boots anyway, except one and she stuck to Sticky, did I mention both were looking rather hot). So forget the 10 min. lead time, every one was late as it was. Across the bridge to the Millersburg Ferry (not that there is anything wrong with that, yes, I did make sure we got to Millersburg ok) and the beginning of an impromptu "booze cruise" a Beer Near was thrown down on the deck of the boat (in the river I think it's only a boat, not a ship) and my trunk was opened to reveal a case of Seranac brought back from Ithaca weekend. I downed one and horseplay ensued..... until.... ok, so lick me didn't learn to stay back after I've been drinking and I picked her up on my shoulder and proceeded to march around on deck, when she squirmed just a bit too much and she went overboard :O Since we were close enough when it happened she was promptly fished out without the captain being any wiser(?) or he was just

Hares:

laughing his ass off too much to stop the boat any sooner.

Back to trail, the boat, once docked was a quick disembark to the next beer check, the swingers club in Liverpool. Licky Me was in her glory dishing spankings to all who would rear up. I was rolling on the floor from watching it all and a few others were in awe of everything thus far. this beer check had to be short so we would all make the return trip on the ferry. We all lined up at the door on the way out for our spankings, I do believe she got me harder than the rest for dropping her in the water (or maybe the concussion from Ithaca, when I dropped her on the ground), but hey I like it that way.

After docking back in Millersburg I turned the flour back over to Luna and we proceeded to go on the standard pub crawl and wound up at the Millersburger for circle and free pizza and snacks during Monday Night Football. Sorry if you showed and I didn't remember to name you, and I forget who fell into the canal while trying to cross on the tree, but such is hashing.

Remember also to never let the truth get in the way of a good story, or even a mediocre one.

8 /25/2007 H5 Run #315

Saturday Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry

Dearest Wankers

What a great day for a hash. I know that because the Weather Man told me that there was a heat advisory to go out in the weather today. T was a nice sunny day to arrive in an area that had gates that could be locked and trap all the hashers, though you could go on foot across the Conidiguinnet Creek to escape. Summer days like this are what make Pennsylvania a great place to hash year around. If that doesn't make sense come out with us when it's 15 degrees. We were really crafty and hid about 20 vehicles, that's police talk for cars, by the compost pile to violate open container laws.

The hares, Wild Cherry, Phone Sex, and Zebra Balls arrived to take control of the pack of at least 30 who braved the heat and humidity this early in the day. Close to half of the pack was visitors and about 5 virgins. This seemed like a really small turnout for H5. I guess the rest of H5 stayed home to watch the Extreme Scrapbooking Marathon on the LOGO CHANNEL in the air conditioning! The pack took off on really good hash time and just as the hares had promised the trail started as advertised as Wet. The wild part was to follow later.

A short land distance and past some civilians looking at us as the first creek crossing. This was to set the theme for the day. The hares did a great job. The pack crossed a 4 lane highway without the police arriving to give J-walking tickets. Back into the shiggy and down to another cold stream where we didn't stomp on any native trout and at an underpass with the first beer check. Here is what make hashing special from many perspectives. Many are driving over us not even knowing we are there in their air conditioned vehicles. Hmmm, my partipicle is dangling. They are driving over us in their air conditioned cars, not realizing that we are there drinking beer. We are in the shade on a hot day in cool water drinking beer. Bush Rat forgot to read the note that the hares provided to avoid their notice. The rest of the pack was stupid enough to follow trail for about half a mile that made a big loop to within 100 yards of the first beer check. The trail went down the same stream for about another half a mile to another well placed beer check. Yuengling Lager and float toys. It almost doesn't get any better than this! Through more shiggy and back across the 4 lane highway did the pack wander following flour. Zig Zaggy back to the Conidiguinnet Creek and down we go. Theme for the day, FRB's find trail through the shiggy and some of the pack follows the calls of ON On as we travel down creek. Those in the creek make a slight detour for beer in the shiggy. It should be noted that the whole time we were in this relative wilderness you could hear traffic going past. More trail and back across the creek and things got interesting. As the trail sort of doubled back and went up a hill my r*nnng prowess saved me for a second week in a row. Last week me and Delia were at Lehigh Valley and the hares and FRB's ran across railroad ties and a bee nest. They stirred up bee shit for the pack. I could see Delia and hear her yelping. Delia has found many bee nests and never let out a cry so I'm guessing that she was caught in the hasher stampede. I looked down to a bee tornado at the railroad ties and detoured around. Today was similar as Delia was following short cutters and I wasn't far behind as the cry of BEES erupted! Delia came running back to me with a nice collection of bees on her and others following. It was sort of like my great, great, great, great grandmother Emma said to my great, great, great uncle Zeb when the Indians attacked in 1839, "I kept beating them off but they kept coming and coming!" I only got stung once but others got nailed numerous times by the Yellow Jackets. G must have been with us as nobody had an Allergic Erection. We still have another beer check to go!

We were back in the general direction of the start and found the last beer check and La La La La La La La La La, shiggy and water. It was about this time that the hashers attention span had long been surpassed and many knew different ways back to the start. This is what makes an A to A trail great. As me and Delia were one of the last to leave and I saw the other occupants of the remaining vehicles I think that we didn't lose anyone on trail.

A thanks should go to Weblows Scout for finding the magnetic 2 foot by 1 foot sign that was affixed to the new door of my fine truck when I got back to Point A. Now here is a hash political disclaimer: I don't know who RonPaul20008.com represents but I got some cool magnetic shit on the door of my truck. Keep in mind I like Kinky Freedman too. He has a cool "In DOG we trust" t-shirt. I think I want one.

Back to Wild Cherry's abode for some delicious food and COOKIES. Only Wild Cherry could make cookies a food group, second only to Old Milwaukee. Wonderful food was consumed, circle ensued, and many hashers were abused. Thanks to our visitors, regular H5'ers, virgins, and our hares. Zebra Balls, the hare that didn't know the trail, Phone Sex, showed Zebba Balls the way, and special thanks to Wild Cherry for again opening his house and neighborhood for the hashers. The pack at Wild Cherry's thinned quickly as many left to get ready to see Bubba, central Pennsylvania's most intoxicated band, somewhere in Harrisburg.

Hashing is great
Fart Connor

Hares: ANGEL, Just Lays There, Doodle and She Cam

Hey Now

Thanks ANGEL, Doodle, Just Lays There, and She Came for all you did to make the Power O de Poosay hash so much fun. From what I seen ANGEL had to put in a lot of time to find a venue that was hash friendly, sort of. Apparently in her own backyard she found a place otherwise known as The Quentin Riding Club.

In an attempt to properly prepare I took a half day off work on Friday for a hash on Saturday. Me and Delia loaded a pickup load of hashing stuff out of the "Barn O Hashing". If I had a bigger truck I could bring more shit. We arrived around 5 PM and set up camp. Blawb and her Just Doug arrived and plugged into the electricity for their camper. Now I get to relax till trail on Saturday. As the sun set the oppressive heat that stayed around even a night relented. Later at night when the club members departed Delia somehow snuck into the bar, she didn't drink though. It's too bad that she can't drive even though she has a license. Meanwhile back at camp things were happening. I sat in my camp chair alone in the dark and enjoyed another beer while I pondered the stars. Then it was time to crash and let the cicadas sing me to sleep on my air mattress that I forgot to close the valve so all the air doesn't leak out.

A comfortable sunny Saturday morning arrived. I had a nutritious breakfast of V8, Ramen noodles, Men's One A Day, a Monster drink, and beer. Some of the hares arrived and worried about why the other hares weren't there. There's beer checks to put out. A small supply of hashers arrived. There were even a couple of virgins. If I remember correctly they were Just Bill, on some name that starts with a B, and Just Nicole. Now being that they were virgins at an H5/Reading hash does that automatically make them Bi-hashual? According to directions previously dispersed from the hares that the pack actually remembered to leave camp and carpool to the bar for trail start about 5 minutes from QRC. Sister Maria carpooled himself to the start in his new Pontiac Vibe that only had 25 miles on it. A small pack of about 20 appeared at Cheers Bar. Let's not forget the dogs. Doodle and Glass Ass's new dog Summer, a fox hound at a riding club. ANGEL's dog Marley went with the hares. Beer Slut, Delia, and Summer stayed with pack.

The hares gave trail marking flour throws to confuse the virgins and regaled them with tales of water moccasins, bees, shiggy a deer can't make it through, broken bones, and lost hashers. The hares take off after giving directions to the pack to go to the bar. There are directions we can follow. Beer at the bar and the pack is off after 12 minutes. 100 yards and into the shiggy by an automobile graveyard. I know this is a good idea but maybe not for the junkyard owner, this would be a cool place for a beer check. No such luck, wonderful shiggy that you can't walk upright through like a human, into woods, and back to the power cut. We scared out a couple of deer but mostly I heard something crunching through the brush or a glimpse of a white tail over an asshole. Down a hill to the land of boulders. It's somewhere near here where I fell on my ass. I can remember thinking, "That's going to hurt tomorrow." The trail goes into a bouldery stream that is designated as a wild trout stream. Some places the stream disappears under the rocks and you can hear the stream babbling under the rocks. Beer check in the stream! The other about 2 miles of trail would follow this pattern. Evil terrain, water, pollen, beer in a stream, and falling hashers. The pack arrives safely back at the bar and carools back to the QRC.

Back at camp circle is held where Just Doug, Blawb's other half, was named "Donald Frump" because he didn't do anything stupid on trail and his resemblance to Donald Trump and his need for hair care. Glass Ass and Doodle had some awesome chili made for our enjoyment. I think just Troy did some rapping. A great evening on the deck for drinking too much beer. Real plastic beer mugs were distributed to those in the pack who registered. They were decorated and personalized specailly for this occasion by Just Lays There.

I stumbled me and Delia back to my tent and thought I was about to go to sleep. At least KY was smart enough to try and sleep in her vehicle. Apparently she froze her ass off and drove a hundred feet in search of She Came's tent and scared Wild Cherry as all he saw were headlights going for his tent, she stopped just in time. She Came and KY were cackling and giggling like little school girls at a sleep over and somebody's liquor cabinet was raided. Eventually they quieted down, maybe because they were spooning, and I finally dropped off to sleep.

I awoke in pain on Sunday morning and realized that I was right about the fall I took on Saturday and the valve I forgot to close on my air mattress didn't help any either. Now came the most work of the weekend for me, making all the shit fit back inside my truck. Evidence of that was witnessed by Big Rig and I think Doodle as they followed me shortly and saw me have to pick up my pirate flag on the flagpole that blew out of the back of my truck. I had to go back and get it.

ANGEL, She Came, Doodle, and Just Lays There, thanks for a wonderful trail. Where the hell were the rest of the hashers?

On On
Fart Connor

We just wanted to send out a "big" thanks to the hares for a fun hash! Your hard work is much appreciated!
OnOn,

7 /29/2007 TMINMFMH3 Run #97

Full Buck Moon Hash

Hares: Lunachic and Eager Beaver

Park n' Ride off of Rte 934 & Rte 22.

What the hell would keep 18 or so of the bravest hashers in the world entertained in a severe thunderstorm? Well BEER seems to work just fine. Not to mention to the group of half-minds chances of being struck by lightning are like 280,000 to one or less. But when you add the fact that most of the trail was creek stomping, through a forest. The beer was helpful to overcum the odds. I think we beat the odds.

I feel very fortunate to again be entertained by the beer guzzling antics of H5 with hardly a scratch on me. Thanx to Eager & Luna for the work they did and all those who showed up, truly a great 97TH full moon hash.

ON ON

Girrrth Brooks

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

Falmouth Boat Access off Rte 441

Friggn' Arrrgghh Wankers

H5 meets again to defile the downstream of Three Mile Island. Me and Delia arrived in plenty of time to catch a dip in the Susky. European Whore and Hung Like This arrived in time to join us as we soaked in the tepid water that there was no E Coli alert at the beach upstream at Harrisburg's City Island, at least that I know of. I hope if you are reading this you are having your First Drink of the Day, it's 1 AM Sunday so this is mine. Upon seeing Puke Panther making a circle of flour we decided to swim on in. Oh yeah, we're back to Saturday. Puke showed the marks that would be tossed about as our one virgin for the day looked on with a look of thinking WTF? If I'm correct, "Kicks Ass Like a Man" helped to bring him. I know that there are many Just Hashers out there that I don't remember their name so forgive me.

The pack of about 25 took off after the standard 12 minutes on a trail that seemed really familiar to me. Me and Delia resisted the urge to bushwhack through the shiggy to the hiking trail about 100 yards away and followed the trail like the rest of the Lemmings. Sure as shit the trail went down river for a really long way before the pack found the first beer check. The hares seriously abused the H5 credo of a beer check every mile! Especially at the beginning of a trail. And then when we came to the first beer check there was a cooler really full of ice with not nearly enough beer for half the size of the pack! About this time a nasty looking pile of storm clouds complete with distant thunder was observed but by the grace of G passed us by. OK, quit busting on Puke and Chappy, they did go to great effort to set this trail, at least till later. OK, it's later! Another way long mile and still frugal beer and lots of ice.

If I remember correctly the trail went from the second beer check to the third beer check along a road. OK, maybe that's really stupid but if you were on trail and saw how the flour markings looked like a comet with a tail going in the direction of the possible motor vehicle hauling hares throwing flour you would understand. I must admit though that here is a cool thing about hashing, the pack gathered with the hares and socialized. There were many that wondered why there was a non-hasher pickup truck parked in the field beside us, we found out later on trail after the lengthy beer check. The trail went off the road and soon we encountered a civilian with a rifle and a scope! It wasn't even hunting season, especially for hashers! He was just blasting groundhogs. I recall Kicks Ass Like a Man's observation of one his groundhogs with it's head blown most of the way off. I'm not sure that she agreed with his observation of "That's where I ment to put it." The pack went merrily on to the last beer check before we got to the Susquehanna River at Chappy's car parked at to an entrance to Three Mile Island. Deathwish informed us that he and Yeast of Burden were to drive Chappy's car back to the start. Bullshitting car hashing bastards! I wish I would have thought of that first.

The Rock Hop really started about here. Fisherman were looking at us. Where is the security at Three Mile Island? What would happen if Delia had her red doggie backpack on and ran across the bridge with no guards? Doggie suicide bomber strikes Three Mile Island! Dog Shit Bomb! I fed her Alpo mixed with nuclear waste. Dirty Fart bomb! The world is safe. The trail goes down the river and here is where I think it is better to do trail drunk because the rocks are slippery and as long as you employ the whirling dervish you are OK. If you haven't figured this out by now, click on the colored shit for more entertainvent. Old Milwaukee clouds my brain. Let's go Roman! About the time of the Romans the original inhabitants of North America speared fish and got suntans with no suntan lines on them. Today we stumbled, crawled, rolled, failed, rolled, yelled FUCK the hares to a shot check as darkness was setting. My eyes are having trouble lining stuff up. The hares arrived a mile out in the river and directed the pack in for a shortcut because it was getting dark soon. Hmmm, bustin' time! Who is the genius who thought of starting this trail 4:30 in the afternoon?

Hey Chappy and Puke, thanks for fucking up another trail for H5! Youse are great! If anybody wants to bitch about this trail let them hare a trail of their own!

On On
Fart Connor

Fart, sweetie..... trail was not f*cked up!! We thought it was awesome and thank God the rain held off. It's tough pleasing sooo many people with their schedules. We used to start our runs earlier, but then it cut into some folks bike riding time, so we started later and THOSE hashers don't make trail anyway. Then we had some complaining our trials are too short, so I lengthened it!?! Hmmm, I thought two 64oz jugs of beer at each stop was plenty....we did not want you folks drunk on the rocks. :-)
There was a couple of things you forgot to mention in your write up....didn't Mr. Alligator, Mr. Dolphin or Mr. Shark help you across the river and most importantly.who's motorcycle did Pro Boner help himself to? (Blow n Tell, please elaborate on that story so I can laugh my ass off again) It wasn't mine.
Who was that man WALKING & HOLDING HANDS on trial (he did not finish trail)....I believe it looked like DEATHWISH. Oh the Virgin Just Bret could not swim, so I towed him across the river using my Kayak. OMG, the nastiest fall I have ever witnessed on those rocks was Tour slipping and falling hard on his back. He was soooo lucky it was a flat rock. I have been on those rocks hundreds of times with Puke, we have fallen many times but that was the best fall ever!! I thought you were paralyzed Tour!!!!
Thank you Fart, great job on the write up. As always, I love you guys. Thanks for cuming out and having a great time with us.
OK, our Save Stoney Valley run won't be too long.

much love, Chappy and Puke

Hello Fellow H5ers,

I thought this hash was Totally Awesome!!! The trail was great, the rocks were extremely cool, and I enjoyed the float across the mighty Susquehanna. I totally loved it. I enjoyed the rock hop even more than hiking through "The Devil's Racecourse", which is a famous boulder field along the Appalachian Trail in Dauphin County. I talked a lot to a new hasher named "Just Ben" who came with "Kicks Ass Like A Man". It turned out that "Just Ben" is a geologist and he explained a lot about the rocks to me while we were hopping on them. I think "Gets Her Rocks Off" would have enjoyed this hash. I was glad it was longer than most hashes since it was so good, and I regret not cumming to the on-after. Maybe next time.

Kudos with a capital "K" to Chappy and Puke Panther for a "rockin" great time!

Hares: Chapped Lips and Puke Panther

Falmouth Boat Access off Rte 441

On-On,

Flaming Earl Gay

Hares: Piss Boy, Cums & Glows and Meatless

4 B's Restaurant in Emigsville

Howdy Y'All

The Straub III hash started innocently enough as about 30 wankers with nothing better to do on a wonderful not humid Saturday summer afternoon arrived at 4 B's. Me and Delia got to the parking lot in plenty of time to see the slow trickle of hasher vehicles, with various examples of hashing misuse exhibited upon them, start to assemble in the designated area. As zero hour approached the stream intensified to a small flood of metal and human assemblage coming from all directions. Well sort of, nobody arrived by parachute, boat, or from underground. Make that a special note for future hares, that'll get the pack thinking about the trail to come!

The hares Meatless, Piss Boy, and Cums And Glows, did a great job of showing how marks should look on trail and got their 12 minute lead on the pack to live hare the trail. H5vers, visitors, and virgins introduced themselves to one another. You could see sparks of fear in the eyes of some of the virgins, Just Matt brought by his cousin Arch Enema and Just Rebecca presented to the hash from Mary Anne, as previous trail debacles, pissed off fisherman with hooks (That's better than pissed off hunters with guns, bullets too, but that season is soon upon us.), leech filled water crossings, broken bones, eating live cicadas, dog fights, earthquakes, ticks in hard to reach places, and other things that add to hashing were discussed. The hope that the trail would lead the pack under rt. 83 more times than the Re-hab Trail was mentioned. Of course the Re-hab Trail didn't go under rt. 83 because we were at rt. 81, but it didn't go under 81 either. Meanwhile, back at the edge of the shiggy, the pack was off! We're off to see what the dastadwy hawes have in store for us.

As in usual H5 style Dancing Fool from Philly way and Blinded by the Cause with girlfriend J-Ho, from New Mexico, USA way got away almost with the pack. It didn't take long to reassemble behind the brand spankin' new million dollar SPCA building that somebody put up for the hares to find a nice cool spot in the woods for the first beer check. The pack is back together as my beer addled mind tries to re-create the trail. Oh yeah, Dancing Fool, the last one in the pack, saw the BN! The whole pack almost missed the first beer check! Damn I'm glad we let you come along and pick up trash!

My little mind is in the shiggy with the beer. I think we had one more beer check before the trail went under Rt. 83 through a stream channel. Up a nice hill and into the woods near grandmothers house the pack went near an industrial park. Homeland Hashscureity. Beer in the woods! Ohhh ohhh, I remember some conversation that Blinded by the Cause started. Something about that licking windows on the bus taste like blue berries. I replied that that was only after a healthy mooning. That's even more fun than plucking clumps of fur off the remaining fat cat that is 16 years old. I guess you had to be there. The cat tangent is at my house. I remember railroad tracks and Bozo the Clown's sister trying to scramble down the sides of said railroad tracks to get away from the pack. Her significant other was waiting fearlessly for the hashers to pass so he could give her a hand. Many civilians look at us with "The Look". There was no 'splanin so we kept going. They wouldn't have been amused anyhow. Jesus Saves.

Somehow I'm missing a beer check. Well, I guess I didn't miss it, I just helped it to disappear. We still aren't back across rt. 83 and there are miles to go with a shot check too! After much stumblage the pack assembles under a bridge with a Shot Check. The hares went all out on this one! No mixers needed! Just take a shot out of the bottle of vodka! Mmmmmn, it doesn't get any better than this! Old Milwaukee Russian style!

The pack knows that this on the way back to the On In because we are out of beer and shot checks. Shit! It seemed like a long way till we got to the On In place. It was! At least the hares were ready with lots of beer. We were back at the first beer check that the hares had dutifully explained would be the On In point.

Let it not be forgotten that the hares at the last minute figured that the bar that let us park in their parking lot might be quite pissed if we did down downs in their parking lot with our own Straub's Wheat Beer, so the hares did well for the pack. See previous paragraph. Meanwhile back at the first beer check, hashers were getting ready to sacrifice a beer keg. All in the pack were accounted for and circle ensued.

Here is to the hares! They found a spot for a respectful circle where we could sing and yell FUCK loudly! And we did. Our virgins Just Matt and Just Rebecca were de-flowered in circle. Just Angelia got named something, I'll call ya' all at 6 AM when I remember. Damn, it been years. I care about Just Angelia's name!

Hares: Piss Boy, Cums & Glows and Meatless

4 B's Restaurant in Emigsville

On Out

Fart Connor

6 /30/2007 H5 Run #311

Rehab Hash

Hares: Wild Cherry and Phone Sex

Pull off on Rte. 114 by the I-81 interchange in Mechanicsburg

Hey There Wankers

A nice cool early summer day greeted the 30 plus hashers who made it to Wild Cherry's and Phone Sex's "Re-hab Hash". Doodle was mentioned somewhere there too but she must still have been on the mend. We had a great showing of virgins and visitors for H5's live hare trail. If I recall correctly Phone Sex recruited 4 virgins, the only one I can name is Just Tom, more on that later. I think the other virgin came from the Pittsburgh contingent and I can't remember his name either. I gotta start writing stuff down on trail. Other visitors that I hope to recall correctly were Just Lays There from Reading, Cause for Blindness and Dancing Fool from Philly, and "The Pittsburgh 5". Hmmm, let's try to remember. Just Some Dude, Hung Like This, Man E Teaser, some dude who pronounced his name after doing the SHOCKER and talking with those fingers in his mouth, and Just Joy. If I missed any visitors kick me in the ass next time you see me. Let's not forget the dogs. JLT's dogs Molly and Cornelia, European Whore, she was a visitor too, little dog stayed at Wild Cherry's house and didn't do trail. My phrasing might have been better. Delia and the former Just Theresa's dog, Taco Bell, or something like that, did trail. I have to give the little Chihuahua credit because he is a trooper.

Wild Cherry gave a good demonstration of how he and Phone Sex would miss-mark the trail. 12 minutes later the pack was off. About 300 yards later the pack was at a major confustulation that led to a number of false trails on the wrong side of the road after a check back 8. About a half hour later the pack found beer real near back check 3. The hares have another story about how the pack messed up the trail. All was well, beer was drunk and we were soon off. The hares did a really good job of keeping the pack off roads and I suspect that if we were on trail we didn't see any No Trespassing signs. As the trail paralleled Rt. 81 I wondered why the hares didn't have us go under in the nice cool water. At least the trail was sort of easy to find as truckers blasted their air horns at us. Hmmm, new trail sign in the shape of a horn. Bimbo flashes tits at trucks while doing the universal air horn cord pull. Caution needs to be exercised to make sure that the Grizwalds are not going to wreck because of the distraction. This could be employed if the trail is on train tracks. I'll bet even female truckers would enjoy that too. Mother Trucker, please add your opinion. Ohhh, I crashed into a mental distraction.

Well anyhow back to the real world. We followed a wonderful stream as opposed to the jaggery shiggy, I mean this was really jungly if you were not on the trail. For some reason I forgot the shot check at Rt. 81 before we descended into the shiggy. We followed this stream just like the early pioneers that stole the land from the Indians that already knew the short cuts to beer. We found the beer and a tree for Quarter Stick to climb. Re-imbibed the pack followed trail sort of back to civilization. At least the hares did a great job of having beer on trail! Our next beer check was at some sort of pond where Q-stick should have been more quiet. Me and Delia dove in and found the water to be quite refreshing as long as you didn't jam your feet into the goo at the bottom. Plus that didn't stir up the snappin' turtles and I wasn't skinny dipping so I didn't have to worry about My Ding A Ling. About here was where Just Tom caught up with the pack and was kind of pissed. I do recall his significant other saying that she was concerned about him but I told her that he was with Dancing Fool and he was fine way before. Thank you Dancing Fool for all you do for the hashing world. The trail went back to where we parked and we were off to Wild Cherry's for down downs.

Most of the pack re-assembled and many were abused. Various wankers had great food and beer. Thanks to all the visitors and H5ers that attended or joined us after trail. There was something about the hot tub..... Oh yeah, I got in there in the daylight, that might be scary enough. With the exception of Cause for Blindness, it was a sausage boil. I left somewhere before it got dark but not before Just Theresa got named. If I have this correct she was named KALAM, or Kicks Ass Like A Man! Feel free to ask her if she likes that name. Let us not forget Just Joy, from Pittsburgh, who had way too many clothes on in the hot tub, with another shitty 70's song mentioned by one of her co-horts. This scares me because it's mellow and I remember it! It's Seasons in the Sun.

On On

Fart Coroner

6 /29/2007 TMINMFMH3 Run #96

Full Strawberry Moon Hash

Hares:

Hared by Bushrat and Panick Button. And truly for PB's first hared trail, I would have to give it a 9++...can't give it a 10...only the Army gets that! :)) Any way, I don't usually drink at these events, but I did that night so my recall may not be totally accurate, but here it goes. We all arrived at a Church off 283 somewhere...I pray for our forgiveness...there was a good lot of us, 30 or more, hares got off...hmmmm...fairly on time...hash time that is...ran us thru a ton of shiggy...my legs tell the story on that issue. I think there was 3 BN's and 1SN...and I think there was running/walking in between each one...and some how we all ended up back at the church...I pray

Hares:

for our souls...rounding us up for circle was like a stoned cowboy trying to round up wild horses in a mid west hurricane...up we finally ended up at the church pavillion...i have been praying ever since we've left for our souls...circle was had by all then off to a local bar...now that bar was soooo cute! Like going back in time to around 1955 and I think it was the original fabric on the sofa! The hot dogs were consumed...i especially like the chilli on top...that's a flip for me....much beer was drank...fresh beer that istrue pennsylvanian beer...mmmmmm...doesn't get much better than that! I think we'll all ban Troegs at the hashes from here on out! not sure what time we left for home...after promises for kicking someones ass at pole the next time. THANKS!! for the great time! PS&ZB

p.s...i was suppose to remember something...but i forget...

6 /16/2007 H5 Run #310

KY's 5th Anal Birthday Hash

Hares: Rubber Dickie

Evangelical Free Church - Hershey

Thanks Ky and Rubber Dickie too

Hey wait, who left the parking lot annex of the church with the big bag O flour? Oh, that was Rubber Dickie carrying the bag. Well anyhow the pack assembled on a great day with many arriving before the disputed hash time of somewhere around 4 in the afternoon. Phone Sex and the long time unseen Zebra Balls arrived fashionably on their scooters in plenty of time not to do trail citing a morning bike ride for their inability to do trail in the afternoon. There was a sign in the parking lot forbidding passing out in the parking lot. Oops, that's not what I meant. The sign said not to pass out literature in the parking lot. That was adhered to as Flounder passed out Yuengling Lagers that he had left to those who would partake. Long time non-returns, Coyote Ugly, Dirty Dancer, dog Spooner, and their new adoptee from the shelter, Delaney, arrived to put some doggie spice on the day. Skid Mark, Mother Trucker, Desperate Dave/Takes Up The Ass Like The Amish, and Just Jo arrived at the start not to do trail too. Let's not forget the about 30 others who came to do the trail!

The live hare Rubber Dickie got his 12 minute head start and threw out a nice trail to follow. After a short distance it led to some blatant trespassing through what looked like some sort of Derry Township Municipal area to a beer check that the local Derry Township Homeland Security Police didn't arrive to protect the sewage pumping station. We drank beer there and Quarterstick was pissed because he couldn't find any big rocks to throw into the stream or at trains so he pissed in the stream. Shortly before we finished the beer, the last of the on hash extreme timers arrived. M'Orally Challenged and Dancing Fool came prancing through the woods to help finish off the rest of the beer. With the beer finished the pack was off and up the hill being that if we went any direction from there, other than back to the start, it was uphill.

I have to note that this part of the trail was really well marked as the flour was well placed in plain view on moss covered rocks, exposed tree roots, scraped off leaves, and other areas availing themselves to being floured. We didn't go too far till we came to of all things in the middle of the woods, a shot check! This worked well as the pack downed the tasty cream sickle flavored liquor and stumbled off through some of the nicest shiggy across a thorny rose covered log that Rubber Dickie found for the pack to enjoy. The trail couldn't have gone much more than another half mile till we came to another beer check. By this time some of our type A hashers were complaining about stiffening up because of too much beer drinking and not enough trail and the pack formed a long thin line through a field that really looked full of ticks. The trail seemed to go a long way, relative to the previous beer checks, through a field of soy beans, in case anybody cares what kind of farmers crops we were trampling, across a road into a nice residential development. The hare must have scouted well in that the trail went to this property that was for sale where we could trespass into the nearby woods for the last beer check. The FRB's put the beer check on the back porch of the house on the property. Yeah right, a house! 4 garages attached to a indoor volleyball court that the Legion of Dumb could hurl volley balls through the windows, attached to a 5 bedroom with a Jacuzzi in each type house. Somebody built a beach house in the woods. Story was that if the cops came we were a consortium looking to buy the house while drinking beer in the back.

From here the trail went a good mile on the way back to Rubber Dickies and Ky's with more blatant trespassing through somewhere as some amused condo owners looked on. At least they weren't shouting, cursing, and shooting as we passed. As it got dark the last of the pack stumbled in. Ky's dogs were ready to greet the pack. Sam, the coffee table, was pretty mellow as Spooner, Delia, and Delaney made their arrival. Cheyanne, on the other paw, saw it differently and it soon became clear that we had to "Keep em Separated". The dogs talked some smack but nobody stuck their leg in so all was well.

A rather respectful circle was had as many were dishonored for hash crimes of some sort. Dancing Fool got the only visitor down down. To the H5'ers who I failed to disrespect in print, thanks for coming out and making today a great day. Speaking of which, Bush Rat regaled the pack with the story of his type A swim of 4.5 miles and used the opportunity to raise more money so we can pay his way to swim across the Chesapeake Bay again next year. A naming was held, if I have this right, Just Brett, was named due to wanting to be divorced to marry again soon and not being able to hook up his trailer after Stinko, "Un-Hitch My Cock".

On Out
Fart Connor

5 /5 /2007 H5 Run #306

10th Analversary - 7th Stinko de Mayo

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Susp

To everyone that participated in, and was a part of Stinko, I want to give a big thanks. It is probably always my most tiring weekend of the year. We do a lot to make Stinko what it has become. I cannot count the number of compliments that I got. Every year, afterwards I ask myself, "what can we do better?" And I do not know that we have to get any better. As long as we do not get stale, but continue to change it up a bit.

I cannot name everyone, you know who you are. Some did a lot and some a little, but it all counts. So thanks again for all of the hard work and dedication.

For those of you from H5 that choose not to attend, too bad. You miss out on a lot of fun.

There are some good events cumming up now, that we can enjoy even more,(because we do not work), like commotion by the Ocean, Ithica, Pittsburg, and later on Erie and Nittany. It takes support from your surrounding hash clubs to make the event great. So get out of

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Susp

town and support our friends who support us year after year.

ON ON to A.B.C on Friday and Family Hash on Sat

Bushrat

Hey Bushrat, Tour, Chappy and all the rest of you crazy H5'ers. Just wanna thank you for yet another great Stinko! You guys rock.

See you in Eerie

Swings Both Ways

128 acts of fun! THANKS FOR A GREAT TIME :) LOVE ALL OF YOU :) ENJOY, JLT

Hey Ya' Ky

I recall something about a dropped plastic jug of Yucca. I'm glad the glass didn't break.

Starting to recover
Fart Connor

I second that sentiment, Swings Both Ways -- H5, you guys rock! Thanks for making my first Stinko an awesome one.

On-on!

F*ck Nana

Wankers

Whyzit my eyes still can't focus but my brain doesn't hurt? The "Days of the week song", Monday is a recovery day. My hat goes off to the H5 Planning Committee. Some bruises, scratches, and poison ivy are starting to show but if that is the worst of this weekends injuries, I will survive! Disco still sucks! For those dinosaurs still on dial up there will be no pictures, Dead Man Walking.

I arrived after a nice spring day drive with the Dogwoods and the Redbuds in full bloom along the highway. Safety note: If you have AADD you have to take special care when you are looking at the flowers along the road when you are driving. "Wild Cherry", the parking attendant, directed me to put my fine craft in a junk yard, oops, I mean a parking space. In a few hours "Campo de Farte" was assembled. I hope I had the United States of America flag properly displayed. I love my country! USA ROCKS!

The healthy cholesterol laden breakfast I had at a local diner and the energy drink Monster kicked in and it was time to drink beer! Oh, by the way, the shit written in blue is a clickable link. Time to socialize with the new arrivals. This is an aspect of hashing that has made me to love this group. Nahh, love just sounds too gay. Oh no! Did I just step on another delicate foot? WTF, I had fun meeting everybody. I remember my first Stinko where I sort of felt intimidated by the crowd. How the hell do you get a gathering of people from a large geographical area and they all seem to know each other? I think I've come to learn that is what hashing is about. We are the world! Michael Jackson sucks too. Tent village was assembled and I was starting to think about my vow to maintain myself and not be hung over till Thursday. I visited with Desperate Dave Takes It Up The Ass Like An Amishman and Just Linda and socialized.

. Anticipation was in the air for the Celtic themed pub crawl. Is that any better than Phil Collins "Cumming in her Hair Tonite"? After about 6 hours of not drinking heavily Bush Rat herded the wankers onto the bus like the "Bus Packer" he is. I was dressed in my finest Ghetto Celtic but was referred to as being a badly dressed baseball player. At some bar along the way a civilian bimbo talked me out from under my pirate laden hat. Twas a fine black hat with skull and crossbones and skulls on it. I do have pictures. I wonder if she wanted my skull and crossbones belt buckle too? I guess I should have thought of that then. Wow, that's right! Didn't we help some blonde babe with nice cleavage celebrate her 21st birthday? And what of the other bimbo that was getting married? As the Flash Mob of hashers left the bar the amused locals were hopefully thinking WTF. I don't think it was me but why do I think our bus driver was irritated? Didn't she have her little doughnut shaped thing on her seat? It was great that H5's Flounder couldn't make it to Stinko but still made it to the bar to visit. Oh, that's right, Deck Head's band was playing too. At least he had an excuse. Wasn't it Gerth Brooks who missed the hash bus and Flounder brought him back to Camp Climax?

If you don't get the Camp Climax thing I guess you weren't awake at around 4am on Saturday. Or maybe if you were awake then you're not admitting to it. For all the times I heard one or maybe more bimbos yelling "Oh God!", I thought I was at a church revival meeting! I wonder if any new souls were created? The next thing I knew was the sun was up and I didn't have any crunchy spots on my pants. Rats, I still had my pants on, was it all a dream? Oh yea, let's not forget the hasher safe Yucca containers for KY.

Saturday morning and the sun is up, I know that because I'm awake. Why do I still feel half toasted? Crack another Old Milwaukee and have breakfast and think about it. Hash Olympics are about to start soon and everybody is preparing. I still think rolling hashers down a hill in 55 gallon drums would be entertaining. Wow, keg bowling with hashers in a 55 gallon drum! Go Jimmy Hoffa! Why is Saturday such a blur? I do recall trail with a nice hill and beer in some places that must have taken some effort to get BEER to a scenic spot. On mental auto pilot. Meanwhile back at the camp we had circle. How I remember that I'm not sure because I took a nap. I think 2 hashers got named. I can actually remember one of them. Just Erik, Lil Spremaid's significant other, got named something. Once I get my mind right I'll do my best Strother Martin imitation from "Cool Hand Luke". "Shakin' the bush boss!" That has nothing to do with anything, I'm just on a mental tangent. I guess Bubba is getting ready to take the stage.

Does anyone else get the irony of having Stinko at a Girl Scout camp? BUBBA ROCKS! Then we had the Midnight Naked Run! I think this looks like a scene from "Night of the Living Dead". "Ohhh, Gina, I want to eat your brains". See, I told you I liked you for more than your looks! Oh, do I recollect this correctly? Bubba came back and there were necked people dancing around. When Bubba finished the crowd went to the fire where there were drums being played. I was told that the bugle didn't match the drum beats so I put it away. Or maybe it a disguised attempt to say that my musical abilities weren't adequate. Oh yea, there were still naked

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Susp

people dancing to the drumbeats by the fire. Sorta like the "Bertha Butt Boogie". That came out before it was called Disco so it's ok. **As the drum beats slowed and the fire died the remaining hashers went to their respective crashing sites. I had a nice cozy spot in my hammock where I nestled till daybreak and it was time for me and my bugle to wake the dead.**

Breakfast and perfect planning by the H5 Stinko committee as we were on the emergency keg. At least the bastards didn't want my Old Milwaukee. Does that mean that there's not a kick the keg hash next weekend? Cheery bleary eyed people made their way about. This could have been a scene of "Morning of the Living Dead". I just thought of that, I wonder what a search will turn up. Shit

Somewhere on Sunday morning I lent my phone to somebody who lost their phone and needed to call it to find it. The phone was found and my phone was returned. Now I can't find my phone! If that is the biggest problem this weekend we should all be well. If anyone found my phone please return it and don't call the Irish Phone Sex Hotline at 1-900-SASSY LASSIE

Disclaimer: If I forgot to mention any important events or your children took your classic car out of the garage for a joy ride; It wasn't me, I was in Colorado having a nun for breakfast.

**Hashers rock my world!
On Fuckin' On
Fart Connor**

Saturday night I was a little drunk and somehow caught my feet up in themselves and fell off the back steps. Fortunately there were hashers all around to witness, and assist. I didn't think anything of it- too drunk to really. But I noticed a huge scrapping of skin was off my left foot. I figured I had a blister that had torn open. Miss Chappy played Doctor and cut off the nasty hanging skin, washed it up and bandaged me. Well, turns out, I scrapped my foot on something when I fell, AND sprained my toe and ankle! Ha! Stupid drunk.

Peace O' Chum

Every March and April, I eagerly await Stinko as the unofficial start of the summer season. Just a few weeks ago, it didn't look like it **would get warm enough for our fun, as usual I was wrong.**

I would like to offer my thanks to all who made Stinko the f'in success that it was (In alphabetical order):

Ass Spelunker, for keeping Bubbles from being Bubbles (NOT)

Big Rig, my condolences on your loss. Our "Moment of Loudness" was a touching tribute.

Bush Rat, since it's been a whole 48 hours since I told you what an awesome event it was.

Chappy, for being the heart and soul of the event. Not just queen of the kitchen, but also getting out there as hare... Incredible.

And more incredibly waited until 11am on Sunday to have a meltdown. I promise, next year I will offer more help.

Dairy Queen (Nee, PopTop) for giving me... (Never mind...What goes on at the hash....)

Death Wish for keeping the tradition of the Drunk Tank alive. Without it, I'd have looked pretty dumb in my baseball outfit.

Fart: When I was in bed Monday morning I heard a horn. It turned out to be a car alarm, but I couldn't help myself repeating what I heard on Sunday morning: "Fart, I'm gonna wrap that horn around your neck".

And for your usual hash humorist-in-residence musings

Fuzz Buster, for not being mean to me (I'm a sensitive guy after all).

And for the wonderful can condom I won in the Sumo raffle

Grabbag, for stopping at the private party on trail, and taking time to have oysters and chardonnay.

Also for giving some of us a 'boots on the ground' perspective of what going on in I-Rak.

Grizz Sniz, for not killing us Massengil-style on the Fat Boy hash

Lock Jaw and Slim Jim: Thanks for hiding the homebrew next to my car. And especially for that last taste of Stinko: Pepper beer—I can still taste it.

Pork Screw, for climbing that hill, and luring into following. We got a little extra exercise, so I guess it was not so bad.

Pro Boner, for upstaging me with your major league arm.

Purple Cooter, for saying hi. I almost missed our annual 30 second conversation.

Quarter Stick, for waiting til 10am on Sunday to blow stuff up.

Salt Lick and AARP(enis), for keeping up the NYC tradition of traveling to other peoples hashes.

Sister Maria, for the mad scientist rendition of the "hot" tub.

The fire girls. (Didn't catch your names), for giving me a chance to juggle my flaming torches.

Tour de Puke, for all you do and the never fading sense of humor.

UFO for making up that great story about getting bashed by an 18 wheeler.

Whoever thought to buy the case of Off and make it available to the hashers. I found a tick on me on Monday, without the Off, there would have been more.

Yupper, for keeping me from getting too lost on the trail.

And of course everyone else that contributed to the marvelous event.

Oh Yeah, one more thing.

I heard someone hypothesize that I had dog toys and a bowl in front of my tent as a protest against the No Dogs policy.... Not true. It was just Dog E Style thing.

On-Out

Hares: Grand Master Bush Rat and The H5 Usual Susp

Senor Dog E Style

GM of Summit HHH

You guys all rock. Everyone in NYC was jealous of my shiggy-induced bloody legs. Cant wait to see you all again.

Salt Lick.

Greetings all,

While recovering from Stinko at work all day Monday, I read an article about the dangers of heavy binge drinking and its health effects. Really scared the Sh*t out of me! So right then and there I decided no more f*ckin reading!!!!

But seriously folks, thanks to to everybody who worked their ass off to make stinko an awesome event. I had a blast and am looking forward more hash events! Panic Button

4 /7 /2007 H5 Run #304

Cape May Inaugural Hash

Hares: Deathwish and Dick-On-A-Stick

Cape May, NJ - Captain Blackbone's

Thank Ye Deathwish

This weekend Deathwish worked his full time job, hosted about 30 wankers, was financially responsible, got a rusty nail in his foot, and performed first aid on Cums And Glows.

Great Sex and Rear End Wrangler hosted the Friday night pub crawl which was a real arduous affair. We ended up at a bar called Cabanas and just kind of stayed there. It was here that I learned that there are those who are drunker n' we are. There was a great Bubba like imitation band there called Scatterbrain <http://scatterbrainrocks.com/home.cfm> but they didn't know the Van Morrison song "Brown Eyed Girl" so the pack left.

Back to Deathwish's for relatively free beer for all the hashers. Due to the nail in Deathwish's foot there's another verse to the Jesus Saves song. I think JLT might know something about that. Deathwish cranks his bar quality stereo for the benefit of those trying to sleep below. Just about midnight Delia helps sing along with "Who Let the Dogs Out" Arrrrf Arrrrf. G.H.R.O. and Pissboy arrive about 1 AM Saturday. The Purry Cunty contingency, consisting of Licky Mee, Mellon Balls, Da Piss Mode, I Love My Mullet Dude, and Alice Trooper arrive to get the party started at 2 AM. Alice Trooper is a one man guitar playing show. I almost go to sleep but Da Piss Mode goes hasher diving.

Somehow I wake up and the sun was just coming up, I'm still alive! Deathwish goes to work. "Dick On A Stick" steps up to the plate and hares the trail by himself and improvises. Yep, sleep 2 hours, drink beer for 8 hours, and the pack stumbles off on trail. I think we need to do a better job of telling virgins that catching the hare doesn't mean tackling him and putting the hare in a headlock. Chappy can do a great rendition of the capture. Rear End Wrangler was just an FRB and not the hare and got tackled. Apparently DOAS got caught as he made sure the pack had beer and had to improvise on trail because one of the beer checks got stolen. I think he was caught at the barrrrr, Cabanas.

We ended up at Captain Blackbones where we had a bar to ourselves! Hasher Heaven! A somewhat respectful circle was held and the band warmed up. Alice Trooper and Just Jim, who made what used to be a church into "Captain Blackbones", tuned their guitars. Somewhere about this time Cums and Glows took a tumble off the handicap ramp to the bar! A classic moment. He came back to the bar bleeding like hell from his ear and Deathwish performed first aid. Most of the pack must have blown their partying wad on Friday night because when Alice Trooper broke his thong, oops, I mean a guitar string, they went back to Casa De Deathwish and crashed. Just Jim, Alice, I Like My Mulled Dude, Ruffy, and Tub Slut provided guitar, percussion, and lyrics. Fuckin' awesome!

I had an awesome 3 hour nap and woke up as the sun was coming up. Comes and Glows was already gone and on the way home. I must have done a good job of not drinking too much because I didn't wake up drunk, hung over, and felling like shit! I just felt like shit for the 150 mile drive home. For some reason the Purry Cunty contingent that left an hour before me passed me on New Jersey Route 55 and "Da Piss Mode" made me glad that I had hasher shit on tailgate.

For those of you who went over the Delaware Memorial Bridge. As you turned onto rt. 41 did you see the blue and yellow 6 inch high by 3 feet long sign that pointed to the Detoxification Center? I thought, "Yeah, I could use some of that", and felt better and drove home.

Arrrrrm Out
Fart Connor

Greetings Wankers,

I would like to extend a big thank you to Deathwish and DOAS for a great hash this weekend. The hospitality was second to none.

Hares: Deathwish and Dick-On-A-Stick

Cape May, NJ - Captain Blackbone's

I contacted Cums and Glows at the hospital on Easter Sunday where he found out that he has a broken clavicle.

Yes indeed! Christ has risen, but Cums and Glows has fallen! He said he will be fine. Legion of Dumb. Nuff said.

Vaya con Dios,

Piss Boy

Cums & Glows went to the hospital for a freaking CLAVICLE???????

What a pussy!!!!

It's not even a WEIGHT BEARING BONE!!!

:-)

Maybe our next circle needs beer AND milk. So all the broke dick wankers can have stronger bones.

Wait, I forgot that *I* am one of those broke dicks (that's a military term). Actually, I once HAD a broke dick - its called a penile fracture.

I was hammering away on my girlfriend at the time when the phone rang and I was called to go fight fires in Idaho. I figured since I wouldn't see the bimbo for a couple of weeks I would really give her something to remember me by. Well I guess she got tired of the extra velocity and moved and my manhood collided with some part of her that didn't budge and before I knew it I was bent like Tiger Woods club this week at Augusta. I was screaming and hollering out for an icebag.

I kept ice on it during the whole flight west on a USAF C-141.

The penile fracture is real. Seriously. And you can die from it. Potentially causes gangrene of the peter. Look it up if you don't believe me!

I dug fire line for a few days in excruciating pain.

A couple of days into the deployment we were sitting around a campfire with an Eskimo firefighting crew from Alaska. The one eskimo asked me why I was walking funny and I told him the story. He laughed so hard the piece of whale blubber he was chewing on (I am NOT making this up!) flew out of his hand and gatorade hoses from his nose.

Turns out he was some sort of medicine man in his tribe and he said he would do a healing dance for my schlong.

Thankfully, my wang healed and I didn't get glandular gangrene.

This story sounds like something from a late night FART CONNOR rambling. I think I have done a few hundred too many math problems while all you drunken fers were having fun at the Cape.

Get better C&G you crazy bastard.

OE

A few comments need to be made (sorry this is global, don't know individual emails)

1. Cums n Glows - please email me or call (610-781-9306) - just want to make sure you are okay? Do you remember anything from last night? falling? Confessions? Falling off the cot?
2. Alice - those days might just work ;) You ROCK dude!
3. Somebody left there camera at Captain Blackbones - contact Deathwish.
4. Pictures from the weekend are processing and will be out shortly
- 5.. Thanks for a great weekend in Cape May - HASHERS ROCK!!!! LOVE, JLT